

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXX. — OCTOBER, 1872. — NO. CLXXX.

GUEST'S CONFESSION.

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

I.

"ARRIVE half past eight. Sick.
Meet me."

The telegraphic brevity of my step-brother's missive gave that melancholy turn to my thoughts which was the usual result of his communications. He was to have come on the Friday; what had made him start off on Wednesday? The terms on which we stood were a perpetual source of irritation. We were utterly unlike in temper and taste and opinions, and yet, having a number of common interests, we were obliged, after a fashion, to compromise with each other's idiosyncrasies. In fact, the concessions were all on my side. He was altogether too much my superior in all that makes the man who counts in the world for me not to feel it, and it cost me less to let him take his way than to make a stand for my dignity. What I did through indolence and in some degree, I confess, through pusillanimity, I had a fancy to make it appear (by dint of much whistling, as it were, and easy thrusting of my hands into my pockets) that I did

through a sort of generous condescension. Edgar cared little enough upon what recipe I compounded a salve for my vanity, so long as he held his own course; and I am afraid I played the slumbering giant to altogether empty benches. There had been, indeed, a vague tacit understanding that he was to treat me, in form, as a man with a mind of his own, and there was occasionally something most incisively sarcastic in his observance of the treaty. What made matters the worse for me, and the better for him, was an absurd physical disparity; for Musgrave was like nothing so much as Falstaff's description of Shallow, — a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. He was a miserable invalid, and was perpetually concerned with his stomach, his lungs, and his liver, and as he was both doctor and patient in one, they kept him very busy. His head was grotesquely large for his diminutive figure, his eye fixed and salient, and his complexion liable to flush with an air of indignation and suspicion. He practised a most resolute little strut on a most attenuated

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. XXX. — NO. 180.

25

pair of little legs. For myself, I was tall, happily ; for I was broad enough, if I had been shorter, to have perhaps incurred that invidious monosyllabic epithet which haunted Lord Byron. As compared with Edgar, I was at least fairly good-looking ; a stoutish, blondish, indolent, amiable, rather gorgeous young fellow might have served as my personal formula. My patrimony, being double that of my step-brother (for we were related by my mother), was largely lavished on the adornment of this fine person. I dressed in fact, as I recollect, with a sort of barbaric splendor, and I may very well have passed for one of the social pillars of a small watering-place.

L—— was in those days just struggling into fame, and but that it savored overmuch of the fresh paint lately lavished upon the various wooden barracks in which visitors were to be accommodated, it yielded a pleasant mixture of rurality and society. The vile taste and the sovereign virtue of the spring were fairly established, and Edgar was not the man to forego the chance of trying the waters and abusing them. Having heard that the hotel was crowded, he wished to secure a room at least a week beforehand ; the up-shot of which was, that I came down on the 19th of July with the mission to retain and occupy his apartment till the 26th. I passed, with people in general, and with Edgar in particular, for so very idle a person that it seemed almost a duty to saddle me with some wholesome errand. Edgar had, first and always, his health to attend to, and then that neat little property and those everlasting accounts, which he was never weary of contemplating, verifying, and overhauling. I had made up my mind to make over his room to him, remain a day or two for civility's sake and then leave him to his cups. Meanwhile, on the 24th, it occurred to me that I ought really to see something of the place. The weather had been too hot for going about, and, as yet, I had hardly left the piazza of the

hotel. Towards afternoon the clouds gathered, the sun was obscured, and it seemed possible even for a large, lazy man to take a walk. I went along beside the river, under the trees, rejoicing much in the midsummer prettiness of all the land and in the sultry afternoon stillness. I was discomposed and irritated, and all for no better reason than that Edgar was coming. What was Edgar that his comings and goings should affect me? Was I, after all, so excessively his younger brother? I would turn over a new leaf! I almost wished things would come to a crisis between us, and that in the glow of exasperation I might say or do something unpardonable. But there was small chance of my quarrelling with Edgar for vanity's sake. Somehow, I didn't believe in my own egotism, but I had an indefeasible respect for his. I was fatally good-natured, and I should continue to do his desire until I began to do that of some one else. If I might only fall in love and exchange my master for a mistress, for some charming goddess of unreason who would declare that Mr. Musgrave was simply intolerable and that was an end of it!

So, meditating vaguely, I arrived at the little Episcopal chapel, which stands on the margin of the village where the latter begins to melt away into the large river-side landscape. The door was slightly ajar : there came through it into the hot outer stillness the low sound of an organ, — the rehearsal, evidently, of the organist or of some gentle amateur. I was warm with walking, and this glimpse of the cool musical dimness within prompted me to enter and rest and listen. The body of the church was empty ; but a feeble glow of color was diffused through the little yellow and crimson windows upon the pews and the cushioned pulpit. The organ was erected in a small gallery facing the chancel, into which the ascent was by a short stairway directly from the church. The sound of my tread was apparently covered by the music, for the player continued with-

out heeding me, hidden as she was behind a little blue silk curtain on the edge of the gallery. Yes, that gentle, tentative, unprofessional touch came from a feminine hand. Uncertain as it was, however, it wrought upon my musical sensibilities with a sort of provoking force. The air was familiar, and, before I knew it, I had begun to furnish the vocal accompaniment, — first gently, then boldly. Standing with my face to the organ, I awaited the effect of my venture. The only perceptible result was that, for a moment, the music faltered and the curtains were stirred. I saw nothing, but I had been seen, and, reassured apparently by my aspect, the organist resumed the chant. Slightly mystified, I felt urged to sing my best, the more so that, as I continued, the player seemed to borrow confidence and emulation from my voice. The notes rolled out bravely, and the little vault resounded. Suddenly there seemed to come to the musician, in the ardor of success, a full accession of vigor and skill. The last chords were struck with a kind of triumphant intensity, and their cadence was marked by a clear soprano voice. Just at the close, however, voice and music were swallowed up in the roll of a huge thunder-clap. At the same instant, the storm-drops began to strike the chapel-windows, and we were sheeted in a summer rain. The rain was a bore; but, at least, I should have a look at the organist, concerning whom my curiosity had suddenly grown great. The thunder-claps followed each other with such violence that it was vain to continue to play. I waited, in the confident belief that that charming voice — half a dozen notes had betrayed it — denoted a charming woman. After the lapse of some moments, which seemed to indicate a graceful and appealing hesitancy, a female figure appeared at the top of the little stairway and began to descend. I walked slowly down the aisle. The stormy darkness had rapidly increased, and at this moment, with a huge burst of thunder, following a

blinding flash, a momentary midnight fell upon our refuge. When things had become visible again, I beheld the fair musician at the foot of the steps, gazing at me with all the frankness of agitation. The little chapel was rattling to its foundations.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked my companion.

I made haste to assure her there was none. "The chapel has nothing in the nature of a spire, and even if it had, the fact of our being in a holy place ought to insure us against injury."

She looked at me wonderingly, as if to see whether I was in jest. To satisfy her, I smiled as graciously as I might. Whereupon, gathering confidence, "I think we have each of us," she said, "so little right to be here that we can hardly claim the benefit of sanctuary."

"Are you too an interloper?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment. "I'm not an Episcopalian," she replied; "I'm a good Unitarian."

"Well, I'm a poor Episcopalian. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other." There came another long, many-sheeted flash and an immediate wild reverberation. My companion, as she stood before me, was vividly illumined from head to foot. It was as if some fierce natural power had designed to interpose her image on my soul forever, in this merciless electric glare. As I saw her then, I have never ceased to see her since. I have called her fair, but the word needs explanation. Singularly pleasing as she was, it was with a charm that was all her own. Not the charm of beauty, but of a certain intense expressiveness, which seems to have given beauty the go-by in the very interest of grace. Slender, meagre, without redundancy of outline or brilliancy of color, she was a person you might never have noticed, but would certainly never forget. What there was was so charming, what there might be so interesting! There was none of the idleness of conscious beauty in her clear gray eyes;

they seemed charged with the impatience of a restless mind. Her glance and smile, her step and gesture, were as light and distinct as a whispered secret. She was nervous, curious, zealous, slightly imperious, and delicately elegant withal; without which, possibly, she might have seemed a trifle too positive. There is a certain sweet unreason in a picturesque toilet. She was dressed in a modish adjustment of muslins and lace, which denoted the woman who may have fancied that even less beauty might yet please. While I drew my conclusions,—they were eminently flattering,—my companion was buttoning her gloves and looking anxiously at the dripping windows. Wishing, as far as I might, to beguile her impatience, I proceeded to apologize for the liberty I had taken in singing to her music. “My best excuse,” I said, “is your admirable playing, and my own most sensitive ear!”

“You might have frightened me away,” she answered. “But you sang too well for that, better than I played. In fact, I was afraid to stop, I thought you might be one of the—the hierarchy.”

“A bishop!”

“A bishop,—a dean,—a deacon,—or something of that sort.”

“The sexton, perhaps.”

“Before the sexton I should have succumbed. I take it his business would have been to eject me as a meddlesome heretic. I came in for no better reason than that the church door was ajar.”

“As a church door ought always to be.”

She looked at me a moment. “No; see what comes of it.”

“No great harm, it seems to me.”

“O, that’s very well for us! But a church should n’t be made a place of convenience.”

I wished, in the interest of our growing intimacy, to make a point. “If it is not a place of convenience,” I ventured to propound, deprecating offence with a smile, “what is it?”

It was an observation I afterwards

made, that in cases when many women drop their eyes and look prettily silly or prudishly alarmed, this young lady’s lucid glance would become more unaffectedly direct and searching. “Indeed,” she answered, “you *are* but an indifferent Episcopalian! I came in because the door was open, because I was warm with my walk, and because, I confess, I have an especial fondness for going into churches on week-days. One does it in Europe, you know; and it reminds me of Europe.”

I cast a glance over the naked tabernacle, with the counterfeit graining scarcely dry on its beams and planks, and a strong aroma of turpentine and putty representing the odor of sanctity. She followed my glance; our eyes met, and we laughed. From this moment we talked with a freedom tempered less by the sanctity of the spot than by a certain luxury of deference with which I felt prompted to anticipate possible mistrust. The rain continued to descend with such steady good-will that it seemed needful to accept our situation frankly and conjure away the spirit of awkwardness. We spoke of L—, of the people there, of the hot weather, of music. She had as yet seen little of the place, having been confined to her apartments by domestic reasons. I wondered what her domestic reasons were. She had come forth at last to call upon a friend at one of the boarding-houses which adorned this suburb of the village. Her friend being out, but likely soon to return, she had sought entertainment in a stroll along the road, and so had wandered into the chapel. Our interview lasted half an hour. As it drew to a close, I fancied there had grown up between us some delicate bond, begotten of our mutual urbanity. I might have been indiscreet; as it was, I took my pleasure in tracing the gradual evanescence of my companion’s sense of peril. As the moments elapsed, she sat down on the bench with an air of perfect equanimity, and looked patiently at the trickling windows. The still small voice of some familiar spirit of the Lord, haunting

the dedicated vault, seemed to have audibly blessed our meeting. At last the rain abated and suddenly stopped, and through a great rift in the clouds there leaped a giant sunbeam and smote the trickling windows. Through little gaudy lozenges the chapel was flooded with prismatic light. "The storm is over," said my companion. She spoke without rising, as if she had been cheated of the sense of haste. Was it calculated civility, or was it momentary self-oblivion? Whatever it was, it lasted but a moment. We were on our feet and moving toward the door. As we stood in the porch, honest gallantry demanded its rights.

"I never knew before," I said, "the possible blessings of a summer rain."

She proceeded a few steps before she answered. Then glancing at the shining sky, already blue and free, "In ten minutes," she said, "there will be no trace of it!"

"Does that mean," I frankly demanded, "that we are not to meet again as friends?"

"Are we to meet again at all?"

"I count upon it."

"Certainly, then, not as enemies!" As she walked away, I imprecated those restrictions of modern civilization which forbade me to stand and gaze at her.

Who was she? What was she?—questions the more intense as, in the absence of any further evidence than my rapid personal impression, they were so provokingly vain. They occupied me, however, during the couple of hours which were to elapse before my step-brother's arrival. When his train became due, I went through the form, as usual, of feeling desperately like treating myself to the luxury of neglecting his summons and leaving him to shift for himself; as if I had not the most distinct prevision of the inevitable event,—of my being at the station half an hour too early, of my calling his hack and making his bargain and taking charge of his precious little handbag, full of medicine-bottles, and his ridiculous bundle of umbrellas and canes. Somehow, this evening, I felt

unwontedly loath and indocile; but I contented myself with this bold flight of the imagination.

It is hard to describe fairly my poor step-brother's peculiar turn of mind, to give an adequate impression of his want of social charm, to put it mildly, without accusing him of wilful malevolence. He was simply the most consistent and incorruptible of egotists. He was perpetually affirming and defining and insuring himself, insisting upon a personal right or righting a personal wrong. And above all, he was a man of conscience. He asked no odds, and he gave none. He made honesty something unlovely, but he was rigidly honest. He demanded simply his dues, and he collected them to the last farthing. These things gave him a portentous solemnity. He smiled perhaps once a month, and made a joke once in six. There are jokes of his making which, to this day, give me a shiver when I think of them. But I soon perceived, as he descended from the train, that there would be no joke that evening. Something had happened. His face was hard and sombre, and his eye bright and fierce. "A carriage," he said, giving me his hand stiffly. And when we were seated and driving away, "First of all," he demanded, "are there any mosquitoes? A single mosquito would finish me. And is my room habitable, on the shady side, away from the stairs, with a view, with a hair-mattress?" I assured him that mosquitoes were unknown, and that his room was the best, and his mattress the softest in the house. Was he tired? how had he been?

"Don't ask me. I'm in an extremely critical state. Tired? Tired is a word for well people! When I'm tired I shall go to bed and die. Thank God, so long as I have any work to do, I can hold up my head! I have n't slept in a week. It's singular, but I'm never so well disposed for my duties as when I have n't slept! But be so good, for the present, as to ask me no questions. I shall immediately take a bath and drink some arrow-root; I have

brought a package in my bag, I suppose I can get them to make it. I'll speak about it at the office. No, I think, on the whole, I'll make it in my room; I have a little machine for boiling water. I think I shall drink half a glass of the spring to-night, just to make a beginning."

All this was said with as profound a gravity as if he were dictating his will. But I saw that he was at a sort of white-heat exasperation, and I knew that in time I should learn where the shoe pinched. Meanwhile, I attempted to say something cheerful and frivolous, and offered some information as to who was at the hotel and who was expected; "No one you know or care about, I think."

"Very likely not. I'm in no mood for gossip."

"You seem nervous," I ventured to say.

"Nervous? Call it frantic! I'm not blessed with your apathetic temperament, nor with your elegant indifference to money-matters. Do you know what's the matter with me? I've lost twenty thousand dollars."

I, of course, demanded particulars; but, for the present, I had to content myself with the naked fact. "It's a mighty serious matter," said Edgar. "I can't talk of it further till I have bathed and changed my linen. The thermometer has been at ninety-one in my rooms in town. I've had this pretty piece of news to keep me cool."

I left him to his bath, his toilet, and his arrow-root and strolled about pondering the mystery of his disaster. Truly, if Edgar had lost money, shrewdness was out of tune. Destiny must have got up early to outwit my step-brother. And yet his misfortune gave him a sort of unwonted grace, and I believe I wondered for five minutes whether there was a chance of his being relaxed and softened by it. I had, indeed, a momentary vision of lending him money, and taking a handsome revenge as a good-natured creditor. But Edgar would never borrow. He would either recover his money or

grimly do without it. On going back to his room I found him dressed and refreshed, screwing a little portable kettle upon his gas-burner.

"You can never get them to bring you water that really boils," he said. "They don't know what it means. You're altogether wrong about the mosquitoes; I'm sure I heard one, and by the sound, he's a monster. But I have a net folded up in my trunk, and a hook and ring which I mean to drive into the ceiling."

"I'll put up your net. Meanwhile, tell me about your twenty thousand dollars."

He was silent awhile, but at last he spoke in a voice forcibly attuned to composure. "You're immensely tickled, I suppose, to find me losing money! That comes of worrying too much and handling my funds too often. Yes, I *have* worried too much." He paused, and then, suddenly, he broke out into a kind of fury. "I hate waste, I hate shiftlessness, I hate nasty mismanagement! I hate to see money bring in less than it may. My imagination loves a good investment. I respect my property, I respect other people's. But your own honesty is all you'll find in this world, and it will go no farther than you're there to carry it. You've always thought me hard and suspicious and grasping. No, you never said so; should I have cared if you had? With your means, it's all very well to be a fine gentleman, to skip the items and glance at the total. But, being poor and sick, I have to be close. I was n't close enough. What do you think of my having been cheated? — cheated under my very nose? I hope I'm genteel enough now!"

"I should like to see the man!" I cried.

"You shall see him. All the world shall see him. I've been looking into the matter. It has been beautifully done. If I were to be a rascal, I should like to be just such a one."

"Who is your rascal?"

"His name is John Guest."

I had heard the name, but had never seen the man.

"No, you don't know him," Edgar went on. "No one knows him but I. But I know him well. He had things in his hands for a week, while I was debating a transfer of my New Jersey property. In a week this is how he mixed matters."

"Perhaps, if you had given him time," I suggested, "he meant to get them straight again."

"O, I shall give him time. I mean he shall get 'em straight, or I shall twist him so crooked his best friend won't know him."

"Did you never suspect his honesty?"

"Do you suspect mine?"

"But you have legal redress?"

"It's no thanks to him. He had fixed things to a charm, he had done his best to cut me off and cover his escape. But I've got him, and he shall disgorge!"

I hardly know why it was; but the implacable firmness of my brother's position produced in my mind a sort of fantastic reaction in favor of Mr. John Guest. I felt a sudden gush of the most inconsequent pity. "Poor man!" I exclaimed. But to repair my weakness, I plunged into a series of sympathetic questions and listened attentively to Edgar's statement of his wrongs. As he set forth the case, I found myself taking a whimsical interest in Mr. Guest's own side of it, wondering whether he suspected suspicion, whether he dreaded conviction, whether he had an easy conscience, and how he was getting through the hot weather. I asked Edgar how lately he had discovered his loss and whether he had since communicated with the criminal.

"Three days ago, three nights ago, rather; for I have n't slept a wink since. I have spoken of the matter to no one; for the present I need no one's help, I can help myself. I have n't seen the man more than three or four times; our dealings have generally been by letter. The last person you'd suspect. He's as great a dandy as you yourself, and in better taste,

too. I was told ten days ago, at his office, that he had gone out of town. I suppose I'm paying for his champagne at Newport."

II.

On my proposing, half an hour later, to relieve him of my society and allow him to prepare for rest, Edgar declared that our talk had put an end to sleep and that he must take a turn in the open air. On descending to the piazza, we found it in the deserted condition into which it usually lapsed about ten o'clock; either from a wholesome desire on the part of our fellow-lodgers to keep classic country hours, or from the soporific influences of excessive leisure. Here and there the warm darkness was relieved by the red tip of a cigar in suggestive proximity to a light corsage. I observed, as we strolled along, a lady of striking appearance, seated in the zone of light projected from a window, in conversation with a gentleman. "Really, I'm afraid you'll take cold," I heard her say as we passed. "Let me tie my handkerchief round your neck." And she gave it a playful twist. She was a pretty woman, of middle age, with great freshness of toilet and complexion, and a picturesque abundance of blond hair, upon which was coquettishly poised a fantastic little hat, decorated with an immense pink rose. Her companion was a seemingly affable man, with a bald head, a white waistcoat, and a rather florid air of distinction. When we passed them a second time, they had risen and the lady was preparing to enter the house. Her companion went with her to the door; she left him with a great deal of coquettish by-play, and he turned back to the piazza. At this moment his glance fell upon my step-brother. He started, I thought, and then, replacing his hat with an odd, nervous decision, came towards him with a smile. "Mr. Musgrave!" he said.

Edgar stopped short, and for a moment seemed to lack words to reply.

At last he uttered a deep, harsh note: "Mr. Guest!"

In an instant I felt that I was in the presence of a "situation." Edgar's words had the sound of the "click" upon the limb of the entrapped fox. A scene was imminent; the actors were only awaiting their cues. Mr. Guest made a half-offer of his hand, but, perceiving no response in Edgar's, he gracefully dipped it into his pocket. "You must have just come!" he murmured.

"A couple of hours ago."

Mr. Guest glanced at me, as if to include me in the operation of his urbanity, and his glance stirred in my soul an impulse of that kindness which we feel for a man about to be executed. It's no more than human to wish to shake hands with him. "Introduce me, Edgar," I said.

"My step-brother," said Edgar, curtly. "This is Mr. Guest, of whom we have been talking."

I put out my hand; he took it with cordiality. "Really," he declared, "this is a most unexpected — a — circumstance."

"Altogether so to me," said Edgar.

"You've come for the waters, I suppose," our friend went on. "I'm sorry your health continues — a — unsatisfactory."

Edgar, I perceived, was in a state of extreme nervous exacerbation, the result partly of mere surprise and partly of keen disappointment. His plans had been checked. He had determined to do thus and so, and he must now extemporize a policy. Well, as poor, pompous Mr. Guest wished it, so he should have it! "I shall never be strong," said Edgar.

"Well, well," responded Mr. Guest, "a man of your parts may make a little strength serve a great purpose."

My step-brother was silent a moment, relishing secretly, I think, the beautiful pertinence of this observation. "I suppose I can defend my rights," he rejoined.

"Exactly! What more does a man need?" and he appealed to me with

an insinuating smile. His smile was singularly frank and agreeable, and his glance full of a sort of conciliating gallantry. I noted in his face, however, by the gaslight, a haggard, jaded look which lent force to what he went on to say. "I have been feeling lately as if I had n't even strength for that. The hot weather, an overdose of this abominable water, one thing and another, the inevitable premonitions of — a — mortality, have quite pulled me down. Since my arrival here, ten days ago, I have really been quite — a — the invalid. I've actually been in bed. A most unprecedented occurrence!"

"I hope you're better," I ventured to say.

"Yes, I think I'm myself again, — thanks to capital nursing. I think I'm myself again!" He repeated his words mechanically, with a sort of exaggerated gayety, and began to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. Edgar was watching him narrowly, with an eye whose keenness it was impossible to veil; and I think Edgar's eye partly caused his disquiet. "The last thing I did, by the way, before my indisposition, was to write you ten lines, Mr. Musgrave, on — a little matter of business."

"I got your letter," said Edgar, grimly.

Mr. Guest was silent a moment. "And I hope my arrangements have met your approval?"

"We shall talk of that," said Edgar.

At this point, I confess, my interest in the situation had become painful. I felt sick. I'm not a man of ready-made resolution, as my story will abundantly prove. I am disheartened and bullied by disagreeable things. Poor Mr. Guest was so infallibly booked for exposure that I instinctively retreated. Taking advantage of his allusion to business, I turned away and walked to the other end of the piazza. This genial gentleman, then, was embodied fraud! this sayer of civil things was a doer of monstrously shabby ones! that irreproachable white waistcoat carried so sadly spotted a con-

science! Whom had he involved in his dishonor? Had he a wife, children, friends? Who was that so prosperously pretty woman, with her flattering solicitude for his health? I stood for some time reflecting how guilt is not the vulgar bugaboo we fancy it,—that it has organs, senses, affections, passions, for all the world like those of innocence. Indeed, from my cursory observation of my friend, I had rarely seen innocence so handsomely featured. Where, then, was the line which severed rectitude from error? Was manhood a baser thing than I had fancied, or was sin a thing less base? As I mused thus, my disgust ebbed away, and the return of the wave brought an immense curiosity to see what it had come to betwixt guilt and justice. Had Edgar launched his thunder? I retraced my steps and rejoined my companions. Edgar's thunder was apparently still in the clouds; but there had been a premonitory flash of lightning. Guest stood before him, paler than before, staring defiantly, and stammering out some fierce denial. "I don't understand you," he said. "If you mean what you seem to mean, you mean rank insult."

"I mean the truth," said Edgar. "It's a pity the truth should be insulting."

Guest glared a moment, like a man intently taking thought for self-defence. But he was piteously unmasked. His genial smile had taken flight and left mere vulgar confusion. "This is between ourselves, sir," he cried, angrily turning to me.

"A thousand pardons," I said, and passed along. I began to be doubtful as to the issue of the quarrel. Edgar had right on his side, but, under the circumstances, he might not have force. Guest was altogether the stouter, bigger, weightier person. I turned and observed them from a distance. Edgar's thunderbolt had fallen and his victim stood stunned. He was leaning against the balustrade of the piazza, with his chin on his breast and his eyes sullenly fixed on his adversary,

demoralized and convicted. His hat had dropped upon the floor. Edgar seemed to have made a proposal; with a passionate gesture he repeated it. Guest slowly stooped and picked up his hat, and Edgar led the way toward the house. A series of small sitting-rooms opened by long windows upon the piazza. These were for the most part lighted and empty. Edgar selected one of them, and, stopping before the window, beckoned to me to come to him. Guest, as I advanced, bestowed upon me a scowl of concentrated protest. I felt, for my own part, as if I were horribly indelicate. Between Edgar and him it was a question of morals, but between him and myself it was, of course, but one of manners. "Be so good as to walk in," said Edgar, turning to me with a smile of unprecedented suavity. I might have resisted his dictation; I could not his petition.

"In God's name, what do you mean to do?" demanded Guest.

"My duty!" said Edgar. "Go in."

We passed into the room. The door of the corridor was open; Guest closed it with a passionate kick. Edgar shut the long window and dropped the curtain. In the same fury of mortification, Guest turned out one of the two burners of the chandelier. There was still light enough, however, for me to see him more distinctly than on the piazza. He was tallish and stoutish, and yet sleek and jaunty. His fine blue eye was a trifle weak, perhaps, and his handsome grizzled beard was something too foppishly trimmed; but, on the whole, he was a most comely man. He was dressed with the punctilious elegance of a man who loved luxury and appreciated his own good points. A little moss-rosebud figured in the lappet of his dark-blue coat. His whole person seemed redolent of what are called the "feelings of a gentleman." Confronted and contrasted with him under the lamp, my step-brother seemed wofully mean and grotesque; though for a conflict of forces that lay beneath the surface, he was visibly the better equipped of the two. He seemed to

tremble and quiver with inexorable purpose. I felt that he would heed no admonitory word of mine, that I could not in the least hope to blunt the edge of his resentment, and that I must on the instant decide either to stand by him or leave him. But while I stood thus ungraciously gazing at poor Guest, the instant passed. Curiosity and a mingled sympathy with each — to say nothing of a touch of that relish for a fight inherent in the truly masculine bosom — sealed my lips and arrested my steps. And yet my heart paid this graceful culprit the compliment of beating very violently on his behalf.

"I wish you to repeat before my brother," said Edgar, "the three succinct denials to which you have just treated me."

Guest looked at the ceiling with a trembling lip. Then dropping upon the sofa, he began to inspect his handsome finger-nails mechanically, in the manner of one who hears in some horrible hush of all nature the nearing footsteps of doom. "Come, repeat them!" cried Edgar. "It's really delicious. You never wrote to Stevens that you had my assent in writing to the sale of the bonds. You never showed Stevens my telegram from Boston, and assured him that my 'Do as you think best' was a permission to raise money on them. If it's not forgery sir, it's next door to it, and a very flimsy partition between."

Guest leaned back on the sofa, with his hands grasping his knees. "You might have let things stand a week or so," he said, with unnatural mildness. "You might have had common patience. Good God, there's a gentlemanly way of doing things! A man does n't begin to roar for a pinch. I would have got things square again."

"O, it would have been a pity to spoil them! It was such a pretty piece of knavery! Give the devil his due!"

"I would have rearranged matters," Guest went on. "It was just a temporary convenience. I supposed I was dealing with a man of common courtesy. But what are you to say to a gentleman

who says, 'Sir, I trust you,' and then looks through the keyhole?"

"Upon my word, when I hear you scuttling through the window," cried Edgar, "I think it's time I should break down the door. For God's sake, don't nauseate me with any more lies! You know as well as you sit there, that you had neither chance nor means nor desire to redeem your fraud. You'd cut the bridge behind you! You thought you'd been knowing enough to eat your cake and have it, to lose your virtue and keep your reputation, to sink half my property through a trap-door and then stand whistling and looking t' other way while I scratched my head and wondered what the devil was in it! Sit down there and write me your note for twenty thousand dollars at twenty days."

Guest was silent a moment. "Propose something reasonable," he said, with the same tragic gentleness.

"I shall let the law reason about it."

Guest gave a little start and fixed his eyes on the ground. "The law would n't help you," he answered, without looking up.

"Indeed! do you think it would help *you*? Stoddard and Hale will help me. I spoke to them this morning."

Guest sprang to his feet. "Good heavens! I hope you mentioned no names."

"Only one!" said Edgar.

Guest wiped his forehead and actually tried to smile. "That was your own, of course! Well, sir, I hope they advised you to — a — temper justice with mercy."

"They are not parsons, Mr. Guest; they are lawyers. They accept the case."

Guest dropped on the sofa, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. "O my soul!" he cried. His soul, poor man! was a rough term for name and fame and comfort and all that made his universe. It was a pitiful sight.

"Look here, Edgar," I said. "Don't press things too hard. I'm not a parson either —"

"No, you've not that excuse for your sentimentality!" Edgar broke out. "Here it is, of course! Here come folly and fear and ignorance maundering against the primary laws of life! Is rascality alone of all things in the world to be handled without gloves? Did n't he press me hard? He's danced his dance,—let him pay the piper! Am I a child, a woman, a fool, to stand and haggle with a swindler? Am I to go to the wall to make room for impudent fraud? Not while I have eyes to know black from white! I'm a decent man. I'm this or I'm nothing. For twenty years I've done my best for order and thrift and honesty. I've never yielded an inch to the detestable sharp practice that meets one nowadays at every turn. I've hated fraud as I hate all bad economy; I've no more patience with it than a bull with a red rag. Fraud is fraud; it's waste, it's wantonness, it's chaos; and I shall never give it the go-by. When I catch it, I shall hold it fast, and call all honest men to see how vile and drivelling a thing it is!"

Guest sat rigidly fixed, with his eyes on the carpet. "Do you expect to get your money?" he finally demanded.

"My money be hanged! I expect to let people know how they may be served if they intrust their affairs to you! A man's property, sir, is a man's person. It's as if you had given me a blow in the chest!"

Guest came towards him and took him by the button-hole. "Now see here," he said, with the same desperate calmness. "You call yourself a practical man. Don't go on like one of those d—d long-haired reformers. You're off the track. Don't attempt too much. Don't make me confoundedly uncomfortable out of pure fantasticality. Come, sir, you're a man of the world." And he patted him gently on the shoulder. "Give me a chance. I confess to not having been quite square. There! My very dear sir, let me get on my legs again."

"O, you confess!" cried Edgar. "That's a vast comfort. You'll never

do it again! Not if I know it. But other people, eh? Suppose I had been a decent widow with six children, and not a penny but that! You'd confess again, I suppose. Would your confession butter their bread! Let your confession be public!"

"My confession *is* public!" and Guest, with averted eyes, jerked his head towards me.

"O, my step-brother! Why, he's the most private creature in the world. Cheat him and he'll thank you! David, I retain you as a witness that Mr. Guest has confessed."

"Nothing will serve you then? You mean to prosecute?"

"I mean to prosecute."

The poor man's face flushed crimson, and the great sweat-drops trickled from his temples. "O you blundering brute!" he cried. "Do you know what you mean when you say that? Do we live in a civilized world?"

"Not altogether," said Edgar. "But I shall help it along."

"Have you lived among decent people? Have you known women whom it was an honor to please? Have you cared for name and fame and love? Have you had a dear daughter?"

"If I had a dear daughter," cried Edgar, flinching the least bit at this outbreak, "I trust my dear daughter would have kept me honest! Not the sin, then, but the detection unfits a man for ladies' society!—Did you kiss your daughter the day you juggled away my bonds?"

"If it will avail with you, I did n't. Consider her feelings. My fault has been that I have been too tender a father,—that I have loved the poor girl better than my own literal integrity. I became embarrassed because I had n't the heart to tell her that she must spend less money. As if to the wisest, sweetest girl in the world a whisper would n't have sufficed! As if five minutes of her divine advice would n't have set me straight again! But the stress of my embarrassment was such —"

"Embarrassment!" Edgar broke in.

"That may mean anything. In the case of an honest man it may be a motive for leniency; in that of a knave it's a ground for increased suspicion."

Guest, I felt, was a good-natured sinner. Just as he lacked rectitude of purpose, he lacked rigidity of temper, and he found in the mysteries of his own heart no clew to my step-brother's monstrous implacability. Looking at him from head to foot with a certain dignity,—a reminiscence of his former pomposity,—*"I do you the honor, sir,"* he said, *"to believe you are insane."*

"Stuff and nonsense! you believe nothing of the sort," cried Edgar.

I saw that Guest's opposition was acting upon him as a lively irritant. *"Isn't it possible,"* I asked, *"to adopt some compromise? You're not as forgiving a man under the circumstances as I should be."*

"In these things," retorted Edgar, without ceremony, *"a forgiving man is a fool."*

"Well, take a fool's suggestion. You can perhaps get satisfaction without taking your victim into court.—Let Mr. Guest write his confession."

Guest had not directly looked at me since we entered the room. At these words he slowly turned and gave me a sombre stare by which the brilliancy of my suggestion seemed somewhat obscured. But my interference was kindly meant, and his reception of it seemed rather ungrateful. At best, however, I could be but a thorn in his side. I had done nothing to earn my sport. Edgar hereupon flourished his hand as if to indicate the superfluity of my advice. *"All in good time, if you please. If I'm insane, there's a method in my madness!"* He paused, and his eyes glittered with an intensity which might indeed, for the moment, have seemed to be that of a disordered brain. I wondered what was coming. *"Do me the favor to get down on your knees."* Guest jerked himself up as if he had received a galvanic shock. *"Yes, I know what I say,—on your knees. Did you never say your prayers? You can't get out of a tight*

place without being squeezed. I won't take less. I sha'n't feel like an honest man till I've seen you there at my feet."

There was in the contrast between the inflated self-complacency of Edgar's face as he made this speech, and the blank horror of the other's as he received it, something so poignantly grotesque that it acted upon my nerves like a mistimed joke, and I burst into irrepressible laughter. Guest walked away to the window with some muttered imprecation, pushed aside the curtain, and stood looking out. Then, with a sudden turn, he marched back and stood before my brother. He was drenched with perspiration. *"A moment,"* said Edgar. *"You're very hot. Take off your coat."* Guest, to my amazement, took it off and flung it upon the floor. *"Your shirt-sleeves will serve as a kind of sackcloth and ashes. Fold your hands, so. Now, beg my pardon."*

It was a revolting sight,—this man of ripe maturity and massive comeliness on his two knees, his pale face bent upon his breast, his body trembling with the effort to keep his shameful balance; and above him Edgar, with his hands behind his back, solemn and ugly as a miniature idol, with his glittering eyes fixed in a sort of rapture on the opposite wall. I walked away to the window. There was a perfect stillness, broken only by Guest's hard breathing. I have no notion how long it lasted; when I turned back into the room he was still speechless and fixed, as if he were ashamed to rise. Edgar pointed to a blotting-book and inkstand which stood on a small table against the wall. *"See if there is pen and paper!"* I obeyed and made a clatter at the table, to cover our companion's retreat. When I had laid out a sheet of paper he was on his feet again. *"Sit down and write,"* Edgar went on. Guest picked up his coat and busied himself mechanically with brushing off the particles of dust. Then he put it on and sat down at the table.

"I dictate," Edgar began. *"I here-*

by, at the command of Edgar Musgrave, Esq., whom I have grossly wronged, declare myself a swindler." At these words, Guest laid down the pen and sank back in his chair, emitting long groans, like a man with a violent toothache. But he had taken that first step which costs, and after a moment's rest he started afresh. "I have on my bended knees, in the presence of Mr. Musgrave and his step-brother, expressed my contrition; in consideration of which Mr. Musgrave forfeits his incontestable right to publish his injury in a court of justice. Furthermore, I solemnly declare myself his debtor in the sum of twenty thousand dollars; which, on his remission of the interest, and under pain of exposure in a contrary event, I pledge myself to repay at the earliest possible moment. I thank Mr. Musgrave for his generosity."

Edgar spoke very slowly, and the scratching of Guest's pen kept pace with his words. "Now sign and date," he said; and the other, with a great heroic dash, consummated this amazing document. He then pushed it away, and rose and bestowed upon us a look which I long remembered. An outraged human soul was abroad in the world, with which henceforth I felt I should have somehow to reckon.

Edgar possessed himself of the paper and read it coolly to the end, without blushing. Happy Edgar! Guest watched him fold it and put it into his great morocco pocket-book. "I suppose," said Guest, "that this is the end of your generosity."

"I have nothing further to remark," said Edgar.

"Have *you*, by chance, anything to remark, Mr. Step-brother?" Guest demanded, turning to me, with a fierceness which showed how my presence galled him.

I had been, to my own sense, so abjectly passive during the whole scene that, to reinstate myself as a responsible creature, I attempted to utter an original sentiment. "I pity you," I said.

But I had not been happy in my

choice. "Faugh, you great hulking brute!" Guest roared, for an answer.

The scene at this point might have passed into another phase, had it not been interrupted by the opening of the door from the corridor. "A lady!" announced a servant, flinging it back.

The lady revealed herself as the friend with whom Guest had been in conversation on the piazza. She was apparently, of his nature, not a person to mind the trifle of her friend's being accompanied by two unknown gentlemen, and she advanced, shawled as if for departure, and smiling reproachfully. "Ah, you ungrateful creature," she cried, "you've lost my rosebud!"

Guest came up smiling, as they say. "Your own hands fastened it!—Where is my daughter?"

"She's coming. We've been looking for you, high and low. What on earth have you been doing here? Business? You've no business with business. You came here to rest. Excuse me, gentlemen! My carriage has been waiting this ten minutes. Give me your arm."

It seemed to me time we should disembarass the poor man of our presence. I opened the window and stepped out upon the piazza. Just as Edgar had followed me, a young lady hastily entered the room.

"My dearest father!" she exclaimed.

Looking at her unseen from without, I recognized with amazement my charming friend of the Episcopal chapel, the woman to whom—I felt it now with a sort of convulsion—I had dedicated a sentiment.

III.

My discovery gave me that night much to think of, and I thought of it more than I slept. My foremost feeling was one of blank dismay as if Misfortune, whom I had been used to regard as a good-natured sort of goddess, who came on with an easy stride, letting off signals of warning to those who stood in her path, should have blinded her lantern and muffled her

steps in order to steal a march on poor me,—of all men in the world! It seemed a hideous practical joke. "If I had known,—if I had only known!" I kept restlessly repeating. But towards morning, "Say I had known," I asked myself, "could I have acted otherwise? I might have protested by my absence; but would I not thus have surrendered poor Guest to the vengeance of a very Shylock? Had not that suggestion of mine divested the current of Edgar's wrath and saved his adversary from the last dishonor? Without it, Edgar would have held his course and demanded his pound of flesh!" Say what I would, however, I stood confronted with this acutely uncomfortable fact, that by lending a hand at that revolting interview, I had struck a roundabout blow at the woman to whom I owed a signally sweet impression. Well, my blow would never reach her, and I would devise some kindness that should! So I consoled myself, and in the midst of my regret I found a still further compensation in the thought that chance, rough-handed though it had been, had forged between us a stouter bond than any I had ventured to dream of as I walked sentimental a few hours before. Her father's being a rascal threw her image into more eloquent relief. If she suspected it, she had all the interest of sorrow; if not, she wore the tender grace of danger.

The result of my meditations was that I determined to defer indefinitely my departure from L——. Edgar informed me, in the course of the following day, that Guest had gone by the early train to New York, and that his daughter had left the hotel (where my not having met her before was apparently the result of her constant attendance on her father during his illness) and taken up her residence with the lady in whose company we had seen her. Mrs. Beck, Edgar had learned this lady's name to be; and I fancied it was upon her that Miss Guest had made her morning call. To begin with, therefore, I knew where to look for her. "That's the

charming girl," I said to Edgar, "whom you might have plunged into disgrace."

"How do you know she's charming?" he asked.

"I judge by her face."

"Humph! Judge her father by his face and *he's* charming."

I was on the point of assuring my step-brother that no such thing could be said of him; but in fact he had suddenly assumed a singularly fresh and jovial air. "I don't know what it is," he said, "but I feel like a trump; I have n't stood so firm on my legs in a twelvemonth. I wonder whether the waters have already begun to act. Really, I'm elated. Suppose, in the afternoon of my life, I were to turn out a sound man. It winds me up, sir. I shall take another glass before dinner."

To do Miss Guest a kindness, I reflected, I must see her again. How to compass an interview and irradiate my benevolence, it was not easy to determine. Sooner or later, of course, the chances of watering-place life would serve me. Meanwhile, I felt most agreeably that here was something more finely romantic than that feverish dream of my youth, treating Edgar some fine day to the snub direct. Assuredly, I was not in love; I had cherished a youthful passion, and I knew the signs and symptoms; but I was in a state of mind that really gave something of the same zest to consciousness. For a couple of days I watched and waited for my friend in those few public resorts in which the little world of L—— used most to congregate,—the drive, the walk, the post-office, and the vicinage of the spring. At last, as she was nowhere visible, I betook myself to the little Episcopal chapel, and strolled along the road, past a scattered cluster of decent boarding-houses, in one of which I imagined her hidden. But most of them had a shady strip of garden stretching toward the river, and thitherward, of course, rather than upon the public road, their inmates were likely to turn their faces. A happy accident at last came to my aid. After three or four days at the hotel, Edgar

began to complain that the music in the evening kept him awake and to wonder whether he might find tolerable private lodgings. He was more and more interested in the waters. I offered, with alacrity, to make inquiries for him, and as a first step, I returned to the little colony of riverside boarding-houses. I began with one I had made especial note of, — the smallest, neatest, and most secluded. The mistress of the establishment was at a neighbor's, and I was requested to await her return. I stepped out of the long parlor window, and began hopefully to explore the garden. My hopes were brightly rewarded. In a shady summer-house, on a sort of rustic embankment, overlooking the stream, I encountered Miss Guest and her coquettish duenna. She looked at me for a moment with a dubious air, as if to satisfy herself that she was distinctly expected to recognize me, and then, as I stood proclaiming my hopes in an appealing smile, she bade me a frank good-morning. We talked, I lingered, and at last, when the proper moment came for my going my way again, I sat down and paid a call in form.

"I see you know my name," Miss Guest said, with the peculiar — the almost boyish — directness which seemed to be her most striking feature; "I can't imagine how you learned it, but if you'll be so good as to tell me your own, I'll introduce you to Mrs. Beck. You must learn that she's my deputed chaperon, my she-dragon, and that I'm not to know you unless she knows you first and approves."

Mrs. Beck poised a gold eye-glass upon her pretty *retroussé* nose, — not sorry, I think, to hold it there a moment with a plump white hand and acquit herself of one of her most effective manœuvres, — and glanced at me with mock severity. "He's a harmless-looking young man, my dear," she declared, "and I don't think your father would object." And with this odd sanction I became intimate with Miss Guest, — intimate as, by the soft operation of summer and rural juxtaposition, an American youth is free to become with an American maid. I had told my friends, of course, the purpose of my visit, and learned, with complete satisfaction, that there was no chance for Mr. Musgrave, as they occupied the only three comfortable rooms in the house, — two as bedrooms, the third as a common parlor. Heaven forbid that I should introduce Edgar *dans cette galère*. I inquired elsewhere, but saw nothing I could recommend, and, on making my report to him, found him quite out of conceit of his project. A lady had just been telling him horrors of the local dietary and making him feel that he was vastly well off with the heavy bread and cold gravy of the hotel. It was then too, I think, he first mentioned the symptoms of that relapse which subsequently occurred. He would run no risks.

I had prepared Miss Guest, I fancy, to regard another visit as a matter of course. I paid several in rapid succession; for, under the circumstances, it would have been a pity to be shy. Her father, she told me, expected to be occupied for three or four weeks in New York, so that for the present I was at ease on that score. If I was to please, I must go bravely to work. So I burned my ships behind me, and blundered into gallantry with an ardor over which, in my absence, the two ladies must have mingled their smiles. I don't suppose I passed for an especially knowing fellow; but I kept my friends from wearying of each other (for such other chance acquaintances as the place afforded they seemed to have little inclination), and by my services as a retailer of the local gossip, a reader of light literature, an explorer and suggester of drives and strolls, and, more particularly, as an oarsman in certain happy rowing-parties on the placid river whose slow, safe current made such a pretty affectation of Mrs. Beck's little shrieks and shudders, I very fairly earned my welcome. That detestable scene at the hotel used to seem a sort of horrid fable as I sat in the sacred rural stillness, in that peace-

ful streamside nook, learning what a divinely honest girl she was, this daughter of the man whose dishonesty I had so complacently attested. I wasted many an hour in wondering on what terms she stood with her father's rankling secret, with his poor pompous peccability in general, if not with Edgar's particular grievance. I used to fancy that certain momentary snatches of reverie in the midst of our gayety, and even more, certain effusions of wilful and excessive gayety at our duller moments, portended some vague torment in her filial heart. She would quit her place and wander apart for a while, leaving me to gossip it out with Mrs. Beck, as if she were oppressed by the constant need of seeming interested in us. But she would come back with a face that told so few tales that I always ended by keeping my compassion in the case for myself, and being reminded afresh, by my lively indisposition to be thus grossly lumped, as it were, with the duenna, of how much I was interested in the damsel. In truth, the romance of the matter apart, Miss Guest was a lovely girl. I had read her dimly in the little chapel, but I had read her aright. Felicity in freedom, that was her great charm. I have never known a woman so simply and sincerely original, so finely framed to enlist the imagination and hold expectation in suspense, and yet leave the judgment in such blissful quietude. She had a genius for frankness; this was her only coquetry and her only cleverness, and a woman could not have acquitted herself more naturally of the trying and ungracious rôle of being expected to be startling. It was the pure personal accent of Miss Guest's walk and conversation that gave them this charm; everything she did and said was gilded by a ray of conviction; and to a respectful admirer who had not penetrated to the sources of spiritual motive in her being, this sweet, natural, various emphasis of conduct was ineffably provoking. Her creed, as I guessed it, might have been resumed in the simple notion that a

man should do his best; and nature had treated her, I fancied, to some brighter vision of uttermost manhood than illumined most honest fellows' consciences. Frank as she was, I imagined she had a remote reserve of holiest contempt. She made me feel deplorably ignorant and idle and unambitious, a foolish, boyish spendthrift of time and strength and means; and I speedily came to believe that to win her perfect favor was a matter of something more than undoing a stupid wrong,—doing, namely, some very pretty piece of right. And she was poor Mr. Guest's daughter, withal! Truly, fate was a master of irony.

I ought in justice to say that I had Mrs. Beck more particularly to thank for my welcome, and for the easy terms on which I had become an *habitué* of the little summer-house by the river. How could I know how much or how little the younger lady meant by her smiles and hand-shakes, by laughing at my jokes and consenting to be rowed about in my boat? Mrs. Beck made no secret of her relish for the society of a decently agreeable man, or of her deeming some such pastime the indispensable spice of life; and in Mr. Guest's absence, I was graciously admitted to competition. The precise nature of their mutual sentiments—Mr. Guest's and hers—I was slightly puzzled to divine, and in so far as my conjectures seemed plausible, I confess they served as but a scanty offset to my knowledge of the gentleman's foibles. This lady was, to my sense, a very artificial charmer, and I think that a goodly portion of my admiration for Miss Guest rested upon a little private theory that for her father's sake she thus heroically accepted a companion whom she must have relished but little. Mrs. Beck's great point was her "preservation." It was rather too great a point for my taste, and partook too much of the nature of a physiological curiosity. Her age really mattered little, for with as many years as you pleased one way or the other, she was still a triumph of juvenility. Plump, rosy, dim-

pled, frizzled, with rings on her fingers and rosettes on her toes, she used to seem to me a sort of fantastic vagary or humorous experiment of time. Or, she might have been fancied a strayed shepherdess from some rococo Arcadia, which had melted into tradition during some profane excursion of her own, so that she found herself saddled in our prosy modern world with this absurdly perpetual prime. All this was true, at least of her pretty face and figure; but there was another Mrs. Beck, visible chiefly to the moral eye, who seemed to me excessively wrinkled and faded and world-wise, and whom I used to fancy I could hear shaking about in this enamelled envelope, like a dried nut in its shell. Mrs. Beck's morality was not Arcadian; or if it was, it was that of a shepherdess with a keen eye to the state of the wool and the mutton market, and a lively perception of the possible advantages of judicious partnership. She had no design, I suppose, of proposing to me a consolidation of our sentimental and pecuniary interests, but she performed her duties of duenna with such conscientious precision that she shared my society most impartially with Miss Guest. I never had the good fortune of finding myself alone with this young lady. She might have managed it, I fancied, if she had wished, and the little care she took about it was a sign of that indifference which stirs the susceptible heart to effort. "It's really detestable," I at last ventured to seize the chance to declare, "that you and I should never be alone."

Miss Guest looked at me with an air of surprise. "Your remark is startling," she said, "unless you have some excellent reason for demanding this interesting seclusion."

My reason was not ready just yet, but it speedily ripened. A happy incident combined at once to bring it to maturity and to operate a diversion for Mrs. Beck. One morning there appeared a certain Mr. Crawford out of the West, a worthy bachelor who introduced himself to Mrs. Beck and

claimed cousinship. I was present at the moment, and I could not but admire the skill with which the lady gauged her aspiring kinsman before saying yea or nay to his claims. I think the large diamond in his shirt-front decided her; what he may have lacked in elegant culture was supplied by this massive ornament. Better and brighter than his diamond, however, was his frank Western *bonhomie*, his simple friendliness, and a certain half-boyish modesty which made him give a humorous twist to any expression of the finer sentiments. He was a tall, lean gentleman, on the right side of forty, yellow-haired, with a somewhat arid complexion, an irrepressible tendency to cock back his hat and chew his toothpick, and a spasmodic liability, spasmodically repressed when in a sedentary posture, to a centrifugal movement of the heels. He had a clear blue eye, in which simplicity and shrewdness contended and mingled in so lively a fashion that his glance was the oddest dramatic twinkle. He was a genial sceptic. If he disbelieved much that he saw, he believed everything he fancied, and for a man who had seen much of the rougher and baser side of life, he was able to fancy some very gracious things of men, to say nothing of women. He took his place as a very convenient fourth in our little party, and without obtruding his eccentricities, or being too often reminded of a story, like many cooler humorists, he treated us to a hundred anecdotes of his adventurous ascent of the ladder of fortune. The upshot of his history was that he was now owner of a silver mine in Arizona, and that he proposed in his own words to "lay off and choose." Of the nature of his choice he modestly waived specification; it of course had reference to the sex of which Mrs. Beck was an ornament. He lounged about meanwhile with his hands in his pockets, watching the flies buzz with that air of ecstatically suspended resolve proper to a man who has sunk a shaft deep into the very stuff that dreams are made of.

But in spite of shyness he exhaled an atmosphere of regretful celibacy which might have relaxed the conjugal piety of a more tenderly mourning widow than Mrs. Beck. His bachelor days were evidently numbered, and unless I was vastly mistaken, it lay in this lady's discretion to determine the residuary figure. The two were just nearly enough akin to save a deal of time in courtship.

Crawford had never beheld so finished a piece of ladyhood, and it pleased and puzzled him and quickened his honest grin very much as a remarkably neat mechanical toy might have done. Plain people who have lived close to frank nature often think more of a fine crisp muslin rose than of a group of dewy petals of garden growth. Before ten days were past, he had begun to fumble tenderly with the stem of this unfading flower. Mr. Crawford's *petits soins* had something too much of the ring of the small change of the Arizona silver-mine, consisting largely as they did of rather rudimentary nosegays compounded by amateur florists from the local front-yards, of huge bundles of "New York candy" from the village store, and of an infinite variety of birch-bark and bead-work trinkets. He was no simpleton, and it occurred to me, indeed, that if these offerings were not the tokens and pledges of a sentiment, they were the offset and substitute of a sentiment; but if they were profuse for that, they were scanty for this. Mrs. Beck, for her part, seemed minded to spin the thread of decision excessively fine. A silver-mine was all very well, but a lover fresh from the diggings was to be put on probation. Crawford lodged at the hotel, and our comings and goings were often made together. He indulged in many a dry compliment to his cousin, and, indeed, declared that she was a magnificent little woman. It was with surprise, therefore, that I learned that his admiration was divided. "I've never seen one just like her," he said; "one so out and out a woman, — smiles and tears and everything else! But Clara comes out with

her notions, and a man may know what to expect. I guess I can afford a wife with a notion or so! Short of the moon, I can give her what she wants." And I seemed to hear his hands producing in his pockets that Arizonian tinkle which served with him as the prelude to renewed utterance. He went on, "And tells me I must n't make love to my grandmother. That's a very pretty way of confessing to thirty-five. She's a bit of coquette, is Clara!" I handled the honest fellow's illusions as tenderly as I could, and at last he eyed me askance with a knowing air. "You praise my cousin," he said, "because you think I want you to. On the contrary, I want you to say something against her. If there is anything, I want to know it." I declared I knew nothing in the world; whereupon Crawford, after a silence, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Really," said I, laughing, "one would think you were disappointed."

"I wanted to draw you out," he cried; "but you're too confoundedly polite. I suppose Mrs. Beck's to be my fate; it's borne in on me. I'm being roped in fast. But I only want a little backing to hang off awhile. Look here," he added suddenly, "let's be frank!" and he stopped and laid his hand on my arm. "That other young lady isn't so pretty as Mrs. Beck, but it seems to me I'd kind of trust her further. You didn't know I'd noticed her. Well, I've taken her in little by little, just as she gives herself out. Jerusalem! there's a woman. But you know it, sir, if I'm not mistaken; and that's where the shoe pinches. First come, first served. I want to act on the square. Before I settle down to Mrs. Beck, I want to know distinctly whether you put in a claim to Miss Guest?"

The question was unexpected and found me but half prepared. "A claim?" I said. "Well, yes, call it a claim!"

"Any way," he rejoined, "I've no chance. She'd never look at me. But I want to have her put out of my own

head, so that I can concentrate on Mrs. B. If you're not in love with her, my boy, let me tell you you ought to be! If you are, I've nothing to do but to wish you success. If you're not, upon my word, I don't know but what I would go in! She could but refuse me. Modesty is all very well; but after all, it's the handsomest thing you can do by a woman to offer yourself. As a compliment alone, it would serve. And really, a compliment with a round million is n't so bad as gallantry goes hereabouts. You're young and smart and good-looking, and Mrs. Beck tells me you're rich. If you succeed, you'll have more than your share

of good things. But Fortune has her favorites, and they're not always such nice young men. If you're in love, well and good! If you're not, — by Jove, I am!"

This admonition was peremptory. My companion's face in the clear starlight betrayed his sagacious sincerity. I felt a sudden satisfaction in being summoned to take my stand. I performed a rapid operation in sentimental arithmetic, combined my factors, and established my total. It exceeded expectation. "Your frankness does you honor," I said, "and I'm sorry I can't make a kinder return. But — I'm madly in love!"

H. James Jr.

THORALF AND SYNNOV.

A NORSE IDYL.

O HAVE you been in Gudbrands-Dale, where Laagen's mighty flood
Chants evermore its stirring strain unto the listening wood?
And have you seen the evening sun on those bright glaciers glow,
When valleyward it shoots and darts like shafts from elfin bow?

Have you beheld the maidens, when the saeter* path they tread,
With the ribbons in their sunny hair and the milk-pails on their head?
And have you heard the fiddles, when they strike the lusty dance?
Then you have heard of Synnöv Houg, and of myself perchance.

For Synnöv Houg is lissome as the limber willow spray,
And when you think you hold her fast, and she is yours for aye,
Then like the airy blow-ball that dances o'er the lea,
She gently through your fingers slips, and lightly floateth free.

Then it was last St. John's Eve, — I remember it so well, —
And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell;
And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,
And some were telling stories, while the rest were listening.

Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;
And I, — I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,
For every note of Synnöv's stave went straight unto my heart.

* The saeter is the region in the highlands where the Norwegian peasants spend the greater part of the summer pasturing their cattle.

And like the rushing currents, that from the glaciers flow,
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,
And Synnölv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"And little Synnölv," sang I, "thou art good and very fair";
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say, beware!"
"My fairest Synnölv," quoth I, "my heart was ever thine,
My homestead and my goodly farm, my herds of lowing kine."

"O Thoralf, dearest Thoralf, if that your meaning be, —
If your big heart can hold such a little thing as me,
Then — I shall truly tell you if e'er I want a man,
And — you are free to catch me, handsome Thoralf, — if you can."

And down the hillside ran she, where the tangled thicket weaves
A closely latticed bower with its intertwining leaves.
And through the coppice skipped she, light-footed as a hare,
And with her merry laughter rang the forests far and near.

And whenever I beheld little Synnölv all that year,
She fled from my sight as from hunter's shaft the deer.
I lay awake full half the nights, and knew not what to do,
For I loved little Synnölv so tenderly and true.

Then 't was a summer even up in the birchen glen,
I sat listening to the cuckoo and the twitter of the wren;
And suddenly above me rang out a silver voice;
It rose above the twittering birds and o'er the river's noise.

There sat my little love, where the rocks had made a seat,
And the crimson-tipped flowerets grew all around her feet,
And on her yellow locks clung a tiny roguish hood;
Its edge was made of swan's-down, but the cloth was red as blood.

And noiselessly behind her I had stolen through the copse;
I cursed the restless birch-trees when they waved their rustling tops.
Full merrily my heart beat; then forth I leapt in haste,
And flung a slender birch-bough around the maiden's waist.

She blushed and she fluttered, then turned away to run;
But straight into my sturdy arms I caught the little one.
I put her gently down in the heather at my side,
Where the crimson-tipped flowerets the rocky ledges hide.

And as the prisoned birdling, when he knows his cage full well,
Pours forth his silver-toned voice, and naught his mirth can quell,
So little Synnölv, striving in vain my hold to flee,
Turned quick on me her roguish eyes and laughed full heartily.

"My little Synnölv," said I, "if I remember right,
'T was something that you promised me a year ago to-night."
Then straight she stayed her laughter, and full serious she grew,
And whispered: "Little Thoralf, you promised something too."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

JEFFERSON AMERICAN MINISTER IN FRANCE.

THE United States has contributed to the diplomatic circles of the Old World some incongruous members, heroes of the caucus and the stump, not versed in the lore of courts, and unskilled in drawing-room arts. So, at least, we are occasionally told by persons who think it a prettier thing to bow to a lady than to an audience, and nobler to chat agreeably at dinner than to discourse acceptably to a multitude. Perhaps we shall do better in the diplomatic way by and by, when we have our Civil Service College (to match West Point and Annapolis) in which young men will be especially trained for the higher walks of public life. Hitherto, our diplomatists have won their signal successes simply by being good citizens. We have never had a Talleyrand, nor one of the Talleyrand kind (though we came near it when Aaron Burr was pressed for a foreign appointment), and no American has ever been sent to lie abroad for his country's good. We have had, however, besides a large number of respectable ministers in the ordinary way, three whose opportunity was, at once, immense and unique, — Franklin, Jefferson, and Washburne, — and each of these proved equal to his opportunity.

It is not as a record of diplomatic service that Jefferson's five years' residence in France is specially important to us. France and America were like lovers then, and it is not difficult to negotiate between lovers. His master in the diplomatic art was the greatest master of it that ever lived, — Benjamin Franklin's excellence being, that he conducted the intercourse of nations on the principles which control men of honor and good feeling in their private business, who neither take, nor wish, nor will have an unjust advantage, and look at a point in dispute with their antagonist's eyes as well as their own, never insensible to *his* difficulties and

his scruples. It is what France did to Jefferson that makes his long residence there historically important; because the mind he carried home entered at once into the forming character of a young nation, and became a part of it forever. All these millions of people, whom we call fellow-citizens, are more or less different in their character and feelings from what they would have been, if, in the distribution of diplomatic offices in 1785, Congress had sent Jefferson to London instead of Paris, and appointed John Adams to Paris instead of London.

At first, he had the usual embarrassments of American ministers: he could read, but not speak the French language, and he was sorely puzzled how to arrange his style of living so as not to go beyond his nine thousand dollars a year. The language was a difficulty which diminished every hour, though he never trusted himself to *write* French on any matter of consequence; but the art of living, in the style of a plenipotentiary, upon the allowance fixed by Congress, remained difficult to the end. Nor could he, during the first years, draw much revenue from Virginia. He left behind him there so long a "list of debts" (the result of the losses and desolations of the war), that the proceeds of two crops, and the arrears of his salary as governor voted by the legislature, only sufficed to satisfy the most urgent of them.

A Virginia estate was a poor thing indeed in the absence of the master; and, unhappily, the founders of the government of the United States, in arranging salaries, made no allowance for the American fact, that the mere absence of a man from home usually lessens his income and increases his expenditure. Even Franklin took it for granted that we should always have among us men of leisure, most of whom

would be delighted to serve the public for nothing. Who, indeed, could have foreseen a state of things, such as we see around us now, when the richer a man is the harder he works, and when, in a flourishing city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, not one man of leisure can be found, nor one man of ability who can "afford" to go to the legislature? Jefferson, Adams, and perhaps I may say, *most* of the public men of the country, have suffered agonies of embarrassment from the failure of the first Congresses to adopt the true republican principle of paying for all service done the public at the rate which the requisite quality of service commands in the market. The only great error, perhaps, of Washington's career was his aristocratic disdain of taking fair wages for his work, — an error which most of his successors and many of their most valued ministers have rued in silent bitterness. Nay, he rued it himself. What anxious hours Washington himself passed from the fact that there were so few competent statesmen in the country who chanced to be rich enough to live in Philadelphia on the salary of a Secretary of State!

Jefferson was somewhat longer than usual in getting used to what he called "the gloomy and damp climate" of Paris, — such a contrast to the warmth, purity, and splendor of the climate of his mountain home. We find him, too, still mourning his lost wife, and writing to his old friend Page, that his "principal happiness was now in the retrospect of life." Moreover, the condition of human nature in Europe astonished and shocked him beyond measure. He was not prepared for it; he could not get hardened to it. While experiencing all those art raptures which we should presume he would, — keenly enjoying the music of Paris above all, and the architecture only less, falling in love with a statue here and an edifice there, — still, he could not become reconciled to the hideous terms on which most of the people of France held their lives. At his own pleasant and not inelegant

abode, gathered most that was brilliant, amiable, or illustrious in Paris. Who so popular as the minister of our dear allies across the sea, the successor of Franklin, the friend of Lafayette, the man of science, the man of feeling, the scholar and musical amateur reared in the wilderness? He liked the French, too, exceedingly. He liked their manners, their habits, their tastes, and even their food. He was glad to live in a community, where, as he said, "a man might pass a life without encountering a single rudeness," and where people enjoyed social pleasures without eating like pigs and drinking like Indians. But none of these things could ever deaden his heart to the needless misery of man in France. Read his own words: —

First, to his young friend and pupil, James Monroe, in June, 1785, when he had been ten months in Paris: "The pleasure of the trip [to Europe] will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. My God! how little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy! I confess I had no idea of it myself."

To Mrs. Trist, in August, 1785: "It is difficult to conceive how so good a people, with so good a king, so well-disposed rulers in general, so genial a climate, so fertile a soil, should be rendered so ineffectual for producing human happiness by one single curse, — that of a bad form of government. But it is a fact, in spite of the mildness of their governors, the people are ground to powder by the vices of the form of government. Of twenty millions of people supposed to be in France, I am of opinion there are nineteen millions more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence, than the most conspicuously wretched individual of the whole United States."

To an Italian friend in Virginia, September, 1785: "Behold me, at length, on the vaunted scene of Eu-

rope! You are, perhaps, curious to know how it has struck a savage of the mountains of America. Not advantageously, I assure you. I find the general fate of mankind here most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation offers itself perpetually, that every man here must be either the hammer or the anvil. It is a true picture of that country to which they say we shall pass hereafter, and where we are to see God and his angels in splendor, and crowds of the damned trampled under their feet."

To George Wythe, of Virginia, in August, 1786: "If anybody thinks that kings, nobles, or priests are good conservators of the public happiness, send him here. It is the best school in the universe to cure him of that folly. He will see here, with his own eyes, that these descriptions of men are an abandoned conspiracy against the happiness of the people. Preach, my dear sir, a crusade against ignorance; establish and improve the law for educating the common people. Let our countrymen know, that the people alone can protect us against these evils, and that the tax which will be paid for this purpose is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings, priests, and nobles, who will rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance."

To General Washington, in November, 1786: "To know the mass of evil which flows from this fatal source [an hereditary aristocracy], a person must be in France; he must see the finest soil, the finest climate, and the most compact state, the most benevolent character of people, and every earthly advantage combined, insufficient to prevent this scourge from rendering existence a curse to twenty-four out of twenty-five parts of the inhabitants of this country."

To James Madison, in January, 1787: "To have an idea of the curse of existence under a government of force, it must be seen. It is a government of wolves over sheep."

To another American friend, in August, 1787: "If all the evils which can

arise among us from the republican form of government, from this day to the day of judgment, could be put into scale against what this country suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate. No race of kings has ever presented above one man of common sense in twenty generations. The best they can do is to leave things to their ministers; and what are their ministers but a committee badly chosen?"

To Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, August, 1787: "The European are governments of kites over pigeons."

To another American friend, in February, 1788: "The long-expected edict at length appears. It is an acknowledgment (hitherto withheld by the laws) that Protestants can beget children, and that they can die, and be offensive unless buried. It does not give them permission to think, to speak, or to worship. It enumerates the humiliations to which they shall remain subject, and the burthens to which they shall continue to be unjustly exposed. What are we to think of the condition of the human mind in a country, where such a wretched thing as this has thrown the state into convulsions, and how must we bless our own situation in a country, the most illiterate peasant of which is a Solon, compared with the authors of this law. Our countrymen do not know their own superiority."

Such were the feelings with which he contemplated the condition of the French people. But he was in a situation to know, also, how far "the great" in France were really benefited by the degradation of their fellow-citizens. Their situation was dazzling; but there was, he thought, no class in America who were not happier than they. Intrigues of love absorbed the younger, intrigues of ambition the elder. Conjugal fidelity being regarded as something provincial and ridiculous, there was no such thing known among

them as that "tranquil, permanent felicity with which domestic society in America blesses most of its inhabitants, leaving them free to follow steadily those pursuits which health and reason approve, and rendering truly delicious the intervals of those pursuits."

Such sentiments as these were in vogue at the time, even among the ruling class. Beaumarchais's *Marriage of Figaro* was in its first run when Jefferson reached Paris. Doubtless, he listened to the barber's soliloquy in the fifth act (a stump speech *à la mode de Paris*), the longest soliloquy in a modern comedy, in which Beaumarchais, as we should say, "arraigns the administration." "I was thought of for a government appointment," says poor Figaro, "but, unfortunately, I was fit for it: an arithmetician was wanted; a dancer got it." Jefferson rarely mentions the theatre in his French letters; but the theatre in Paris is like dinner, too familiar a matter to get upon paper. Beaumarchais himself he knew but too well, for the brilliant dramatist was a claimant of sundry millions from the honorable Congress for stores furnished during the war; which puzzled and perplexed every minister of the United States from Franklin to Rives.

Our plenipotentiary was one of the most laborious of men during his residence in Europe. He had need of all his singular talent for industry. The whole of a long morning he usually spent in his office hard at work; and, sometimes, as his daughter reports, when he was particularly pressed, he would take his papers and retire to a monastery near Paris, in which he hired an apartment, and remain there for a week or two, all the world shut out, till his task was done. In the afternoon, he walked seven miles into the country and back again; and in the evening, music, art, science, and society claimed him by turns. I must endeavor, in a few words, to indicate the nature and objects of such incessant toil.

And, first, as to his public and offi-

cial duties. The two continents were then as far apart as America is now from Australia. It took Jefferson from fourteen to twenty weeks to get an answer from home; and if his letters missed the monthly packet, there was usually no other opportunity till the next. It was part of his duty as minister to send to Mr. Jay, Secretary for the foreign affairs of Congress, not only a regular letter of public news, but files of the best newspapers. He did, in fact, the duty of Own Correspondent, as well as that of plenipotentiary; with much that is now done by consuls and commercial agents. As it was then a part of the system of governments in Europe to open letters intrusted to the mail, important letters had to be written in cipher; which was a serious addition to the labor of all official persons. An incident of Mr. Jefferson's second year serves to show at once the remoteness of America from Europe, the difficulty of getting information from one continent to another, and the variety of employments which then fell to the lot of the American minister. He received a letter making inquiry concerning a young man named Abraham Albert Alphonso Gallatin, who had emigrated from Switzerland to America six years before, and of whose massacre and scalping by the Indians a report had lately reached his friends in Geneva. It was to the American minister that the distressed family (one of the most respectable in Switzerland) applied for information concerning the truth of the report. In case this young man had fallen a victim to the savages, Mr. Jefferson was requested to procure a certificate of his death and a copy of his will. It was in this strange way that Thomas Jefferson first obtained knowledge of the Albert Gallatin whom he was destined to appoint Secretary of the Treasury.

France and America, I say, were like lovers then. And yet, in one respect, the new minister found Frenchmen disappointed with the results of the alliance between the two countries. The moment the war closed, commerce

had resumed its old channel; so that the new flag of stars and stripes, a familiar object on the Thames, was rarely seen in a port of France. Why is this? Mr. Jefferson was frequently asked. Does friendship count for nothing in trade? Is this the return France had a right to expect from America? Do Americans prefer their enemies to their friends? The American minister made it his particular business, first, to explain the true reason of this state of things, and, then, to apply the only remedy. In other words, he made himself, both in society and in the audience room of the Count de Vergennes, an apostle of free-trade.

The spell of the protective system, in 1785, had been broken in England, but not in France. Jefferson showed the Count de Vergennes that it was the measure of freedom of trade which British merchants enjoyed that gave them the cream of the world's commerce. He told the Count (an excellent man of business and an honorable gentleman, but as ignorant as a king of political economy) that if national preferences could weigh with merchants, the whole commerce of America would forsake England and come to France. But, said he, in substance, our merchants cannot buy in France, because you will not let them sell in France. One day, he went over the whole list of American products, and explained the particular restriction or system of restrictions, which rendered it impossible for American merchants to sell it in France at a profit. Indigo,—France had tropical islands, the planters of which she must “protect.” Tobacco,—O heavens! in what a coil and tangle of protection was that fragrant weed! First, the king had the absolute monopoly of the sale of it. Secondly, the king had “farmed” the sale to some great noblemen; who, in turn, had sub-let the right to men of business. These gentlemen had concluded a contract with Robert Morris of Philadelphia, giving him an absolute monopoly of the importation for three years. Morris was to send to France twenty

thousand hogsheads a year at a fixed price, and no other creature on earth could lawfully send a pound of tobacco to France.

The learned reader perceives that there was a tobacco Ring in 1785, which included king, noblemen, French merchants, and Mr. Jefferson's friend, Robert Morris. When, in the course of this enumeration, he came to the article of tobacco, and explained the mode in which it was “protected,” the Count remarked that the king received so large a revenue from tobacco, that it could not be renounced. “I told him,” as Mr. Jefferson relates, “that we did not wish it to be renounced, or even lessened, but only that the *monopoly* should be put down; that this might be effected in the simplest manner by obliging the importer to pay, on entrance, a duty equal to what the king now received, or to deposit his tobacco in the king's warehouses till it was paid, and then permitting a free sale of it. ‘*Ma foi!*’ said the Count, ‘that is a good idea; we must think of it.’”

They did think of it. Mr. Jefferson kept them thinking during the whole of his residence in Paris. In many letters and in conversation, vivid with his own clear conviction, and warm with his earnest purpose to serve both countries, and man through them; he expounded the principles of free-trade. “Each of our nations,” he said, “has exactly to spare the articles which the other wants. *We* have a surplus of rice, tobacco, furs, peltry, potash, lamp oils, timber, which France wants; *she* has a surplus of wines, brandies, esculent oils, fruits, manufactures of all kinds, which we want. The governments have nothing to do but *not to hinder their merchants from making the exchange.*”

To the theory of free-trade every thinking man, of course, assented. But when it came to practice, he generally found (as free-traders now do) that private interest was too powerful for him. It was in France very much as it was in Portugal. After negotiating for years with the Portuguese minister for

the free admission of American products, Jefferson succeeded in getting his treaty signed and sent to Lisbon for ratification. The astute old Portuguese ambassador predicted its rejection. "Some great lords of the court," said he to Mr. Jefferson, "derive an important part of their revenue from their interest in the flour-mills near the capital; which the admission of American flour will shut up. *They* will prevail upon the king to reject it." And so it proved. Jefferson, however, was not a man to prefer no bread to half a loaf. He did really succeed in France, after twelve months' hard work and vigilant attention, aided at every turn by the Marquis de Lafayette, whose zeal to serve his other country across the ocean knew no diminution while he lived, in obtaining some few crusts of free-trade for the merchants of America; which had an important effect in nourishing the infant commerce between the two countries. Nor did he rest content with them. He could not break the Morris contract, nor even wish it broken; but, aided by Lafayette's potent influence, he obtained from the Ministry an engagement that no contract of the same nature should ever again be permitted. To the last month of his stay in Europe, we find, in his voluminous correspondence, that he still strove to loosen what he was accustomed to call "the shackles upon trade."

His efforts in behalf of free-trade in tobacco exposed him to the enmity of Robert Morris and his kindred, one of the most powerful circles in the United States, including Gouverneur Morris, as able and honorable an aristocrat as ever stood by his order,—a man of Bismarckian acuteness, candor, integrity, and humor. In writing of this matter, in confidence, to James Monroe, Jefferson held this language: "I have done what was right, and I will not so far wound my privilege of doing that without regard to any man's interest, as to enter into any explanations of this paragraph with Robert Morris. Yet I esteem him highly, and suppose

that hitherto he had esteemed me."

The paragraph to which he alludes was one in a letter of the French minister of finance, in which there was an expression implying that Mr. Jefferson had recommended the annulling of the Morris Contract. This he had not done. On the contrary, he had maintained that to annul it would be unjust. But he deemed it unbecoming in him as a public man to so much as correct this misapprehension.

The reader, perhaps, has supposed that the evils resulting from tariff-tinkering, are peculiar to the United States. Mr. Jefferson knew better. As often as he succeeded in getting a restriction upon trade loosened a little, an injured Interest cried out; and did not always cry in vain. In 1788, he obtained a revival of the tariff in favor of American products, which admitted American whale oil (before prohibited) at a duty of ten dollars a ton. This was a vast boon to Yankee whalers. But an existing treaty between France and England obliged France to admit English oil on the terms of "the most favored nation." At once, the English oils "flowed in," overstocked the market, and lowered the price to such a point that the French fishermen and sealmen could not live. An outcry arose, which the French Ministry could not disregard. Then it was proposed to exclude all "European oils which would not infringe the British treaty"; and this idea Jefferson, free-trader as he was, encouraged with patriotic inconsistency, because, as he says, it would give to the French and American fisheries a monopoly of the French market." The *arrêt* was drawn up; ministers were assembled; and in a moment more it would have been passed, to the enriching of Nantucket and the great advantage of all the New England coast. Just then, a minister proposed to strike out the word *European*, which would make the measure still more satisfactory to French oilmen. The amendment was agreed to; the *arrêt* was signed; and, behold, Nantucket excluded!

As soon as Jefferson heard of this disaster, he put forth all his energies in getting the *arrêt* amended. Not content with verbal and written remonstrance, he took a leaf from Dr. Franklin's book, and caused a small treatise upon the subject to be printed "to entice them to read it," particularly the new minister, M. Neckar, who, minister as he was, had "some principles of economy, and will enter into calculations." He succeeded in his object, and soon had the pleasure of sending to Nantucket, through Mr. Adams, a notification that the whalemens might put to sea in full confidence of being allowed to sell their oil in French ports on profitable terms. He testified to the generous aid he had had in this business from Lafayette: "He has paid the closest attention to it, and combated for us with the zeal of a native."

Other curious incidents of his five years' war against the Protective System press for mention; but, really, one suffices as well as a thousand. It is always the same story; the interests of men against the rights of man, — temporary and local advantage opposed to the permanent interest of the human race, — a shrinking from a fair, open contest, and compelling your adversary to go into the ring with one hand tied behind him. Nevertheless, such is the nature of man, that the progress from restriction to freedom, whether in politics, religion, or trade, must be slow in order to be sure. It is human to cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" when you live by making images of the chaste goddess. Even Jefferson, a free-trader by the constitution of his mind, was not so very ill-content with a "monopoly" which shut English whalemens out of the ports of France, and let his own countrymen in. The principle was wrong, but he could bear it in this instance. It required many years of pig-headed outrage to kill his proud and yearning love for the land of his ancestors, but the thing was done at last with a completeness that left nothing to be desired.

Among the powers with which the commissioners of the United States endeavored to negotiate treaties of amity and commerce on sublime Christian principles, were Tunis, Algiers, Tripoli, and "the high, glorious, mighty, and most noble King, Prince, and Emperor" of Morocco. Before Mr. Jefferson had held the post of plenipotentiary many weeks, he was reminded, most painfully, that those powers were not yet, perhaps, quite prepared to conduct their foreign affairs in the lofty style proposed. A rumor ran over Europe; that Dr. Franklin, on his voyage to America, had been captured by the Algerines and carried to Algiers; where, being held for ransom, he bore his captivity with the cheerfulness and dignity that might have been expected of him. Nor was such an event impossible, nor even improbable. The packets plying between Havre and New York were not considered safe from the Algerine corsairs in 1785. Nothing afloat was safe from them unless defended by superior guns, or protected by an annual subsidy. Among the curious bits of information which Jefferson contrived to send to Mr. Jay, was a list of the presents made by the Dutch, in 1784, to the aforesaid King, Prince, and Emperor of Morocco. The Dutch, we should infer from this catalogue, supplied the Emperor with the means of preying upon the commerce of the world; for it consists of items like these: 69 masts, 30 cables, 267 pieces of cordage, 70 cannon, 21 anchors, 285 pieces of sail-cloth, 1450 pulleys, 51 chests of tools, 12 quadrants, 12 compasses, 26 hour-glasses, 27 sea-charts, 50 dozen sail-needles, 24 tons of pitch; besides such "extraordinary presents" as 2 pieces of scarlet cloth, 2 of green cloth, 280 loaves of sugar, one chest of tea, 24 china punch-bowls, 50 pieces of muslin, 3 clocks, and one "very large watch." He learned, too, that Spain had recently stooped to buy a peace from one of these piratical powers at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars.

It was in the destiny of Mr. Jeffer-

son, at a later time, to extort a peace from these pirates in another way, and, in fact, to originate the system that rid the seas of them forever. But, at present, the country which he represented was not strong enough to depart from the established system of purchase. The United States was a gainer even by the treaty for which Spain had paid so high a price, for Spain was then in close alliance with the republic which had humbled the great enemy of the House of Bourbon. In the spring of 1785 came news that the American brig *Betsy* had been captured and taken to Morocco, where the crew were held for ransom. It was the good offices of Spain that induced the King, Prince, and Emperor of Morocco to *make a present* to the American minister at Cadiz of the liberty of the *Betsy's* crew. But when Mr. Carmichael waited on the Spanish ambassador to thank him, "in the best Spanish he could muster," for the friendly act of the king, he was given to understand that, unless the United States sent an envoy to Morocco with presents for the Emperor, no more crews would be released except on the usual terms. Mr. Carmichael notified Mr. Jefferson of these events, and added that he feared further depredations from the Algerines. Thirteen prizes had recently been brought in by them; chiefly Portuguese, he thought. "The Americans, I hope, are too much frightened already," said he, "to venture any vessels this way, especially during the summer." And they ran some risk even in the more northern latitudes.

A month later, Mr. Jefferson received a doleful letter from three American captains in Algiers, which brought the subject home to him most forcibly: "We, the subjects of the United States of America, having the misfortune of being captured off the coast of Portugal, the 24th and 30th of July, by the Algerines, and brought into this port, where we are become slaves, and sent to the workhouses, our sufferings are beyond our expressing, or your conception, . . .

being stripped of all our clothes, and nothing to exist on but two small cakes of bread per day, without any other necessities of life." But the captains had found a friend: "Charles Logie, Esq., British Consul, seeing our distressed situation, has taken us three masters of vessels out of the workhouse, and has given security for us to the Dey of Algiers, *King of Cruelties*." The sailors, however, remained in the workhouses, where they would certainly starve, the captains thought, if Mr. Jefferson could not at once prevail upon Congress to grant them relief.

In writing this letter, the three captains provided Mr. Jefferson with seven years' trouble. During all the remainder of his residence at Paris, and years after his return home, one of his chief employments was to procure the deliverance of those unfortunate prisoners from captivity. After making some provision for their maintenance, he explained to Congress the necessity of treating with the pirates as the Spaniards had done, money in hand. He was authorized to give twenty thousand dollars to the High and Mighty Prince and Emperor of Morocco, and the same sum to the King of Cruelties, for a treaty of peace. Inadequate as these sums were, they seemed stupendous to a Congress distressed with the debt of the Revolution, fearing to learn by every arrival that their credit was gone in Europe, through the failure of their agents to effect a new loan. Jefferson and Adams took the liberty of doubling the price for a treaty with Algiers; offering forty thousand dollars for a treaty and the twenty prisoners. They felt that this was assuming a responsibility which nothing could justify but the emergency of the case. "The motives which led to it," wrote Jefferson to Mr. Jay, "must be found in the feelings of the human heart, in a partiality for those sufferers who are of our own country, and in the obligations of every government to yield protection to their citizens as the consideration for their obedience." He assured the secretary "that it would be a com-

fort to know that Congress did not disapprove this step." He received that comfort in due time; but the forty thousand dollars did not get the treaty, nor bring home the captives. The agents whom he despatched returned with the report that upon such terms no business could be done.

And so the affair drew on. In the spring of 1786, Mr. Jefferson upon an intimation received from Mr. Adams, hurried over to London to confer with the ambassador of Tripoli upon the matter; supposing that whatever bargain they might make with Tripoli would be a guide in their negotiations with Algiers and Morocco. The two Americans met the ambassador, and had a conversation with him which one would think more suitable to A. D. 1100 than 1786. The first question discussed between them was, whether it were better for the United States to buy a temporary peace by annual payments, or a permanent peace by what our English friends elegantly style "a lump sum." The ambassador was much in favor of a permanent peace. Any stipulated annual sum, he said, might cease to content his country, and an increased demand might bring on a war, which would interrupt the payments, and give new cause of difference. It would be much cheaper in the long run, he assured them, for the United States to come down handsomely at once and make an end of the business.

That question having been duly considered, the Americans were ready to listen to the terms; which were these: for a treaty of peace with Tripoli, to last one year, with privilege of renewal, twelve thousand five hundred guineas to the government, and one thousand two hundred and fifty guineas to the ambassador; for a permanent peace, thirty thousand guineas to the government, and three thousand guineas to the ambassador; cash down on receipt of signed treaty. N. B. Merchandise not taken. On the same terms, the ambassador assured them, a peace could be had with Tunis; but with regard to Algiers and Morocco,

he could not undertake to promise anything. Peace with the four piratical powers, then, would cost Congress at least six hundred and sixty thousand dollars. If the affair had not involved the life and liberty of countrymen, the American commissioners might have laughed at the disproportion between the sums they were empowered to offer and those demanded.

Disguising their feelings as best they could, they "took the liberty to make some inquiries concerning the ground of the pretensions to make war upon nations who had done them no injury." The ambassador replied: It was written in their Koran, that all nations which had not acknowledged the Prophet were sinners, whom it was the right and duty of the faithful to plunder and enslave; and that every mussulman who was slain in this warfare was sure to go to paradise. He said, also, that the man who was the first to board a vessel had one slave over and above his share, and that when they sprang to the deck of an enemy's ship, every sailor held a dagger in each hand and a third in his mouth; which usually struck such terror into the foe that they cried out for quarter at once. It was the opinion of this enlightened public functionary that the Devil aided his countrymen in these expeditions, for they were almost always successful.

It is difficult for us to realize only eighty-six years after this conversation, that it could ever have been held; still less that the American commissioners should have seriously reported it to Mr. Jay, with an offer of their best services in trying to borrow the money in Holland or elsewhere, and in concluding the several bargains for peace with the four powers; least of all, that Mr. Jay should have submitted the offers of the ambassador to Congress. Congress, in their turn, referred the matter back to Mr. Jay for his opinion; which he gave with elaboration and exactness. The substance of his report was this: We cannot raise the money, and it would be an injury

to our credit to attempt to do so and not succeed.

Mr. Jefferson was obliged, therefore, to confine his efforts to the mere deliverance of the captives by ransom. This, too, was a matter demanding the most delicate and cautious handling; for the price of a captive was regulated like professional fees, according to the wealth of the parties interested. Let those professional pirates but suppose a *government* concerned in a slave's ransom, and the price ran up the scale to a height most alarming. Jefferson was obliged to conceal from every one, and especially from the prisoners, that he had any authority to treat for their release; a course that brought upon him a kind of censure hard to bear indeed. While he was exerting every faculty in behalf of the captives, he would receive from them "cruel letters," as he termed them, accusing him, not merely of neglecting their interests, but of disobeying the positive orders of Congress to negotiate their ransom.

He availed himself, at length, of the services of an order of monks called The Mathurins, instituted for the purpose of begging alms for the ransom of Christian captives held to servitude among the Infidels. Agents of theirs constantly lived in the Barbary States, searching out captives, and driving hard bargains in their purchase. As it was known that the Mathurins could ransom cheaper than any other agency, they were frequently employed by governments and by families in procuring the deliverance of captives. The chief of the order received Mr. Jefferson with the utmost benignity, and won his favorable regard by making no allusion to the religious heresy of the American captives. He offered to undertake the purchase, provided the most profound secrecy were observed, and he thought the twenty captives would cost Congress ten thousand dollars. Congress authorized the expenditure. But that was the time when it overtaxed the credit of the United States even to subsist their half a dozen representa-

tives in Europe. "The moment I have the money," Mr. Jefferson was obliged to write, "the business shall be set in motion." But the money was long in coming. A new government was forming at Philadelphia. All was embarrassment in the finances and confusion in the minds of the transitory administration. The poor captives lingered in slavery year after year, dependant for daily sustenance, for months at a time, on advances made by the Spanish ambassador. As late as 1793, we still find Mr. Jefferson busied about the same prisoners in Algiers.

While doing what he could for the relief and protection of his own countrymen, he set on foot a nobler scheme for delivering the vessels of all the maritime nations from the risk of capture by these pirates. He drew up a plan, which he submitted to the Diplomatic Corps at Versailles, for keeping a joint fleet of six frigates and six smaller vessels in commission, one half of which should be always cruising against the corsairs, waging active war, until the four Barbary States were willing to conclude treaties of peace without subsidy or price. Portugal, Naples, the two Sicilies, Venice, Malta, Denmark, and Sweden, all avowed a willingness to share in the enterprise, provided France offered no opposition. Having satisfied the ambassadors on this point, he felt sure of success if Congress would authorize him to make the proposition as from them, and to support it by undertaking to contribute and maintain one of the frigates. But the power of the Congress of the old Confederacy, never sufficient, was now waning fast. What could it ever do but *recommend* the States to pay their share of public expenses? And the recommendations of this nature, as Jefferson remarked, were now so openly neglected by the States, that Congress "declined an engagement which they were conscious they could not fulfil with punctuality." It was an excellent scheme. Jefferson had drawn it up in great detail, and with so much

forethought and good sense, that it looks on paper as though it might have answered the purpose.

It fell to the lot of Jefferson to negotiate and sign a convention between France and the United States which regulated the consular services of both nations. Does the reader happen to know what despotic powers a consul exercised formerly? He was a terrible being. He was invested with much of the sacredness and more than the authority of an ambassador. The laws of the country in which he lived could not touch him,—could neither confine his person, nor seize his goods, nor search his house. Over such of his countrymen as fell into his power he exercised autocratic sway. If he suspected a passenger of being a deserter or a criminal, he could send him home; if he caught a ship in a contraband act, he could order it back to its port. When Dr. Franklin came to arrange the Consular Service of the two countries, the Count de Vergennes simply handed him a copy of the Consular Convention established between France and the Continental powers; and this the Doctor accepted, signed, and sent home for ratification, supposing it to be the correct and only thing admissible. “Congress received it,” as Jefferson reports, “with the deepest concern. They honored Dr. Franklin, they were attached to the French nation, but they could not relinquish fundamental principles.” The convention was returned to Jefferson, with new instructions and powers; and he succeeded, after a long and difficult negotiation, in inducing the French government to limit those excessive consular powers. The government, he explains, anticipated a very extensive emigration from France to the United States, which, under the old consular system, they could have controlled; and hence they yielded it “with the utmost reluctance, and inch by inch.” But they yielded it, at last, with frankness and good-humor, and the consular system was arranged as we find it now.

When we turn from the plenipoten-

tiary's public duties to his semi-official and voluntary labors, it is impossible not to be stirred to admiration and gratitude. I do not know what public man has ever been more solicitous to use the opportunities which his office conferred of rendering solid service to his country, to institutions, to corporations, to individuals. He kept four colleges—Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and the College of Philadelphia—advised of the new inventions, discoveries, conjectures, books, that seemed important. And what news he had to send sometimes! It was he who sent to America the most important piece of mechanical intelligence that pen ever recorded,—the success of the Watt steam-engine, by means of which “a peck and a half of coal performs as much work as a horse in a day.” He conversed at Paris with Boulton, who was Watt's partner in the manufacture of the engines, and learned from his lips this astounding fact. But it did not astound him in the least,—he mentions it quietly in the postscript of a long letter; for no man yet foresaw the revolution in all human affairs which that invention was to effect. He went to see an engine at work in London afterwards, but he was only allowed to view the outward parts of the machinery, and he could not tell whether the mill “was turned by the steam immediately,” or by a stream of water which the steam pumped up.

We are all familiar with the system of manufacturing watches, clocks, arms, and other objects, in parts so exactly alike that they can be used without altering or fitting. It was Jefferson who sent to Congress an account of this admirable idea, which he derived from its ingenious inventor, a French mechanic. He also forwarded specimens of the parts of a musket-lock, by way of illustration. The system, which was at first employed only in the manufacture of arms, seems now about to be applied to all manufactures. He sent to Virginia particular accounts of the construction of canals and locks,

and of the devices employed in Europe for improving and extending the navigation of rivers ; information peculiarly welcome to General Washington and the companies formed under his auspices to extend the navigation of the James and the Potomac back to the mountains.

Virginian as he was, he had a Yankee's love for an improved implement or utensil, and he was always sending something ingenious in that way to a friend. He scoured Paris to find one of the "new lamps" for Richard Henry Lee, failed to get a good one, tried again in London, and succeeded. Madison was indebted to him for getting made the most perfect watch the arts could then produce, — price six hundred francs, — and a portable copying-press of his own contriving, besides a great number of books for his library. A stroll among the book-stalls was one of his favorite afternoon recreations during the whole of his residence in Paris, so one of his daughters records, and he picked up many hundreds of prizes in the way of rare and curious books, for Madison, Wythe, Monroe, and himself.

Europe is still the chief source of our intellectual nourishment ; but when Jefferson was minister in Paris, it was the only source. America had contributed nothing to the intellectual resources of man, except Franklin ; and the best of Franklin was not yet accessible. We had no art, little science, no literature ; not a poem, not a book, not a picture, not a statue, not an edifice. Jefferson evidently recognized it as a very important part of his duty to be a channel of communication by which the redundant intellectual wealth of one continent should go to lessen the poverty of the other. He had in his note-book a considerable list of Americans, such as Dr. Franklin, James Madison, George Wythe, Edmund Randolph, Dr. Stiles, of whom he was the literary agent in Europe, for whom he received the volumes of the Encyclopædia as they appeared, and subscribed for copies of any work of

value which was announced for publication. In advance of international copyright, and, indeed, before Noah Webster had procured a home copyright for his spelling-book from a few of the State legislatures (the beginning of our copyright system), Jefferson aided two American authors to gain something from the European sale of their writings. He got forty guineas for an early copy of Ramsay's History of the Revolutionary War for translation into French ; and when he found that the London booksellers did not dare sell the book, he sent for a hundred copies, and caused it to be advertised in the London papers, that persons in England wishing the work could have it from Paris, *per diligence*. Similar service he rendered Dr. Gordon, author of the History of the war to which he had himself contributed.

Some opportunities which occurred to him of aiding the growth of a better taste in America for architecture, he eagerly seized. Virginia was about to disfigure Richmond with public buildings, and the commissioners wrote to him for plans ; particularly, a plan for a capitol. What commission could have been more welcome ? From his youth up, before he had ever seen an edifice that was not repulsive, he was an enthusiast in architecture ; and now, in Paris, it was a daily rapture to pass one of his favorite buildings. He would linger near it, he tells one of his friends, for a long time ; would often go out of his way to catch a view of it ; loved to study it in new lights and unusual conditions of the atmosphere, and never grew weary of admiring it.

As soon, therefore, as he received the letter from Richmond, he engaged the best architect of the day, and entered upon the joyous work. They took for their model the *Maison Quarrée* of Nismes, which, he thought, was "one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful and precious morsel of architecture left us by antiquity ; . . . very simple, but noble beyond expression." All the time he could spare from pressing public duties he spent

in adapting the ancient model to modern utilities; but with all his zeal the plan consumed time, and he was aghast one day, to receive news from home that the commissioners were beginning to build without it. He wrote to Madison, begging him to use all his influence for delay. "How is a taste," he asked, "for this beautiful art to be formed in our countrymen unless we avail ourselves of every occasion when public buildings are to be erected, of presenting to them models for their study and imitation?" The loss of a few bricks, he thought, was not to be weighed against "the comfort of laying out the public money for something honorable, the satisfaction of seeing an object and proof of national good taste, and the regret and mortification of erecting a monument of our barbarism, which will be loaded with execrations as long as it shall endure." He seems to have smiled at his own vehemence. "You see," he concluded, "I am an enthusiast on the subject of the arts. But it is an enthusiasm of which I am not ashamed, as its object is to improve the taste of my countrymen, to increase their reputation, to reconcile to them the respect of the world and procure them its praise."

Madison exerted himself; the work was stopped; the plan was accepted. But the home architect, as Professor Tucker tells us, mingled an idea or two of his own with those of the ancient master, and considerations of economy were allowed to modify parts of the design. The result many readers have seen in that ill-starred, forlorn-looking edifice, the Capitol of Virginia at Richmond. Near it, on the capitol grounds, is the best thing America has yet paid for in the way of a monument to the memory of deserving men, — the monument to Washington and the other Virginians most distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle. Jefferson was much occupied with details of this fine work during his residence in Paris. For Virginia, also, he bought some thousands of stands of arms and other warlike

material; for, who had yet so much as thought that Virginia was not a sovereign State?

There was no end of his services to the infant unskilled agriculture of his country. In Charleston and Philadelphia there was already something in the way of an Agricultural Society, to which he sent information, seeds, roots, nuts, and plants; thus continuing the work begun in his father's youth by John Bartram of Philadelphia, to whom he honor and gratitude forever! To the Charleston Society, Jefferson's benefactions were most numerous and important. Upon receiving the intelligence that he had been elected a member of the society, he sent them, with his letter of acknowledgment, "some seeds of a grass that had been found very useful in the southern parts of Europe," and was almost the only grass cultivated in Malta. It is to be feared the seed was not duly cared for by the Society, for the Northern eye looks in vain, in the Carolinas, for a vivid lawn or a fine field of grass. Afterwards he procured for them a quantity of the acorns of the cork oak. Where are the cork oaks that should have sprung from them? He burned with desire to introduce the olive culture into the Southern States, and he returns again and again to the subject in his letters. He saw what a great good the olive-tree was to Europe, from its hardiness, its fruitfulness, the low quality of soil in which it flourishes, and the agreeable flavor it imparts to many viands otherwise tasteless or disagreeable. He urged the Charleston Society to make it a chief object to introduce the olive, and offered to send them bountiful supplies of plants of every valuable variety, and to be one of five persons to contribute ten guineas a year for their experimental culture in South Carolina.

"If," he wrote to President Drayton, "the memory of those persons is held in great respect in South Carolina who introduced there the culture of rice, a plant which sows life and death with

almost equal hand, what obligations would be due to him who should introduce the olive-tree, and set the example of its culture! Were the owners of slaves to view it only as the means of bettering *their* condition, how much would he better that by planting one of those trees for every slave he possessed! Having been myself an eye-witness to the blessings which this tree sheds on the poor, I never had my wishes so kindled for the introduction of any article of new culture into our own country."

Olive-oil, however, despite his generous efforts, is not yet an American product. The Society accepted his offers. He sent them a whole "cargo of plants." The culture was begun with enthusiasm. But, whether from want of skill, or want of perseverance, or the unsuitableness of the climate, or the excessive richness of the soil, the trees did not flourish. The caper, too, of which he sent seeds and amplest information, we still import in long, thin bottles, from Europe. Cotton he dismisses with curious brevity, considering the importance it has since attained. In writing of East India products to the Charleston Society, he says, "Cotton is a precious resource, and which cannot fail with you."

Rice was the great theme of his agricultural letters. He was surprised, upon settling for the first time in a Catholic community, at the vast quantities of rice consumed; for it was the great resource of all classes during Lent. Fish was then a costly article, so far from the sea. Voltaire laughs at the Paris dandies of his day who alleviated the rigors of Lent by breakfasting with their mistresses on a fresh fish brought, post, from St. Malo, that cost five hundred francs, — a delicate mark of attention, he observes, to a pretty penitent. Rice, however, was the standing dish in France during the fasting-season, and the merchants timed their importations accordingly. Jefferson was struck with the small quantity of American rice brought to French ports and the low price it

brought. Upon inquiry, he was told that the American rice (which reached France by way of England) was inferior in quality to that of Piedmont and not so well cleaned. He sent to Charleston specimens of the kinds of rice sold in Paris, explained the inconveniences of a circuitous commerce, urged the Carolinians to send cargoes direct to Havre, and told them to be sure to get the bulk of the supply in port a month before Lent. As to the imperfect cleaning, he resolved to investigate that point to the uttermost. Being at Marseilles in 1787, he inquired on every hand concerning the machine employed in Italy to hull and clean the rice. No one could tell him. The vast national importance of the matter, together with the warm responses which he had received from Charleston to his letters upon rice, induced him to cross the Alps and traverse the rice country on purpose to examine the hulling-mill employed there, to the use of which he supposed the higher price of the Italian rice was due. "I found their machine," he wrote to Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, "exactly such a one as you had described to me in Congress in the year 1783!"

But he did not cross the Alps in vain. Seeing that the Italians cleaned their rice by the very mill used in South Carolina, he concluded that the Italian rice was of a better kind, and resolved to send some of the seed to Charleston. It was, however, part of the barbaric protective system to prevent the exportation of whatever could most signally bless other nations; and no one was allowed to send seed-rice out of the country. Jefferson, falling back on the higher law, "took measures with a muleteer to run a couple of sacks across the Apennines to Genoa"; but having small faith in the muleteer's success, he filled the pockets of his coat and overcoat with the best rice of the best rice-producing district in Italy, and sent it, in two parcels by different ships, to Charleston. The muleteer failed to run his sacks, but this small

store reached the Charleston Society, who distributed it among the rice-planters, a dozen or two of grains to each. These were carefully sown and watched, usually under the master's eye. The species succeeded well in the rice country, and enabled the South Carolina planters to produce the best rice in the world. If the reader has had to-day a pudding of superior rice, its grains were, in all probability, descended lineally from those which Jefferson carried off in his pockets in 1787.

He afterwards sent the society rough seed-rice from the Levant, from Egypt, from Cochin-China, from the East Indies; besides an "improved tooth" of a rice-mill. He also perfected with the French government and with French merchants the best arrangements then possible for the direct importation of rice from South Carolina and Georgia. No man was ever more vigilant than he in detecting opportunities to benefit his country. How did he get unhulled rice from Cochin-China? "The young prince of that country, lately gone from hence, having undertaken that it shall come to me."

Nor did he confine his services to his own country; for, as he said more than once, he regarded the office which he filled as international, and he wished to be the *medium* of good to both countries. Among other American productions, he sent for two or three hundred peccan nuts from the far West, for planting in France. To Dr. Stiles he wrote: "Mrs. Adams gives me an account of a flower found in Connecticut, which vegetates when suspended in the air. She brought one to Europe. What can be this flower? It would be a curious present to this continent." Such hints were seldom dropped in vain. Some of his correspondents took extraordinary pains to gratify his desires of this nature. The venerable Buffon, getting past eighty then, and verging to the close of his illustrious career, was indebted to Jefferson for torrents of information concerning nature in America, as well as for many

valuable specimens. He gave the great naturalist the skin of a panther, which the old man had never seen, and had not mentioned in his work; also, the horns and skins of American deer, the feet and combs of American birds, and many other similar objects.

He did not, it seems, always agree with Buffon. The old man held chemistry in contempt, — mere cookery, he called it, — and held that a chemist was no better than a cook. "I think it," said Jefferson, "on the contrary, the most useful of sciences, and big with future discoveries for the utility and safety of the human race." He combated, also, the Count de Buffon's theory of the degeneracy of animals in America. After much discussion, he tried an argument similar to that which Dr. Franklin had used, when, in reply to a remark of the same nature, he requested all the Americans seated on one side of the table to stand, and then all the Frenchmen, who happened to sit in a row on the other side. The Americans towered gigantic above the little Gauls, and the Doctor came off triumphant. Jefferson, on his part, wrote to General Sullivan of New Hampshire to send him the bones and skin of a moose, mightiest of the deer kind; Sullivan, exaggerating the importance of the object, on fire to do honor to his country and oblige its representative, formed a hunting party, plunged into the measureless snows of the New Hampshire hills, found a herd, killed one, cut a road twenty miles to get it home, got the flesh from the bones, packed skeleton and skin in a great box, with horns of five other varieties of American deer, and sent it on its way to the ocean. In the course of time, Mr. Jefferson received a bill of thirty-six guineas for the carriage of the box, and a glowing account from General Sullivan of his exertions in procuring its contents. He paid the bill with a wry face, but the moose did not arrive. Six months after the grand hunt, he wrote thus: "That the tragedy might not want a proper catastrophe, the box, bones and all, are lost;

so that this chapter of Natural History will still remain a blank. But I have written to him *not* to send me another. I will leave it for my successor to fill up, whenever I shall make my bow here." A week later, however, he had the pleasure of sending the box to the Count de Buffon, promising much larger horns another season. The naturalist gracefully acknowledged the gift, and owned that the moose was indeed an animal of respectable magnitude. "I should have consulted you, sir," said he, "before publishing my Natural History, and then I should have been sure of my facts." He died next year, too soon to enjoy the enormous pair of buck's horns coming to Jefferson from his native mountains, to maintain in Europe the credit of his native continent.

The publication of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, in English and in French, was an interesting event of his residence in Europe. Saturated as the book was with the republican sentiment of which he was the completest living exponent, it was eagerly sought after in Paris, and had its effect upon the time. He appears to have taken a modest view of the merits of the work. "I have sometimes thought," he wrote to his friend Hopkinson of Philadelphia, "of sending my Notes to the Philosophical Society as a tribute due to them; but this would seem as if I considered them as worth something, which I am conscious they are not. I will not ask for your advice on this occasion, because it is one of those on which no man is authorized to ask a sincere opinion."

A work much more important, upon which he valued himself more than upon anything he ever wrote in his life, except the Declaration of Independence, and far more meritorious than that, was published in Paris in 1786. I mean his Act for Freedom of Religion, passed in that year by the Virginia legislature. He had copies of it printed, according to his custom. It was received and circulated with an ominous enthusiasm. I say ominous; for the first effect of ideas so much in

advance of the state of things could not but be destructive and disastrous. The whole Diplomatic Corps complimented the author by asking for a copy to transmit to their several courts, and he had it inserted in the *Encyclopédie*, to which he had contributed articles, and material for articles, on subjects relating to the United States. "I think," he wrote to his old friend and mentor, George Wythe, that "our Act for Freedom of Religion will produce considerable good even in these countries, where ignorance, superstition, poverty, and oppression of body and mind, in every form, are so firmly settled on the mass of the people, that their redemption from them can never be hoped." *Never* is a long time. He told George Wythe that if every monarch in Europe were to try as hard to emancipate the minds of his subjects from ignorance and prejudice, as he was then trying to keep them benighted, a thousand years would not raise them to the American level. He attributed the superiority of Americans, in freedom and dignity of mind, to their severance from the parent stock and their separation from it by a wide ocean; which had placed all things "*under the control of the common sense of the people.*"

A summons from Mr. Adams, his colleague in the commission for negotiating commercial treaties, called him to London in March, 1786. He spent two months in England. The visit was an utter and a woful failure. What evils might have been averted — the war of 1812, for one item — if that unhappy dotard of a king had had the least glimmer of sense, or the smallest touch of nobleness! He received these two gentlemen, representatives of an infant nation offering amity and reciprocal good, in a manner so churlish as left them no hope of being so much as decently listened to. And they were not decently listened to. Ministers were cold, vague, evasive. Merchants said to them, in substance: America *must* send us her produce, *must* buy our wares; we are masters of the situation. Why should we treat? What

do *we* want more? Society, too, gave them the cold shoulder. These two men, the most important personages upon the island, if England could but have known it, were held of less account than a couple of attachés of the Austrian legation. It required "courage," as Mr. Adams intimates, for a nobleman to converse with them at an assembly. "That nation," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "hate us; their ministers hate us; and their king, more than all other men." Strange infatuation! Fatal blindness!

Of course, being human, Mr. Jefferson did not relish England. He found the people heavy with beef and beer, of a growling temper, and excessively prone to worship power, rank, and wealth. "They are by no means the free-minded people we suppose them in America. Their learned men, too, are few in number, and are less learned, and infinitely less emancipated from prejudice, than those of France." In the mechanic arts, he admitted, they surpassed all the world, and he enjoyed most keenly the English gardens and parks. London, he thought a handsomer city than Paris, but not as handsome as Philadelphia; and the architecture generally in England, the "most wretched" he ever saw, not excepting America, nor even Virginia, "where it is worse than in any other part of America I have seen."

He set the Londoners right on one point. The crack invention of the moment was a carriage wheel, the circumference of which was made of a single piece of wood. As these wheels were patented and made in London, the invention was claimed as English. He told his friends, and caused the fact to be published, that the farmers in New Jersey were the first, since Homer's day, who were known to have formed wheels in that manner. Dr. Franklin, some years before, had chanced to mention it to the person who then held the patent. The idea struck him, and the Doctor went to his shop and assisted him in making a wheel of one piece. The Jerseymen did it by merely

bending a green sapling, and leaving it bent till it was set; but as in London there were no saplings, the philosopher was kept experimenting for several weeks. He triumphed, at length, and made a free gift of the process to the carriage-maker, who made a fortune by it. Jefferson visited the shop in which Dr. Franklin had worked out the idea, where he received the story from the owner, who gave the whole credit to Franklin and "spoke of him with love and gratitude." He also found in the *Iliad* the passage which proves that the Greeks and the Jersey farmers employed the same process: "He fell on the ground like a poplar which has grown smooth in the western part of a great meadow, with its branches shooting from its summit. But the chariot-maker with the sharp axe has felled it, that he may bend a wheel for a beautiful chariot. It lies drying on the banks of a river."

In company with Mr. Adams, he made the usual tour of England, visiting the famous parks, towns, battle-fields, edifices. So far as his letters show, nothing kindled him in England but the gardens, — "the article in which England excels all the earth," — and he made the most minute inquiries as to the cost of maintaining those exquisite places, in order to ascertain whether it were possible for him to have a really fine garden at Monticello. It is to be presumed he applauded Mr. Adams's harangue to the rustics on the battle-field of Worcester, — Cromwell's "crowning mercy." The impetuous Adams, exalted by the recollections called up by the scene, was offended at the stolid indifference of the people who lived near by. "Do Englishmen," he exclaimed, "so soon forget the ground where liberty was fought for? Tell your neighbors and your children that this is holy ground; much holier than that on which your churches stand! All England should come in pilgrimage to this hill once a year!" The by-standers, as Mr. Adams reports, were animated and pleased by this compliment to their native field.

The two Americans visited Stratford-upon-Avon, but Mr. Jefferson only records that he paid a shilling for, seeing Shakespeare's house, another shilling for seeing his tomb, four shillings and twopence for his entertainment at the inn, and two shillings to the servants. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, ventured the bold remark that Shakespeare's wit, fancy, taste, and judgment, his knowledge of life, nature, and character, were immortal.

Jefferson played his last piece upon the violin in Paris. Walking one day with a friend four or five miles from home, absorbed in earnest conversation, he fell and dislocated his right wrist. He grasped it firmly with his other hand, and, resuming the conversation, walked home in torture, of which his companion suspected nothing. It was unskilfully set, and he never, as long as he lived, recovered the proper use of it; could never again write with perfect ease, could never again play upon his instrument. Mr. Randall remarks the curious fact, that, so inveterate had become the habit of entering his expenditures, he continued to record items, that very afternoon, using his left hand. In the morning, before the accident, he entered the payment to his steward, Petit, of five hundred and four francs for various household expenses, and, in the afternoon, after the accident, in a hand more legible, records the expenditure of "24 f. 10" for buttons, and "4 f. 6" for gloves. The next day, he was out again, "seeing the king's library," for which he paid three francs.

The wrist being weak and painful five months after the accident, the doctors "filled up the measure" of their absurdity by advising him to try the waters of Aix in Provence. He tried those waters, and, deriving no benefit from them, resumed his journey and enjoyed an instructive and delightful four months' tour of France and Italy; visiting especially the seaports, rice districts, and regions noted for the culture of particular products. The cities, he says, he "made a job of, and gener-

ally gulped it all down in a day"; but he was "never satiated with rambling through the fields and farms, examining the culture and cultivators with a degree of curiosity which make some take me to be a fool, and others to be much wiser than I am." But he did not always find the towns so devoid of interest. It was upon this tour that he saw at Nismes the edifice which he had taken for a model for the capitol at Richmond. "Here I am, madam," he wrote to one of his friends, "gazing whole hours at the *Maison Quarrée*, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking-weavers and silk-spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Chateau de Laye-Epinaye in Beanjolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! It is out of all precedent. No, madam, it is not without precedent in my own history." At Vienna, he owns to having been in a rage on seeing a superb Roman palace "defaced" and "hewed down" into a hideous utility.

When he saw men working long hours and hard for forty cents a week, children toiling with the hoe, women carrying heavy loads, tending locks, striking the anvil, and holding the plough, he sometimes made rather violent entries in his brief, hurried diary. For example: "Few chateaux; no farmhouses, all the people being gathered in villages. Are they thus collected by that dogma of their religion which makes them believe, that, to keep the Creator in good-humor with his own works, they must mumble a mass every day?"

The hopeless, helpless condition of the peasantry in some parts of France to which nature had been most bountiful struck him to the heart again and again. It was his custom, as he wandered among the farms and vineyards,

to enter their abodes upon some pretext, and converse with the wives of the absent laborers. He would contrive to sit upon the bed, instead of the offered stool, in order to ascertain of what material it was made, and he would peep on the sly into the boiling pot of grease and greens to see what was to be the family dinner. He had left Lafayette at Paris deeply absorbed in the early movements of the coming revolution, and he begged him to come into the southern provinces and see for himself what occasion there was for discontent. "To do it most effectually," he said, "you must be absolutely incognito; you must ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread, loll on their beds on pretence of resting yourself, but, in fact, to find if they are soft. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of this investigation, and a sublimer one hereafter, when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds, or the throwing a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables."

What a republican such scenes as these made of him! How he came to hate, abhor, despise, and loathe the hereditary principle! And all the more, because his post gave him the means of knowing the exact calibre of the hereditary kings and nobles who took from these faithful laborers nearly all their toil produced, and left them thistles and garbage for their own sustenance. "There is not a crowned head in Europe," he wrote to General Washington in 1788, "whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of America"; and he gave it to the general as his opinion that there was scarcely an evil known in Europe which could not be traced to the monarch as its source, "nor a good which was not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them."

The king of France he knew was a fool; and the queen, at a moment when the fate of the monarchy seemed to hang upon a few millions more or less

in the treasury, gratified to the full a mania for high play. The kings of Spain and of Naples knew but one interest in life, — the slaughter of birds, deer, and pigs. "They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week, one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days." The successor to the great Frederick was "a mere hog in body and mind." George III. was a madman, and his son an animal of the same nature as the king of Prussia. According to Jefferson, England was as happy in her Prince of Wales in 1789, as she is in 1872. A friend (probably the Duke of Dorset) described to him the behavior of the prince at a little dinner of four persons: —

"He ate half a leg of mutton; did not taste the small dishes because small; drank champagne and burgundy as small beer during dinner, and Bordeaux after dinner, as the rest of the company. Upon the whole, he ate as much as the other three, and drank about two bottles of wine without seeming to feel it. . . . He has not a single element of mathematics, of natural or moral philosophy, or of any other science on earth; nor has the society he has kept been such as to supply the void of education. It has been that of the lowest, most illiterate, and profligate persons in the kingdom. . . . He has not a single idea of justice, morality, religion, or of the rights of men, or any anxiety for the opinion of the world. He carries that indifference for fame so far, that he probably would not be hurt were he to lose his throne, provided he could be assured of having always meat, drink, horses, and women."

Compared with the political system which placed such animals as these upon the summit of things, and made life burdensome, shameful, and bitter to nearly all but such, Jefferson thought the least good of the American governments a paragon of perfection. The very evils of democracy he learned to regard with a kind of favor. A little rebellion, now and then, like that in

Massachusetts in 1786, he thought, might be, upon the whole, beneficial. "It is true," he wrote, that "our governments want energy"; and this, he confessed, was "an inconvenience." But "the energy which absolute governments derive from an armed force, which is the effect of the bayonet constantly held at the breast of every citizen, and which resembles very much the stillness of the grave, must be admitted also to have its inconveniences." The outrageous license of the London newspapers seemed to him an evil not greater than the suppres-

sions and the perversions of the more shackled press of the Continent. He made an acute observation on this point to Thomas Paine in 1787, the truth of which every inhabitant of New York who has glanced over the newspapers during the last four years can attest:—

"The licentiousness of the press produces the same effect which the restraint of the press was intended to do. If the restraint prevents things from being told, the licentiousness of the press *prevents things from being believed when they are told.*"

James Parton.

P H E B E.

PHEBE, idle Phebe,
On the doorstep in the sun,
Drops the ripe-red currants
Through her fingers, one by one.
Heedless of her pleasant work,
Rebel murmurs rise and lurk
In the dimples of her mouth.
Winds come perfumed from the South;
Musical with swarms of bees
Are the overhanging trees:
Phebe does not care
If the world is fair.
"Phebe! Phebe!"
It was but a wandering bird
That pronounced the word

Phebe, listless Phebe,
Leaves the currants on the stem,
Saying, "Since he comes not,
Labor's lost in picking them":
Loiters down the alleys green
Crowds of blushing pinks between,
Followed by a breeze that goes
Whispering secrets of the rose.
Does that saucy bird's keen eye
Read her heart, as he flits by?
Syllables that mock,
Haunt the garden-walk:

“Phebe! Phebe!”
Lilac-thickets hid among,
His refrain is sung.

Phebe, wistful Phebe,
Leans upon the mossy wall.
Nothing stirs the stillness
Save a trickling brooklet's fall.
Phebe's eyes, against her will,
Seek the village on the hill.
“If he knew he had the power
So to chill and change the hour,—
Knew the pain to me it is
His approaching step to miss,—
Knew the blank, the ache,
His neglect can make,”—
“Phebe! Phebe!”
From a neighboring forest-roof
Echoed the reproof.

Phebe, troubled Phebe,
With the brook still murmurs on:
“If he knew how sunshine
Pales and thins, when he is gone,—
Knew that I, who seem so cold,
Lock up tenderness untold,—
As the full midsummer glow
Hides its live roots under snow,—
In my heart's warm silence deep,
And for him that hoard must keep
Till he brings the key,
Would he scoff at me?”—
“Phebe! Phebe!”
The receding singer's throat
Shaped a warning note.

“Phebe, darling Phebe!”
Like a startled fawn she turns.
Over cheek and forehead
Swift the rising rose-flush burns.
“Sweetheart, if you only knew
That my life's one dream is—you!”
“Hence, eavesdropper!” though she cried,
Gentle eyes her lips belied.
Lost in foolish lover-chat,
Picking currants they two sat,
Till a woodland bird
Sent his good-night word,
“Phebe! Phebe!”
In faint mockery, as he fled
Through the evening-red.

Lucy Larcom.

THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

X.

CAVEAT LECTOR. Let the reader look out for himself. The Old Master, whose words I have so frequently quoted and shall quote more of, is a dogmatist who lays down the law, *ex cathedra*, from the chair of his own personality. I do not deny that he has the ambition of knowing something about a greater number of subjects than any one man ought to meddle with, except in a very humble and modest way. And that is not his way. There was no doubt something of humorous bravado in his saying that the actual "order of things" did not offer a field sufficiently ample for his intelligence. But if I found fault with him, which would be easy enough, I should say that he holds and expresses definite opinions about matters that he could afford to leave open questions, or ask the judgment of others about. But I do not want to find fault with him. If he does not settle all the points he speaks of so authoritatively, he sets me thinking about them, and I like a man as a companion who is not afraid of a half-truth. I know he says some things peremptorily that he may inwardly debate with himself. There are two ways of dealing with assertions of this kind. One may attack them on the false side and perhaps gain a conversational victory. But I like better to take them up on the true side and see how much can be made of that aspect of the dogmatic assertion. It is the only comfortable way of dealing with persons like the Old Master.

There have been three famous talkers in Great Britain, either of whom would illustrate what I say about dogmatists well enough for my purpose. You cannot doubt to what three I refer: Samuel the First, Samuel the Second, and Thomas, last of the Dynasty. (I mean the living Thomas and not Thomas B.)

I say *the last* of the Dynasty, for the conversational dogmatist on the imperial scale becomes every year more and more an impossibility. If he is in intelligent company he will be almost sure to find some one who knows more about some of the subjects he generalizes upon than any wholesale thinker who handles knowledge by the cargo is like to know. I find myself, at certain intervals, in the society of a number of experts in science, literature, and art, who cover a pretty wide range, taking them all together, of human knowledge. I have not the least doubt that if the great Dr. Samuel Johnson should come in and sit with this company at one of their Saturday dinners, he would be listened to, as he always was, with respect and attention. But there are subjects upon which the great talker could speak magisterially in his time and at his club, upon which so wise a man would express himself guardedly at the meeting where I have supposed him a guest. We have a scientific man or two among us, for instance, who would be entitled to smile at the good Doctor's estimate of their labors, as I give it here:—

"Of those that spin out life in trifles and die without a memorial many flatter themselves with high opinion of their own importance and imagine that they are every day adding some improvement to human life."—"Some turn the wheel of electricity, some suspend rings to a loadstone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

"There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colorless liquors may produce a color by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled; they mingle them, and produce the effect expected,

say it is strange, and mingle them again."

I cannot transcribe this extract without an intense inward delight in its wit and a full recognition of its thorough half-truthfulness. Yet if while the great moralist is indulging in these vivacities, he can be imagined as receiving a message from Mr. Boswell or Mrs. Thrale flashed through the depths of the ocean, we can suppose he might be tempted to indulge in another oracular utterance, something like this:—

— A wise man recognizes the convenience of a general statement, but he bows to the authority of a particular fact. He who would bound the possibilities of human knowledge by the limitations of present acquirements would take the dimensions of the infant in ordering the habiliments of the adult. It is the province of knowledge to speak and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen. Will the Professor have the kindness to inform me by what steps of gradual development the ring and the loadstone, which were but yesterday the toys of children and idlers, have become the means of approximating the intelligences of remote continents, and wafting emotions unchilled through the abysses of the no longer unfathomable deep?

— This, you understand, Beloved, is only a conventional imitation of the Doctor's style of talking. He wrote in grand balanced phrases, but his conversation was good, lusty, off-hand familiar talk. He used very often to have it all his own way. If he came back to us we must remember that to treat him fairly we must suppose him on a level with the knowledge of our own time. But that knowledge is more specialized, a great deal, than knowledge was in his day. Men cannot talk about things they have seen from the outside with the same magisterial authority the talking dynasty pretended to. The sturdy old moralist felt grand enough, no doubt, when he said, "He that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle wonders how the

world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace." Benjamin Franklin was one of these idlers who were electrifying bottles, but he also found time to engage in the trifling prattle about war and peace going on in those times. The talking Doctor hits him very hard in "Taxation no Tyranny": "Those who wrote the Address (of the American Congress in 1775), though they have shown no great extent or profundity of mind, are yet probably wiser than to believe it: but they have been taught by some master of mischief how to put in motion the engine of political electricity; to attract by the sounds of Liberty and Property, to repel by those of Popery and Slavery; and to give the great stroke by the name of *Boston*."

The talking dynasty has always been hard upon us Americans. King Samuel II. says: "It is, I believe, a fact verified beyond doubt, that some years ago it was impossible to obtain a copy of the Newgate Calendar, as they had all been bought up by the Americans, whether to suppress the blazon of their forefathers or to assist in their genealogical researches I could never learn satisfactorily."

As for King Thomas, the last of the monological succession, he made such a piece of work with his prophecies and his sarcasms about our little trouble with some of the Southern States, that we came rather to pity him for his whims and crotchets than to get angry with him for calling us bores and other unamiable names.

I do not think we believe things because considerable people say them, on personal authority, that is, as intelligent listeners very commonly did a century ago. The newspapers have lied that belief out of us. Any man who has a pretty gift of talk may hold his company a little while when there is nothing better stirring. Every now and then a man who may be dull enough prevaillingly has a passion of talk come over him which makes him eloquent and silences the rest. I have a great respect for these divine par-

oxysms, these half-inspired moments of influx when they seize one whom we had not counted among the luminaries of the social sphere. But the man who can give us a fresh experience on anything that interests us overrides everybody else. A great peril escaped makes a great story-teller of a common person enough. I remember when a certain vessel was wrecked long ago, that one of the survivors told the story as well as Defoe could have told it. Never a word from him before; never a word from him since. But when it comes to talking one's common thoughts, — those that come and go as the breath does; those that tread the mental areas and corridors with steady, even footfall, an interminable procession of every hue and garb, — there are few, indeed, that can dare to lift the curtain which hangs before the window in the breast and throw open the window, and let us look and listen. We are all loyal enough to our sovereign when he shows himself, but sovereigns are scarce. I never saw the absolute homage of listeners but once, that I remember, to a man's common talk, and that was to the conversation of an old man, illustrious by his lineage and the exalted honors he had won, whose experience had lessons for the wisest, and whose eloquence had made the boldest tremble.

All this because I told you to look out for yourselves and not take for absolute truth everything the Old Master of our table, or anybody else at it sees fit to utter. At the same time I do not think that he, or any of us whose conversation I think worth reporting, says anything for the mere sake of saying it and without thinking that it holds some truth even if it is not unqualifiedly true.

I suppose a certain number of my readers wish very heartily that the Young Astronomer whose poetical speculations I am recording would stop trying by searching to find out the Almighty, and sign the thirty-nine articles or the Westminster Confession of Faith, at any rate slip his neck into

some collar or other, and pull quietly in the harness whether it galled him or not. I say, rather, let him have his talk out; if nobody else asks the questions he asks, some will be glad to hear them, but if you, the reader, find the same questions in your own mind, you need not be afraid to see how they shape themselves in another's intelligence. Do you recognize the fact that we are living in a new time? Knowledge — it excites prejudices to call it science — is advancing as irresistibly, as majestically, as remorselessly as the ocean moves in upon the shore. The courtiers of King Canute (I am not afraid of the old comparison), represented by the adherents of the traditional beliefs of the period, move his chair back an inch at a time, but not until his feet are pretty damp, not to say wet. The rock on which he sat securely a while ago is completely under water. And now people are walking up and down the beach and judging for themselves how far inland the chair of King Canute is like to be moved while they and their children are looking on, at the rate in which it is edging backward. And it is quite too late to go into hysterics about it.

The shore, solid, substantial, a great deal more than eighteen hundred years old, is natural humanity. The beach which the ocean of knowledge — you may call it science if you like — is flowing over, is theological humanity. Somewhere between the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of Saint Augustine sin was made a transferable chattel. (I leave the interval wide for others to make narrow.)

The doctrine of heritable guilt, with its mechanical consequences, has done for our moral nature what the doctrine of demoniac possession has done in barbarous times and still does among barbarous tribes for disease. Out of that black cloud came the lightning which struck the compass of humanity. Conscience, which from the dawn of moral being, had pointed to the poles of right and wrong only as the great current of will flowed through the soul,

was demagnetized, paralyzed, and knew no fixed meridian, but stayed where the priest or the council placed it. There is nothing to be done but to polarize the needle over again. And for this purpose we must study the lines of direction of all the forces which traverse our human nature.

We must study man as we have studied stars and rocks. We need not go, we are told, to our sacred books for astronomy or geology or other scientific knowledge. Do not stop there! Pull Canute's chair back fifty rods at once, and do not wait until he is wet to the knees! Say now, bravely, as you will sooner or later have to say, that we need not go to any ancient records for our anthropology. Do we not all *hope*, at least, that the doctrine of man's being a blighted abortion, a miserable disappointment to his Creator, and hostile and hateful to him from his birth, may give way to the belief that he is the latest terrestrial manifestation of an ever upward-striving movement of divine power? If there lives a man who does not *want* to disbelieve the popular notions about the condition and destiny of the bulk of his race, I should like to have him look me in the face and tell me so.

I am not writing for the basement story or the nursery, and I do not pretend to be, but I say nothing in these pages which would not be said without fear of offence in any intelligent circle, such as clergymen of the higher castes are in the habit of frequenting. There are teachers in type for our grandmothers and our grandchildren who vaccinate the two childhoods with wholesome doctrine, transmitted harmlessly from one infant to another. But we three men at our table have taken the disease of thinking in the natural way. It is an epidemic in these times, and those who are afraid of it must shut themselves up close or they will catch it.

I hope none of us are wanting in reverence. One at least of us is a regular church-goer, and believes a man may be devout and yet very free in

the expression of his opinions on the gravest subjects. There may be some good people who think that our young friend who puts his thoughts in verse is going sounding over perilous depths, and are frightened every time he throws the lead. There is nothing to be frightened at. This is a manly world we live in. Our reverence is good for nothing if it does not begin with self-respect. Occidental manhood springs from that as its basis; Oriental manhood finds the greatest satisfaction in self-abasement. There is no use in trying to graft the tropical palm upon the Northern pine. The same divine forces underlie the growth of both, but leaf and flower and fruit must follow the law of race, of soil, of climate. Whether the questions which assail my young friend have risen in my reader's mind or not, he knows perfectly well that nobody can keep such questions from springing up in every young mind of any force or honesty. As for the excellent little wretches who grow up in what they are taught, with never a scruple or a query, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Mormon, Mahometan or Buddhist, they signify nothing in the intellectual life of the race. If the world had been wholly peopled with such half-vitalized mental negatives, there never would have been a creed like that of Christendom.

I entirely agree with the spirit of the verses I have looked over, in this point at least, that a true man's allegiance is given to that which is highest in his own nature. He reverences truth, he loves kindness, he respects justice. The two first qualities he understands well enough. But the last, justice, at least as between the Infinite and the finite, has been so utterly dehumanized, disintegrated, decomposed, and diabolized in passing through the minds of the half-civilized banditti who have peopled and unpeopled the world for some scores of generations, that it has become a mere algebraic *x*, and has no fixed value whatever as a human conception.

As for *power*, we are outgrowing all superstition about that. We have not

the slightest respect for it as such, and it is just as well to remember this in all our spiritual adjustments. We *fear* power when we cannot master it; but just as far as we can master it, we make a slave and a beast of burden of it without hesitation. We cannot change the ebb and flow of the tides, or the course of the seasons, but we come as near it as we can. We dam out the ocean, we make roses blow in winter and water freeze in summer. We have no more reverence for the sun than we have for a fish-tail gas-burner; we stare into his face with telescopes as at a ballet-dancer with opera-glasses; we pick his rays to pieces with prisms as if they were so many skeins of colored yarn; we tell him we do not want his company and shut him out like a troublesome vagrant. The gods of the old heathen are the servants of to-day. Neptune, Vulcan, Æolus, and the bearer of the thunderbolt himself have stepped down from their pedestals and put on our livery. We cannot always master them, neither can we always master our servant, the horse, but we have put a bridle on the wildest natural agencies. The mob of elemental forces is as noisy and turbulent as ever, but the standing army of civilization keeps it well under, except for an occasional outbreak.

When I read the Lady's letter printed some time since, I could not help honoring the feeling which prompted her in writing it. But while I respect the innocent incapacity of tender age and the limitations of the comparatively uninstructed classes, it is quite out of the question to act as if matters of common intelligence and universal interest were the private property of a secret society, only to be meddled with by those who know the grip and the pass-word.

We must get over the habit of transferring the limitations of the nervous temperament and of hectic constitutions to the great Source of all the mighty forces of nature, animate and inanimate. We may confidently trust

that we have over us a Being thoroughly robust and grandly magnanimous, in distinction from the Infinite Invalid bred in the studies of sickly monomaniacs, who corresponds to a very common human type, but makes us blush for him when we contrast him with a truly noble man, such as most of us have had the privilege of knowing both in public and in private life.

I was not a little pleased to find that the Lady, in spite of her letter, sat through the young man's reading of portions of his poem with a good deal of complacency. I think I can guess what is in her mind. She believes, as so many women do, in that great remedy for discontent, and doubts about humanity, and questionings of Providence, and all sorts of youthful vagaries, — I mean the love-cure. And she thinks, not without some reason, that these astronomical lessons, and these readings of poetry and daily proximity at the table, and the need of two young hearts that have been long feeling lonely, and youth and nature and "all impulses of soul and sense," as Coleridge has it, will bring these two young people into closer relations than they perhaps have yet thought of; and so that sweet lesson of loving the neighbor whom he has seen may lead him into deeper and more trusting communion with the Friend and Father whom he has not seen.

The Young Girl evidently did not intend that her accomplice should be a loser by the summary act of the Member of the Haouse. I took occasion to ask That Boy what had become of all the pop-guns. He gave me to understand that pop-guns were played out, but that he had got a squirt and a whip, and considered himself better off than before.

This great world is full of mysteries. I can comprehend the pleasure to be got out of the hydraulic engine; but what can be the fascination of a *whip*, when one has nothing to flagellate but the calves of his own legs, I could never understand. Yet a small riding-

whip is the most popular article with the miscellaneous New-Englander at all great gatherings,—cattle-shows and Fourth-of-July celebrations. If Democritus and Heraclitus could walk arm in arm through one of these crowds, the first would be in a broad laugh to see the multitude of young persons who were rejoicing in the possession of one of these useless and worthless little commodities; happy himself to see how easily others could purchase happiness. But the second would weep bitter tears to think what a rayless and barren life that must be which could extract enjoyment from the miserable flimsy wand that has such magic attraction for sauntering youths and simpering maidens. What a dynamometer of happiness are these paltry toys, and what a rudimentary vertebrate must be the freckled adolescent whose yearning for the infinite can be stayed even for a single hour by so trifling a boon from the venal hands of the finite!

Pardon these polysyllabic reflections, Beloved, but I never contemplate these dear fellow-creatures of ours without a delicious sense of superiority to them and to all arrested embryos of intelligence, in which I have no doubt you heartily sympathize with me. It is not merely when I look at the vacuous countenances of the *mastigophori*, the whip-holders, that I enjoy this luxury, (though I would not miss that holiday spectacle for a pretty sum of money, and advise you by all means to make sure of it next Fourth of July, if you missed it this), but I get the same pleasure from many similar manifestations.

I delight in Regalia, so called, of the kind not worn by kings, nor obtaining their diamonds from the mines of Golconda. I have a passion for those resplendent titles which are not conferred by a sovereign and would not be the *open sesame* to the courts of royalty, yet which are as opulent in impressive adjectives as any Knight of the Garter's list of dignities. When I have recognized in the every-day name

of His Very Worthy High Eminence of some cabalistic association, the inconspicuous individual whose trifling indebtedness to me for value received remains in a quiescent state and is likely long to continue so, I confess to having experienced a thrill of pleasure. I have smiled to think how grand his magnificent titular appendages sounded in his own ears and what a feeble tinnabulation they made in mine. The crimson sash, the broad diagonal belt of the mounted marshal of a great procession, so cheap in themselves, yet so entirely satisfactory to the wearer, tickle my heart's root.

Perhaps I should have enjoyed all these weaknesses of my infantile fellow-creatures without an after-thought, except that on a certain literary anniversary when I tie the narrow blue and pink ribbons in my button-hole and show my decorated bosom to the admiring public, I am conscious of a certain sense of distinction and superiority in virtue of that trifling addition to my personal adornments which reminds me that I too have some embryonic fibres in my tolerably well-matured organism.

I hope I have not hurt your feelings, if you happen to be a High and Mighty Grand Functionary in any illustrious Fraternity. When I tell you that a bit of ribbon in my button-hole sets my vanity prancing, I think you cannot be grievously offended that I smile at the resonant titles which make you something more than human in your own eyes. I would not for the world be mistaken for one of those literary roughs whose brass knuckles leave their mark on the foreheads of so many inoffensive people.

There is a human sub-species characterized by the coarseness of its fibre and the acrid nature of its intellectual secretions. It is to a certain extent penetrative, as all creatures which are provided with stings. It has an instinct which guides it to the vulnerable parts of the victim on which it fastens. These two qualities give it a certain degree of power which is not

to be despised. It might perhaps be less mischievous, but for the fact that the wound where it leaves its poison opens the fountain from which it draws its nourishment.

Beings of this kind can be useful if they will only find their appropriate sphere, which is not literature, but that circle of rough-and-tumble political life where the fine-fibred men are at a discount, where epithets find their subjects poison-proof, and the sting which would be fatal to a literary *débütante* only wakes the eloquence of the pachydermatous ward-room politician to a fiercer shriek of declamation.

The Master got talking the other day about the difference between races and families. I am reminded of what he said by what I have just been saying myself about coarse-fibred and fine-fibred people.

— We talk about a Yankee, a New-Englander, — he said, — as if all of 'em were just the same kind of animal. "There is knowledge and knowledge," said John Bunyan. There are Yankees and Yankees. Do you know two native trees called pitch pine and white pine respectively? Of course you know 'em. Well, there are pitch-pine Yankees and white-pine Yankees. We don't talk about the inherited differences of men quite as freely, perhaps, as they do in the Old World, but republicanism does n't alter the laws of physiology. We have a native aristocracy, a superior race, just as plainly marked by nature as of a higher and finer grade than the common run of people as the white pine is marked in its form, its stature, its bark, its delicate foliage, as belonging to the nobility of the forest; and the pitch pine, stubbed, rough, coarse-haired, as of the plebeian order. Only the strange thing is to see in what a capricious way our natural nobility is distributed. The last born nobleman I saw was only this morning; he was pulling a rope that was fastened to a Maine schooner loaded with lumber. I should say he was about twenty years old, as fine a figure of a young man as you would ask to see, and with a regu-

lar Greek outline of countenance, waving hair, that fell as if a sculptor had massed it to copy, and a complexion as rich as a red sunset. I have a notion that the State of Maine breeds the natural nobility in a larger proportion than some other States, but they spring up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. The young fellow I saw this morning had on an old flannel shirt and a pair of pantaloons that meant hard work, and a cheap cloth cap pushed back on his head so as to let the large waves of hair straggle out over his forehead; he was tugging at his rope with the other sailors, but upon my word I don't think I have seen a young English nobleman of all those whom I have looked upon that answered to the notion of "blood" so well as this young fellow did. I suppose if I made such a leveling confession as this in public, people would think I was looking towards being the labor-reform candidate for President. But I should go on and spoil my prospects by saying that I don't think the white-pine Yankee is the more generally prevailing growth, but rather the pitch-pine Yankee.

— The Member of the House seemed to have been getting a dim idea that all this was not exactly flattering to the huckleberry districts. His features betrayed the growth of this suspicion so clearly that the Master replied to his look as if it had been a remark. (I need hardly say that this particular member of the General Court was a pitch-pine Yankee of the most thoroughly characterized aspect and flavor.)

— Yes, Sir, — the Master continued, — Sir being anybody that listened, — there is neither flattery nor offence in the views which a physiological observer takes of the forms of life around him. It won't do to draw individual portraits, but the differences of natural groups of human beings are as proper subjects of remark as those of different breeds of horses, and if horses were Houyhnhnms I don't think they would quarrel with us because we made a distinction between a "Morgan" and a "Messenger." The truth is, sir, the lean sandy

soil and the droughts and the long winters and the east-winds and the cold storms, and all sorts of unknown local influences that we can't make out quite so plainly as these, have a tendency to roughen the human organization and make it coarse, something as it is with the tree I mentioned. Some spots and some strains of blood fight against these influences, but if I should say right out what I think, it would be that the finest human fruit, on the whole, and especially the finest women that we get in New England are raised under glass.

— Good gracious ! — exclaimed the Landlady, — under glass ! —

— Give me cowcubers raised in the open air, — said the capitalist, who was a little hard of hearing.

— Perhaps, — I remarked, — it might be as well if you would explain this last expression of yours. Raising human beings under glass I take to be a metaphorical rather than a literal statement of your meaning. —

— No, Sir ! — replied the Master, with energy, — I mean just what I say, Sir. Under glass, and with a south exposure. During the hard season, of course, — for in the heats of summer the tenderest hot-house plants are not afraid of the open air. *Protection* is what the transplanted Aryan requires in this New England climate. Keep him, and especially keep *her*, in a wide street of a well-built city eight months of the year ; good solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, with the sun shining warm through them, in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pine-apple, from the land of which, and not from that of the other kind of pine, her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities, the best parts of them, of course, for we know too well what the worst parts are. In the first place you get rid of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fever and dysentery ; not wholly rid of them, of course, but to a surprising degree. Let me

tell you a doctor's story. I was visiting a Western city a good many years ago ; it was in the autumn, the time when all sorts of malarious diseases are about. The doctor I was speaking of took me to see the cemetery just outside the town, — I don't know how much he had done to fill it, for he did n't tell me, but I 'll tell you what he did say.

"Look round," said the doctor. "There is n't a house in all the ten-mile circuit of country you can see over, where there is n't one person, at least, shaking with fever and ague. And yet you need n't be afraid of carrying it away with you, for as long as your home is on a paved street you are safe."

— I think it likely — the Master went on to say — that my friend the doctor put it pretty strongly, but there is no doubt at all that while all the country round was suffering from intermittent fever, the paved part of the city was comparatively exempted. What do you do when you build a house on a damp soil, — and there are damp soils pretty much everywhere ? Why you floor the cellar with cement, don't you ? Well, the soil of a city is cemented all over, one may say, with certain qualifications of course. A first-rate city house is a regular *sanatorium*. The only trouble is, that the little good-for-nothings that come of utterly used-up and worn-out stock, and ought to die, can't die, to save their lives. So they grow up to dilute the vigor of the race with skim-milk vitality. They would have died, like good children, in most average country places ; but eight months of shelter in a regulated temperature, in a well-sunned house, in a duly moistened air, with good sidewalks to go about on in all weather, and four months of the cream of summer and the fresh milk of Jersey cows, make the little sham organizations — the worm-eaten windfalls, for that's what they look like — hang on to the boughs of life like "froze-n-thaws" ; regular struldbugs they come to be, a good many of 'em.

— The Scarabee's ear was caught by that queer word of Swift's, and he asked very innocently what kind of bugs he was speaking of, whereupon That Boy shouted out, Straddlebugs ! to his own immense amusement and the great bewilderment of the Scarabee, who only saw that there was one of those unintelligible breaks in the conversation which made other people laugh, and drew back his antennæ as usual, perplexed, but not amused.

I do not believe the Master had said all he was going to say on this subject, and of course all these statements of his are more or less one-sided. But that some invalids do much better in cities than in the country is indisputable, and that the frightful dysenteries and fevers which have raged like pestilences in many of our country towns are almost unknown in the better built sections of some of our large cities is getting to be more generally understood since our well-to-do people have annually emigrated in such numbers from the cemented surface of the city to the steaming soil of some of the dangerous rural districts. If one should contrast the healthiest country residences with the worst city ones the result would be all the other way, of course, so that there are two sides to the question, which we must let the doctors pound in their great mortar, infuse and strain, hoping that they will present us with the clear solution when they have got through these processes. One of our chief wants is a complete sanitary map of every State in the Union.

The balance of our table, as the reader has no doubt observed, has been deranged by the withdrawal of the Man of Letters, so called, and only the side of the deficiency changed by the removal of the Young Astronomer into our neighborhood. The fact that there was a vacant chair on the side opposite us had, by no means, escaped the notice of That Boy. He had taken advantage of his opportunity and invited in a schoolmate whom he evidently looked upon as a great personage.

This boy or youth was a good deal older than himself and stood to him apparently in the light of a patron and instructor in the ways of life. A very jaunty, knowing young gentleman he was, good-looking, smartly dressed, smooth-cheeked as yet, curly-haired, with a roguish eye, a sagacious wink, a ready tongue, as I soon found out ; and as I learned could catch a ball on the fly with any boy of his age ; not quarrelsome, but, if he had to strike, hit from the shoulder ; the pride of his father (who was a man of property and a civic dignitary), and answering to the name of Johnny.

I was a little surprised at the liberty That Boy had taken in introducing an extra peptic element at our table, reflecting as I did that a certain number of avoirdupois ounces of nutriment which the visitor would dispose of corresponded to a very appreciable pecuniary amount, so that he was levying a contribution upon our Landlady which she might be inclined to complain of. For the *Caput mortuum* (or dead-head, in vulgar phrase) is apt to be furnished with a *Venter vivus*, or, as we may say, a lively appetite. But the Landlady welcomed the new-comer very heartily.

— Why ! *how — do — you — do — Johnny ?* ! with the notes of interrogation and of admiration both together, as here represented.

— Johnny signified that he was doing about as well as could be expected under the circumstances, having just had a little difference with a young person whom he spoke of as "Pewter-jaw" (I suppose he had worn a dentist's tooth-straightening contrivance during his second dentition), which youth he had finished off, as he said, in good shape, but at the expense of a slight — epistaxis, we will translate his vernacular expression.

— The three ladies all looked sympathetic, but there did not seem to be any great occasion for it, as the boy had come all right, and seemed to be in the best of spirits.

— And how is your father and your mother ? asked the Landlady.

—O, the Governor and the Head Centre? A 1, both of 'em. Prime order for shipping, — warranted to stand any climate. The Governor says he weighs a hunderd and seventy-five pounds. Got a chin-tuft just like Ed'in Forest. D'd y' ever see Ed'in Forest play *Metamora*? Bully, I tell *you*! My old gentleman means to be Mayor or Governor or President or something or other before he goes off the handle, you'd better b'lieve. *He* 's smart, — and I've heard folks say I take after him. —

— Somehow or other I felt as if I had seen this boy before, or known something about him. Where did he get those expressions "A 1" and "prime" and so on? They must have come from somebody who has been in the retail dry-goods business, or something of that nature. I have certain vague reminiscences that carry me back to the early times of this boarding-house. — Johnny. — Landlady knows his father well. — Boarded with her, no doubt. — There was somebody by the name of John, I remember perfectly well, lived with her. I remember both my friends mentioned him, one of them very often. I wonder if this boy is n't a son of his! I asked the Landlady after breakfast whether this was not, as I had suspected, the son of that former boarder.

— To be sure he is, — she answered, — and jest such a good-natur'd sort of creatur' as his father was. I always liked John, as we used to call his father. He did love fun, but he was a good soul, and stood by me when I was in trouble, always. He went into business on his own account after a while, and got merried, and settled down into a family man. They tell me he is an amazing smart business man, — grown wealthy, and his wife's father left her money. But I can't help calling him John, — law, we never thought of calling him anything else, and he always laughs and says, "That's right." This is his oldest son, and everybody calls him Johnny. That Boy of ours goes to the same school

with his boy, and thinks there never was anybody like him, — you see there was a boy undertook to impose on our boy, and Johnny gave the other boy a good licking, and ever since that he is always wanting to have Johnny round with him and bring him here with him, — and when those two boys get together, there never was boys that was so chock full of fun and sometimes mischief, but not very bad mischief, as those two boys be. But I like to have him come once in a while when there is room at the table, 'as there is now, for it puts me in mind of the old times, when my old boarders was all round me, that I used to think so much of, — not that my boarders that I have now a'n't very nice people, but I did think a dreadful sight of the gentleman that made that first book; it helped me on in the world more than ever he knew of, — for it was as good as one of them Brandreth's pills advertisements, and did n't cost me a cent, and that young lady he merried too, she was nothing but a poor young schoolma'am when she come to my house, and now — and she deserved it all too, for she was always just the same; rich or poor, and she is n't a bit prouder now she wears a camel's-hair shawl, than she was when I used to lend her a woollen one to keep her poor dear little shoulders warm when she had to go out and it was storming, — and then there was that old gentleman, — I can't speak about him, for I never knew how good he was till his will was opened, and then it was too late to thank him. . . .

I respected the feeling which caused the interval of silence, and found my own eyes moistened as I remembered how long it was since that friend of ours was sitting in the chair where I now sit, and what a tidal wave of change has swept over the world and more especially over this great land of ours, since he opened his lips and found so many kind listeners.

The Young Astronomer has read us another extract from his manuscript. I ran my eye over it, and so far as I

have noticed it is correct enough in its versification. I suppose we are getting gradually over our hemispherical provincialism, which allowed a set of monks to pull their hoods over our eyes and tell us there was no meaning in any religious symbolism but our own. If I am mistaken about this advance I am very glad to print the young man's somewhat outspoken lines to help us in that direction.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR- DRIFTS.

VI.

The time is racked with birth-pangs ;
every hour
Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth
new-born
Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,
The terror of the household and its shame,
A monster coiling in its nurse's lap
That some would strangle, some would only
starve ;
But still it breathes, and passed from hand
to hand,
And suckled at a hundred half-clad breasts,
Comes slowly to its stature and its form,
Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-scales,
Changes to shining locks its snaky hair,
And moves transfigured into angel guise,
Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of
birth,
And folded in the same encircling arms
That cast it like a serpent from their hold !

If thou would'st live in honor, die in peace,
Have the fine words the marble-workers
learn

To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,
And earn a fair obituary, dressed
In all the many-colored robes of praise,
Be deafer than the adder to the cry
Of that same foundling truth, until it grows
To seemly favor, and at length has won
The smiles of hard-mouthed men and light-
lipped dames ;

Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's breast,
Fold it in silk and give it food from gold ;
So shalt thou share its glory when at last
It drops its mortal vesture, and revealed
In all the splendor of its heavenly form,
Spreads on the startled air its mighty
wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immortal
truth

That heroes fought for, martyrs died to
save,
Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing old
And limping in its march, its wings un-
plumed,
Its heavenly semblance faded like a dream !
Here in this painted casket, just unsealed,
Lies what was once a breathing shape like
thine,
Once loved as thou art loved ; there beamed
the eyes
That looked on Memphis in its hour of pride,
That saw the walls of hundred-gated
Thebes,
And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.
See how they toiled that all-consuming
time
Might leave the frame immortal in its
tomb ;
Filled it with fragrant balms and odorous
gums
That still diffuse their sweetness through
the air,
And wound and wound with patient fold on
fold
The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely torn !
Perchance thou yet canst see the faded stain
Of the sad mourner's tear.

But what is this ?
The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast
Of the blind heathen ! Snatch the curious
prize,
Give it a place among thy treasured spoils
Fossil and relic, — corals, encrinites,
The fly in amber and the fish in stone,
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,
Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring, —
Place for the Memphian beetle with thine
hoard !

Ah ! longer than thy creed has blest the
world
This toy, thus ravished from thy brother's
breast,
Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,
As holy, as the symbol that we lay
On the still bosom of our white-robed dead,
And raise above their dust that all may
know
Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving friends,
With tears of trembling faith and choking
sobs,
And prayers to those who judge of mortal
deeds,
Wrapped this poor image in the cerement's
fold
That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,
Might know their own and claim the ran-
somed soul.

An idol ? Man was born to worship such !
 An idol is an image of his thought ;
 Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming
 stone,
 And sometimes moulds it out of glittering
 gold,
 Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,
 Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,
 Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,
 Or pays his priest to make it day by day ;
 For sense must have its god as well as soul ;
 A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,
 And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,
 The sign we worship as did they of old
 When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle selves,
 We long to have our idols like the rest.
 Think ! when the men of Israel had their
 God
 Encamped among them, talking with their
 chief,
 Leading them in the pillar of the cloud
 And watching o'er them in the shaft of fire,
 They still must have an image ; still they
 longed
 For somewhat of substantial, solid form
 Whereon to hang their garlands, and to fix
 Their wandering thoughts, and gain a
 stronger hold
 For their uncertain faith, not yet assured
 If those same meteors of the day and night
 Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen race ?
 Are we more neighbors of the living God
 Then they who gathered manna every
 morn,
 Reaping where none had sown, and heard
 the voice
 Of him who met the Highest in the mount,
 And brought them tables, graven with His
 hand ?
 Yet these must have their idol, brought
 their gold,
 That star-browed Apis might be god again ;
 Yea, from their ears the women brake the
 rings
 That lent such splendors to the gypsy brown
 Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could wo-
 man do
 To show her pious zeal ? They went astray,

But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel's golden calf
 And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,
 Would have our amulets to clasp and kiss,
 And flood with rapturous tears, and bear
 with us
 To be our dear companions in the dust,
 Such magic works an image in our souls !

Man is an embryo ; see at twenty years
 His bones, the columns that uphold his
 frame
 Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,
 Mere fragments of the temple incomplete.
 At twoscore, threescore, is he then full
 grown ?

Nay, still a child, and as the little maids
 Dress and undress their puppets, so he tries
 To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,
 And change its raiment when the world
 cries shame !

We smile to see our little ones at play
 So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal care
 Nursing the wisps of rags they call their
 babes ; —

Does He not smile who sees us with the toys
 We call by sacred names, and idly feign
 To be what we have called them ? He is still
 The Father of this helpless nursery-brood,
 Whose second childhood joins so close its
 first,

That in the crowding, hurrying years be-
 tween

We scarce have trained our senses to their
 task

Before the gathering mist has dimmed our
 eyes,

And with our hollowed palm we help our ear,
 And trace with trembling hand our wrinkled
 names,

And then begin to tell our stories o'er,
 And see — not hear — the whispering lips
 that say,

“ You know — ? Your father knew him.
 — This is he,

Tottering and leaning on the hireling's
 arm,” —

And so, at length, disrobed of all that clad
 The simple life we share with weed and
 worm,

Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XXIV.

A RESCUE.

CARROL had been seized and led away at the beginning of the disturbance consequent upon Mrs. Lovell's arrest, and had not therefore been an eye-witness of the distressing incidents connected with it. Upon him, the impression that was produced by this event was slightly different from the actual fact. When the soldiers entered, his only idea was that it was Maud, and not Mrs. Lovell, for whom they were come; and when he was dragged away the same idea was in his mind.

Such an idea was perfectly natural under the circumstances. In the first place, Carrol, as a matter of course, was morally incapable at that time of bringing his mind to bear upon any other thought than that of Maud. In the second place, a large part of their conversation that afternoon had referred to Du Potiron, for Maud had once more to explain the misdirected letters, and she had also much to tell about Du Potiron's persecution of her in Paris. She herself only knew this from Mrs. Lovell's narrative, but Carrol's idea was that she had been personally annoyed by it all along. She had alluded with some uneasiness to Du Potiron's threats, and they had discussed the possibility of his carrying those threats into execution.

Now, all was lost. Maud was seized. She would be in the power of this vile scoundrel, and no effort of his could possibly save her. This thought created an anguish of soul which could not indeed be greater than that which he had suffered from other causes during the last few weeks, but was certainly quite as great. His guards were too numerous for resistance to be possible. He was dragged along helplessly, almost mad with the emotions that had been wrought within him by this

fearful revulsion from the highest bliss to the profoundest misery.

But Carrol, in spite of his highly emotional nature, was essentially a man of action, and wherever there was the faintest hope of doing anything he caught at it. It occurred to him that his only chance of escape now lay in winning over some one of his captors. But how was this to be done? He could not speak French, and besides there were too many of them; for even if any one should be willing to help him, he could not do so in the presence of the others. Under these circumstances a thought occurred to Carrol as a last resort, and he at once acted upon it. It was a very natural thought. He could not speak French, but some one of them might possibly speak English. This accomplishment was not uncommon in Paris. Any knowledge of English, however slight, would serve his purposes.

So he asked the soldiers nearest him, one after the other, if they spoke English. They shook their heads with the usual *comprend pas*. "Does any one speak English?" he said in a voice loud enough to be heard by all. At this one of those in front turned. As he was the only one of all of them that took any notice of this question, it seemed quite evident that he alone understood it.

"Do you speak English?" said Carrol.

"Oui, monsieur. Yes, I spik Inglis."

Carrol was much encouraged by the face of this man. It was not a high-toned face: it was the face of one who was corruptible, such a face as one often sees among the great population of couriers, cicerones, landlords, waiters, and policemen on the Continent, — the face that is associated with the crafty soul and the itching palm.

"I will give a thousand francs, any-

thing, if you will help me and the lady to escape."

The man's eyes flashed, his countenance lighted up. He hesitated for a moment, and then said in a dry, business-like voice, "Oui, monsieur."

"What does he say?" asked one of the men, walking with him.

"O, nothing; he asked if his lodgings had been searched, and I told him yes. I don't know, were they searched?"

"I don't know," said the other, "but it's as well to make him think so."

"So I supposed," said the first speaker.

Carrol said no more. This little incident took some of the load of anxiety off his mind. It was a small enough incident in itself, and a rascal like this was but a broken reed; yet Carrol could not avoid relying upon this rascal's fortunate rascality, and hoping much from it.

Not long after they reached their destination, which was not far from Mrs. Lovell's. The vast number of *quasi*-military men who now filled Paris rendered necessary a large number of depots for their accommodation, and for the reception of arms and stores. It was to one of these places that Carrol was taken. It was a large edifice, with a court-yard which was filled with baggage-wagons. As Carrol was taken up stairs, he noticed that there were few men to be seen, and from appearances he conjectured that the place was used as a storehouse for commissariat purposes. A single light was burning on each of the stairways which he ascended, and the long halls were dark and gloomy. Boxes and bundles of a miscellaneous description lay around, and other collections of the same kind could be seen in some of the rooms whose doors happened to be open. It was evidently not a regular prison, but merely used by his captors for that purpose, to save themselves trouble. This was a discovery which went still further to encourage him, for it led to the hope that he might not be very closely guarded.

In the mean time Mrs. Lovell had also been arrested in the way above described, and had been led away by her captors. Paralyzed by the suddenness of the event, and by the terror that lay before her, she was for some time almost in a state of unconsciousness. The despairing cry of Maud kept ringing in her ears, and added to her own despair. In her agitation she addressed the most frantic words to her captors, — expostulations, prayers, entreaties, — but all this met with no response of any kind. They did not treat her with any incivility; they led her along as considerably as was possible under such circumstances, but no effort was made to console her, or to alleviate her distress. About ten minutes after Carrol had been safely deposited in his allotted prison, Mrs. Lovell was conducted into the same house, and put into another room. Then the lock was turned, and she was left to her own meditations.

Gloomy and despairing indeed were those meditations. The room was perfectly dark, and she had not the remotest idea where she was. At first, the horror of her situation overwhelmed her, and she stood motionless, her heart beating wildly, and her brain filled with a thousand ideas of terror.

But at length other and better thoughts came; for, after all, she had a buoyant nature and a sanguine disposition, and now, in spite of the terrors of her position, these began slowly to assert themselves. First, she thought of Maud, and it was with a feeling of immense relief that she thought of her sister's not being arrested. Then her thoughts reverted to Mr. Grimes.

The moment that the stalwart figure of Mr. Grimes stood revealed to her mind's eye, that very moment a thousand hopeful considerations, a thousand encouraging ideas presented themselves. It was the time for Mr. Grimes to come. He would not be late. He must, she thought, even by this time have arrived. He would come there, he would see Maud, and would learn all that had happened. A smile of trust and

hopefulness crossed her face as she thought of the eager and energetic way in which Grimes would fly to her rescue. First of all, he would convey Maud to a place of safety, where she would be altogether out of the reach of Du Potiron. Then he would institute a search after her. He would fly to her relief. He would come, and without delay. It surely would not be difficult for him to learn where she had been taken. He would not leave her here to suffer in imprisonment and in anguish. He would surely come, — yes, even this night, and soon, before many hours, — yes, at any moment. At length, confident and expectant, she felt about the room in the dark till she found a chair, and, drawing this close to the door, she sat there, and watched, and listened, and waited for the appearance of Mr. Grimes.

Meanwhile Carrol had been securely deposited in his room, and had striven with the difficulties of his situation as he best could. There was, of course, only one ray of hope left, and that ray beamed from the rather villanous-looking eye of the man that was able to “spik Inglis.” It was, naturally enough, rather a feeble ray; but feeble as it was, it served to throw a little light into the gloom of Carrol’s prospects, and all his thoughts and hopes centred upon the possible appearance of this man. That appearance ought to take place on this night if it was going to occur at all; and so while Mrs. Lovell sat waiting for Mr. Grimes, Carrol was waiting with far less confidence, but with equal impatience, for his deliverer.

The thoughts of expectation were mingled with others. His mind constantly reverted to Maud. Where was she now, he thought. Perhaps she is in this very building, confined in a room like this, in the dark, full of despair. O, what bliss it would be if I could but appear to her at such a time as this, and save her from such a fate! This thought was so sweet, that he could scarce lose sight of it. To him it seemed inexpressibly pleasant. To save Maud now would be something

that might atone for the anguish that she had endured on his account. What a glorious recompense! How the darkness of that old memory would be swallowed up in the sunlight of this new joy! So he sat there, and he brooded over this thought, and he longed with longing inexpressible that he might be able to do all this for Maud.

And Mrs. Lovell sat, and she listened, and she waited for Grimes full of trust.

And the hours slowly passed, the hours of night.

Midnight came.

The peal of bells from the tower of a neighboring church announced this fact to both of the watchers. Mrs. Lovell gave a sigh of distress. Carrol gave a half-groan.

But scarce had the last stroke died away on the still night air, when Carrol’s acute senses, which had been sharpened to an intense degree by his long watch, became aware of a soft shuffling sound along the hall outside.

He listened, breathless!

The sounds approached his room. They were low, shuffling, and regular.

They were footsteps.

As Carrol ascertained this fact, his heart stopped beating, and in the intensity of his anxiety he seemed turned to stone.

The footsteps drew nearer.

Then they reached the door.

Then there was a pause for a time, after which a key was noiselessly inserted, the bolt was drawn back, the door opened, and a voice said in a whisper, “Are you wake?”

“Yes,” said Carrol in a low voice, scarce able to speak in the intensity of his excitement.

“S-s-s-s-st!” said the other in a low voice.

He now came softly in and shut the door behind him, turning the key again.

“I can save you,” said he in a whisper.

“The lady —” said Carrol in the same tone.

"She is here."

"In this house?" asked Carrol, as his heart gave a fierce throb of joy.

"Yes."

"She must be saved too."

"Yes, we sall safe her too," said the man.

"When? when?" asked Carrol, whose impatience was now intolerable.

"Now, — toute suite," said the other.

"Make haste, then; don't keep me waiting any longer," said Carrol feverishly, in a scarce articulate whisper.

"Wait," said the man. "How mooch you gif me for dis?"

"Anything; anything, if you only save me —"

"But how mooch?"

"Anything," said Carrol hurriedly. "A thousand francs."

"You make him a tousand dollar," said the Frenchman.

"I will, I swear I will. Come."

"Mais, wait. How I know dat you sall gif it?"

"I'm rich. I've got plenty."

"When you gif him?"

"O, as soon as I can get it! To-morrow. Come, make haste."

"O, oui; plenty time. Mais, how I know I sall get him? Can you gif him dis night?"

"To-night; no, I must get it from my banker."

"Mais, eet ees too long to wait."

Carrol ground his teeth in rage and impatience.

"Here," he said, snatching his purse from his pocket, and thrusting it into the man's hand, "there are about a thousand francs in this. I swear to you, by all that's holy, I'll give you the rest the first thing to-morrow. You may stay with me till then, if you're afraid."

The man took it, then he went to a corner of the room and knelt down. Then he drew a match, and, holding this in one hand, he looked over the contents of the purse by the light of the match, with a quick and practised glance. A few moments were enough. He extinguished the match and came back to Carrol.

"Dees sall do for de present," he said. "And now we sall go. But you mus take off your boots."

Carrol tore off his boots as quickly as he could.

"Gif me your hand," said the Frenchman. "I sall lead you to the lady, and den we sall all go together."

Carrol grasped the outstretched hand of the other, and in this way they left the room.

Mrs. Lovell listened and waited.

The midnight hour had tolled.

Time still went on.

At last she heard sounds outside, — shuffling sounds.

They approached her door!

"At last! O, at last!" she murmured. "O, how faithful! I knew he'd come!"

The key was inserted, the door gently opened. Mrs. Lovell rose to her feet, and, trembling in every limb, she tottered forward, scarce able to stand, and utterly unable to speak, holding out her cold and tremulous hands eagerly and longingly.

Carrol's heart throbbed with wild and furious agitation. As the door opened he rushed forward. One step inside, and he encountered Mrs. Lovell.

He flung his arms around her in a fervid embrace. He pressed her again and again to his throbbing heart. For a few moments, he was utterly unable to articulate one single sound. At last, as he held her once more to his heart, he murmured, "O my darling! O my darling!"

"I knew — you'd come," sighed Mrs. Lovell in a scarce audible whisper.

"O my own dar —"

"S-s-s-st!" said the Frenchman in a low voice. "Make haste. We mus haste. Der is no time. Come, take my hand again, and I sall lead de way."

Carrol grasped Mrs. Lovell's hand and seized the Frenchman's. They went along the hall and down a flight of steps and into a long hall which went to the other end of the court-yard. Here they descended and reached a

gate. But Mrs. Lovell was weak, and though she clung to Carrol she could not walk well. The intense excitement of that night had unnerved her.

Carrol murmured in her ear words of love and encouragement, and then raised her in his arms. She was a little woman, and not so heavy but that Carrol was able to carry her. But his own natural strength was increased by his enthusiasm and joy; and Mrs. Lovell, utterly overcome by contending emotions, twined her arms about his neck, while her head sank upon his shoulder.

XXV.

AN OVERWHELMING DISCOVERY.

THE Frenchman now opened a door at the back of the house, and Carrol passed out into a street.

It was quite dark. The moon, which had been shining bright in the early part of the night, had gone down, and the sky was overcast. There were no lights burning in the street, nor were any visible in any of the houses. The siege had extinguished the one, and the lateness of the hour had extinguished the other.

Into this dark street Carrol passed, bearing his burden. Mrs. Lovell clung to him as though she were afraid that something might still occur to separate them; while Carrol, in his rapturous joy, forgot all danger, and had it not been for his sober, practical, and matter-of-fact guide, would have wandered at random, carrying his burden anywhere as long as he could move. But his sober, matter-of-fact guide had made other preparations so as to complete their escape, and thereby make his own reward the more sure.

"I haf a cab," said he. "Eet ees not far. You carre de lady some time yet, but not mooch. All araight. De next cornaire."

By this Carrol understood that his guide had given to his own performance a completeness that made it positively artistic. This allusion to a cab at once aroused him to the dangers around him

and the excellence of the cab as a means of escape from it.

At the next corner they found a cab standing. The guide went forward and spoke mysteriously to the cabman. Then, as Carrol came up, he asked him where he wanted to go. Carrol hesitated for a moment. He thought of Mrs. Lovell's lodgings; but being still possessed with the idea that danger might be lurking there, and anxious above all to secure the safety of his dear companion, he mentioned the Hotel du Louvre. His idea was to drive there first, and on the following day to send word to Mrs. Lovell about the safety of Maud.

Giving this brief direction, he put down his precious burden, and tenderly lifted her into the cab. Then he followed himself. The door was shut. The guide took his seat beside the driver, and the cab drove off.

Carrol was now once more alone with his dear care. Her silence and her weakness excited his tenderest pity, while the rapturous thought that he had achieved her deliverance filled his whole soul. He flung his arms around her, and drew her close to him and held her there. Mrs. Lovell made no resistance. It was her deliverer who was thus lavishing his tenderness upon her. Her heart was filled with a sense of his devotion to her; and he had a way of appropriating her which she was unable and unwilling to resist.

Thus the cab drove on, and the two sat there, quite silent, each lost in the thoughts that were most natural to each mind. It was a moment of infinite tenderness, of mutual self-devotion, of soft and tranquil thoughts of bliss; in short, a supreme moment that only comes but once in a whole life.

"This is bliss unspeakable," thought Carrol. "What a wonderful life I have had all crowded into a few weeks! The most unutterable misery, and the most exalted happiness; the alternations of utter despair and seraphic joy. Now the darkness is lost in light, and Maud will lose the recollection of the grief that I have caused her in the re-

membrance of the joy that I have given her."

These were the thoughts that he had as he held her to his heart.

"How faithful and how true he is!" thought Mrs. Lovell; "and what a heart must I have had to have played so recklessly with such a Glorious Being! I knew he would come. I sat there, and waited, and I knew it. And he came. But how it was that he could have ever managed to come, is something that I never shall understand. And there never was such another man in all the world. O, he is such an utter—" A sigh ended the unspoken sentence.

It was Carrol who first broke the silence.

He thought that his direction to go to the Hotel du Louvre ought to be announced to his companion. He had not thought of it since he gave it. He now thought that she ought to know, so as to have some idea of where she was. He also began now to remember the existence of Mrs. Lovell, and the idea occurred to him that some measures ought to be taken as soon as possible to effect a communication with her, so as to let her know the joyful event that had occurred.

This communication was destined to be effected much more quickly than he had supposed to be possible. With the motive that had just been explained, Carrol gave a long sigh, that was elicited simply and solely by utter happiness, and then for the first time began to speak aloud and in his ordinary voice.

"You know, darling," said he, "I ordered the driver to take us to the Hotel du Louvre, but I've just thought that you might feel anxious about your sister, and would like to go to her first to let her know about your safety. Do you feel inclined to do so, or are you afraid?"

At the first sound of his voice thus audibly expressed, in his natural tones, Mrs. Lovell gave a little start, and then listened with a confused expression. The voice did not seem altogether familiar; she felt puzzled. The thing alarmed her; she did not say one

word for some few moments. But as the voice ceased, her fears died out. She began to think that her brain must be affected. These wild suspicions seemed like delirium or madness. But the arms of her preserver were around her, and thus reassured her.

"O dear," she sighed, "I really think that I must be almost insane! I'm not quite myself yet, I suppose. O yes, do let us first go and see Maudie! O, I want to see poor, poor Maudie! I know that Maudie will be frightened almost to death! Poor, poor Maudie. O yes, let us drive as fast as possible to Maudie!"

This time it was Carrol's turn. He it was who gave the start. The sensation was his. That voice! It was not the voice of Maud. Who was this that spoke of "Maudie"? What did it mean?

Carrol's blood turned cold within his veins, a shudder passed through him, his heart stopped beating, his nerves tingled, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and finally all the hairs of his head simultaneously and quite spontaneously rose up and stood on end.

His arms relaxed. He made an effort to withdraw them, and would have done so had he not been almost paralyzed by this new sensation.

What did it mean? Who could it be? Was there a mistake, or was he mad? Had the Frenchman taken him to the wrong woman? What a frightful and abhorrent and abominable idea! And where was Maud? And who in Heaven's name was this woman who talked about "Maudie"? A mistake? How could there be a mistake? He would not, could not believe it. But there must be a mistake. Could such things be?

Mrs. Lovell noticed the shudder that passed through her companion, and felt his arms relax, and observed his astonishing silence. She wondered at first, and then grew alarmed, thinking that the excitement of the search, for her, and the long anxiety, and the final rescue had at last overcome him.

"O," she cried in intense anxiety, "what's the matter? You seem ill? Are you not well? O, why are you so silent? Why do you tremble so? Why do you shudder? O, you are ill? O heavens! you have done so much for me that you are sinking under it. And O, how unhappy I am! And O, what *can* I do?"

The sound of this voice was enough for Carrol. There could no longer be any possibility of doubt. His worst suspicions were confirmed. The terrible fact appeared, full and undeniable.

It was not Maud!

This confirmation of his worst fears broke the spell that had fallen upon him. He tore himself away. He started back, and in a wild voice that was almost a yell shouted out, "What's all this? Who are you? What do you want?"

This act, and the sound of his voice, a second time sent a cold thrill of horror through Mrs. Lovell. She recoiled with a repugnance and an abhorrence as strong as that which animated Carrol, while a terror more dire and more dark took possession of her soul, quite overwhelming her.

"Who are you?" she said in a low moan, and with a wail of anguish, — the utter anguish of intensest fear.

"O great Heaven!" cried Carrol with an anguish as deep as hers.

"Who are you?" wailed Mrs. Lovell again, in the last extremity of her terror, — "who are you? O, who are you? What do you want? O, what do you want?"

These wails of anguish showed plainly to Carrol that this woman, whoever she was, had not intended to deceive him, but had been herself deceived. Strangely enough, he had not yet thought of the truth; for so entirely had the idea taken possession of his mind that it was Maud who had been arrested, and that Mrs. Lovell was safe from all danger, that he did not think of her. As to who it was he was not able to give a thought, so confused, so bewildered, and so overwhelmed was he. That

poor brain of his had been sorely tried for many eventful weeks, and could not now be expected to be equal to the sudden demand that was made upon its overtaken energies.

He had but one thought, that of knowing the truth at once. On this he acted instantaneously.

He stopped the cab.

He tore open the door.

He jumped out.

He told Mrs. Lovell to get out.

She got out.

The Frenchman also got down from the box, animated by the one idea that had now become his ruling motive, — the idea of securing his pay.

It was dark. There were no lights in the streets or in the houses. Carrol and Mrs. Lovell remained undistinguishable to one another, though each stared hard at the other. Carrol now seemed to Mrs. Lovell to be not quite so tall as Grimes, but Carrol himself could make nothing out of Mrs. Lovell's appearance.

"Who are you?" asked Carrol, at length, in an excited voice. "This is all a terrible mistake."

At this question Mrs. Lovell was on the point of mentioning her name; but a sudden recollection of the events of her escape, the mutual endearments, and all that sort of thing, effectually deterred her.

"I — I — you — I —" she stammered, "that is, O dear! I thought you were somebody else. I thought you were Mr. — Mr. — Mr. Grimes."

"Mr. Grimes!"

At the mention of that name a flood of light poured into Carrol's soul. In a moment he understood it all. This lady was Mrs. Lovell. He saw the whole truth. Mrs. Lovell had been arrested also. He had stumbled upon her, and she had mistaken him for Mr. Grimes. About the naturalness of such a mistake he did not stop to think, for his thoughts were turned to his own affairs. If this was Mrs. Lovell, where was Maud? She was still in prison! In his wild excitement he took no further notice of Mrs. Lovell,

but turned furiously upon his benefactor, the Frenchman.

"This is the wrong lady," said he, and his words remained fixed in Mrs. Lovell's memory afterwards; "where is the other one?"

"De oder one?"

"Yes, the other lady."

"De oder lady? Dere is no oder lady."

"There were two ladies arrested: I want the other. You must take me back, and rescue her, or I swear I won't pay you anything more. I swear I'll give myself up again and inform about you."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the other, "I say dere is no oder. Dere vas only one lady took. Dis is de one. De oder lady faint. She stay in de house. No one touch her. You go to de house, and ask. She dere now, eef she haf not ron away."

"What is this?" cried Mrs. Lovell, who at last begun herself to understand the state of the case. "You are Mr. Carrol, are you not?"

She spoke rather coldly.

"I am," said Carrol stiffly.

Mrs. Lovell turned to the Frenchman.

"The other lady was not arrested, I think you said?"

"No, madame. I vas back to de house, she vas faint."

"Fainted? Poor darling Maudie!" cried Mrs. Lovell, who now became absorbed in that which had been so long the chief feeling of her heart,—her love for her sister,— "poor darling Maudie! O Mr. Carrol!" she continued, "we must go there at once; she may be there now alone, and in despair. O, come! I must go there at once."

She told the driver her address, and hurried back into the cab.

Mrs. Lovell's belief in the Frenchman's information changed the current of Carrol's thoughts. He now saw that Maud had not been arrested, and that Mrs. Lovell was the one. He saw that the only course left was to hasten without delay to the lodgings;

and accordingly, after one or two more questions of the Frenchman, he reiterated Mrs. Lovell's directions and got back into the cab also.

The door was once more closed, and again the cab drove off.

The very same people now occupied the interior of the cab who had occupied it a short time before, but between their former relations and their present ones there was an infinite difference. In that short time a revelation had taken place which had completely revolutionized their mutual attitudes and turned their thoughts into a totally different channel. They sat now as far as possible away from one another. They felt an unspeakable mutual repugnance and repulsion, and by the intensity of their longing after the absent they measured their abhorrence of the present. Not a word was spoken. It was a situation in which words were a mockery.

Of the two, Mrs. Lovell's case was perhaps the worst. The thoughts of Carrol had reference to one alone, but her thoughts vibrated between two different beings, the one Mr. Grimes, the other Maud. About each she felt an equal anxiety. What had become of Mr. Grimes? How did it happen that this man Carrol,—a man for whom she never had felt any particular respect, a man whose influence over Maud only excited her wonder,—how did it happen that a man like this should surpass the glorious Grimes in daring and in devotion? How did it happen that he should have penetrated to her dungeon, while glorious Grimes had stood aloof? It was a thing which she found inexplicable, and the more she thought of it the more unable she felt to account for it.

In the midst of her anxieties she could not help feeling the bitterest mortification about the events of her escape. First of all, she detested this Carrol, nor could the thought that he had saved her disarm that resentment. Secondly, she felt a resentment against Grimes for the deep disappointment which he had caused her, and for the

horrible mortification to which his delinquency had exposed her. The only thing which at this moment saved poor Grimes from sinking forever into the unfathomable depths of contempt in her estimation was the idea that he also might have fallen a victim to the vengeance of Du Potiron.

Carrol drew himself back as far as possible into one corner of the cab, shrinking from even the slightest contact with his companion, and Mrs. Lovell did the same with an aversion which was, if possible, more intense and persistent. And yet these two but a short time before had been clinging to one another with feelings of illimitable tenderness!

The cab drove on as it had driven before, and at length reached its destination. Carrol flung open the door and sprang out. A gentlemanly instinct came to him in the midst of his excitement, and he turned after two or three steps, with the intention of assisting Mrs. Lovell out. The magnanimous thought occurred to him that, in spite of all her faults and offences, she was, after all, Maud's sister. But Mrs. Lovell took no notice of him. To her Carrol was now a detestable being, — detestable, and that utterly. She quitted the cab unassisted, and hurried toward the house. Carrol hurried there also.

The aspect of the house struck them as being strange and drear and suspicious. What was stranger and more suspicious was the fact that the door was wide open. Mrs. Lovell entered first. The *concierge* was gone. The way was clear. It was dark inside, but Mrs. Lovell knew the way well enough to go in in the dark. Carrol followed her, guided by the sound of her footsteps, and keeping as close to her as possible.

On reaching the door of her apartments, Mrs. Lovell found it wide open. All was still; she faltered for a moment upon the threshold, as a terrible apprehension came to her mind; then overcoming this, she entered.

She said not a word, but walked on. The door leading into the room be-

yond was also wide open. It was the ordinary sitting-room, and beyond this was the bedroom. Mrs. Lovell walked on with a quaking heart till she reached the bedroom door. Then she stopped, quite overcome. Then she called, "Maudie!"

No answer!

"Maudie!" she cried again; "are you here?"

There was no answer.

Mrs. Lovell could endure her suspense no longer, she entered the room, and passed her hand over the bed. No one was there. Then she lighted a lamp. The room was empty. Then taking the lamp in her hand, she came back with white face and staring eyes to the outer apartment, where Carrol had been waiting in a state of inexpressible anxiety.

"Where is Maud?" he asked.

"She is not here," said Mrs. Lovell, in a low and tremulous voice; "and I — I am — awfully afraid."

"Let us search the house," said Carrol in a hoarse voice; "she may be somewhere about"

With these words he took the lamp from Mrs. Lovell, and the two walked away, searching for Maud. To their consternation they found all the rooms open. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere. No servants were to be found. All had gone. Madame Guimarin had gone; and as for Maud, there was not the slightest sign of her.

XXVI.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

THE discovery that the house was absolutely deserted, and left thus with all the doors open and no occupants, filled both Mrs. Lovell and Carrol with equal terror. They went all through the house as though they still conceived it possible that Maud might lie concealed in some remote apartment. Faint indeed was their hope as they thus pursued their examination, but still such an examination was not so bad as utter and

open despair; and so they continued it, even after all hope of finding her here had left them. During this search there was not the slightest thoughts of their own safety in the mind of either of them. So engrossed were they in their anxiety about Maud, that the idea of personal security was utterly forgotten, and they kept up their business of exploring the house just as though neither of them had ever been arrested.

But Mrs. Lovell, while she thought about Maud, had thoughts also of a similar nature about Grimes. With her fresh remembrance of Du Potiron's threats, and also of Du Potiron's sufferings, she could not help wondering whether he had not fallen a victim to that vengeance. Against him Du Potiron had a double cause of anger; for in the first place he was connected with her, and in the second place he had done an unpardonable wrong in the personal assault that he had made. All these thoughts came to her as she searched wearily, fearfully, and hopelessly about the house; till at length their weight oppressed her. She could not endure them. The hopeless search grew irksome, and finally she sat down in the hall, and gave herself up to the despairing thoughts that now took complete possession of her. As for Carrol, his state of mind was very similar. The resentment which he had felt against Mrs. Lovell for being the innocent cause of his disappointment had died away, and the one feeling left in his mind was that of inexpressible anxiety about Maud. In this feeling the two found a common bond of union and a common ground of sympathy, so that they were once more drawn together, in spite of the mutual aversion which recent events had created.

As Mrs. Lovell thus sank despairingly into her seat, Carrol stood in equal despair by her side, and for a long time not a word was spoken by either of them. Of the two Carrol was the first to rouse himself.

"Well," said he, "it seems to me

that there is no need for us to remain here any longer. I think that we had better do something. Will you allow me to take you to the Hotel du Louvre, while I continue the search elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere?" said Mrs. Lovell. "What do you mean? Where will you look? Have you any idea of any place where information can be gained?"

"Well, I don't know," said Carrol. "I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that I ought to be making a general search, though I confess I hardly know where. My idea just now is to take you back to the Hotel du Louvre, and then start off and try and find something,—whatever I could,—and I would let you know the result in the morning."

"It is of course, very natural," said Mrs. Lovell, calmly, "that you should wish to get rid of me, but I assure you that you shall do nothing of the kind: for, in the first place, I mean to continue the search; in the second place, I shall keep this cab in my employ; and, in the third place, I shall insist on your accompanying me. For we have the same object in view, and so it seems to me that we had better pursue it together. You can be of service to me, and therefore I ask you to go with me. If you refuse, I shall have to go alone. But knowing what I do of your relations to poor dear Maudie, I do not anticipate a refusal."

Upon this Carrol assured her that his only thought had been for her comfort, and that, if she felt inclined to continue the search for Maud, he would of course go with her.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lovell, "and now I will tell you what I have been thinking of since I came to this house. It is—a—Mr. Grimes. You see he was to come here to meet us, to make our departure together. Now, you know, when the soldiers came, they came to arrest *me*. M. Du Potiron threatened that and that only; so they came and took *me*. They took you also, and I think the reason of that was that you were mistaken for Mr.

Grimes, who had, no doubt, been denounced along with me. I can account for your arrest in no other way.

"Well, you know, poor dear Maudie was not arrested; for this man, M. Du Potiron, you know, threatened to have me arrested, and to take poor dear Maudie himself. He may have been waiting outside for my arrest, and have taken away poor dear Maudie at once. Or he may have delayed; and this gives me the only hope I have. It is this. You see, Mr. Grimes was to have come here for us; well, you know, we were arrested. Well, it was about the right time for Mr. Grimes to come; and if poor dear Maudie was not taken away, Mr. Grimes must have found her and learned from her what happened, and then taken her away. So the only way to find Maudie is to search after Mr. Grimes."

"Well," said Carrol, "there seems to be something in what you say. As to Grimes, I don't know exactly where to look for him, for he left our lodgings this morning for good, and he does n't seem to me the kind of man who would go quietly back there to sleep when he knew his friends were in danger."

"No," said Mrs. Lovell, in a decided voice, "he certainly cannot be sleeping. He is awake somewhere and trying to help — to help — us."

"Yes," said Carrol, "that's a fact; and so it seems useless to hunt him up at our lodgings. The question then remains, where can we find him, or where can we find out about him."

Mrs. Lovell sat thinking now for some time. At last she spoke again. "Did Mr. Grimes say anything to you about what he intended to do to-day?"

"Well, yes, in a general way. He said positively that he was not coming back. He paid his bill and made some arrangements about his luggage, which was to be kept at the house till he should come for it at some future time, or send for it. Some of his valuables I know he had taken away the day before and left with M. Nadar, to be deposited by him in the balloon —"

"M. Nadar?"

"Yes. M. Nadar was to put this in the balloon in which Mr. Grimes was to go. It was something which was very light, yet very important to Mr. Grimes."

At this a strange thought occurred to Mrs. Lovell, a strange and to her at that moment a very affecting thought, opening up to her mind once more a fresh insight into the devotion of Grimes, and disarming to a great extent the hostile suspicions that had begun to come to her.

"What is that?" she asked somewhat anxiously; "something did you say that Mr. Grimes had intended to take with him in the balloon, — something did you say that was very light, and yet very important?"

"Yes," said Carrol, who knew perfectly well what this was of which he spoke, yet did not like to mention either the thing itself or his knowledge of it to Mrs. Lovell. "Yes, something of importance to him, you know, that he wished to take with him, you know, but which was not of sufficient weight, you know, to make any difference in a balloon, you know."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lovell, in an absent way.

"Well," said Carrol, "as I was saying, he had taken this away the day before to M. Nadar, leaving directions that this should be placed in his balloon."

"In his balloon?" repeated Mrs. Lovell, absently, but with some emotion.

"Yes," said Carrol, "that is, you know, in the balloon that he intended to travel by, you know."

"O yes," said Mrs. Lovell.

"Well," said Carrol, "and so, you know, he left this morning with the intention of seeing that the balloons were made ready. You see he had not sufficient confidence in M. Nadar, and therefore wanted to be on the spot himself."

"And so you think he went there?" said Mrs. Lovell, with some anxiety.

"I have no doubt about it," said

Carrol. "I know he went there, and I know too that he must have spent the whole day there; for you see, he felt that the whole responsibility of this balloon voyage rested upon him, and so, you see, he was, very naturally, quite anxious that everything should be safe, that is, as safe as possible."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lovell, "that is what he must have done."

"Yes," chimed in Carrol, "he must have been at M. Nadar's all the day, and has probably come here in the evening."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Lovell, "he must have found Maudie. So you see, it only proves what I said, that Mr. Grimes is the one whom we must first find. It seems to me that the best thing we can do is to drive to M. Nadar's and make inquiries."

"Yes," said Carrol, "but I suppose we may as well drive to my lodgings first, for it is just possible that he may be there."

To this Mrs. Lovell assented, and the two were soon seated in the cab again. On reaching his lodgings Carrol waked the *conceirge* with some difficulty, and learned that Grimes had not been there at all; so that now it only remained to drive to M. Nadar's.

On reaching M. Nadar's, they found all dark and still, and only obtained admission with extreme trouble. M. Nadar appeared after some delay, and Carrol made known his business as briefly as possible.

M. Nadar's information was full, complete, and final.

First. Monsieur Grimes had not been there at all that day.

Secondly. He had prepared the balloons according to promise, depositing M. Grimes's little package in his balloon, with other necessities, and had the balloons ready in the Place St. Pierre at the appointed time.

Thirdly. After a long delay M. Grimes at length reached the place with a lady who had fainted. M. Grimes was very anxious to resuscitate her before starting, and to wait for his friends.

Fourthly. At length a cab appeared, which they supposed to be M. Grimes's friends. M. Nadar told him the lady would recover in the upper air, and asked him if he was ready. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, M. Nadar had cast off the lines.

Fifthly. But the cab did not contain the friends of M. Grimes; and M. Nadar, after waiting for them a long time, had packed up his balloon and returned.

M. Nadar's visitors made suitable acknowledgments for this information, and returned to the cab and drove back to the Hotel du Louvre.

This information had been a crushing blow to both. Mrs. Lovell was speechless with indignation. It was bad enough that she should have suffered the humiliation of this disappointment, that her trust had been mocked and her holiest and tenderest feelings outraged. Bad enough this was; but to find that this had been done with such abominable accompaniments, and that Grimes, while vowing endless devotion to her, had coolly, calmly, and quietly taken some other woman with him and fled with her,—this was, indeed, an intolerable insult and wrong.

Who was this fainting lady about whom he had been so anxious, the one for whom he had given up good faith and truth and honor and all that is most esteemed by high-minded men? Who was she and what motive could Grimes have possibly had in devoting himself to herself, if another held so much power over him? To think of Grimes as a gay Lothario was absurd, yet from any other point of view his conduct was most inexplicable.

While Mrs. Lovell thus suffered the pangs of wrath and jealousy, Carrol was more than ever disturbed about Maud. Her disappearance was a terrible blow. He did not know where to search for her, or what to do. At length his thoughts reverted to one fact in the narrative of M. Nadar, and that was the mention of the lady who had fainted. Grimes had taken a lady in this state into the balloon, and Car-

rol now recollected what the guide had said of Maud. She too had fainted. Could the fainting lady of Grimes be Maud? The more he thought of it the more probable it seemed. He mentioned his suspicions to Mrs. Lovell.

But Mrs. Lovell scouted the idea.

"Maudie! Impossible! What would Mr. Grimes want of Maudie? and in a fainting fit too! The idea is absurd. Why, Mr. Grimes would wait till Maudie recovered, so as to find out what had happened. No," concluded Mrs. Lovell, bitterly, "it was some strange lady."

"But Grimes did n't know any ladies in Paris at all, except you and — and Miss Heathcote."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head obstinately, but said nothing.

At length the cab stopped, and Carrol once more questioned the guide about what he had seen in the house after the arrest.

The guide's story was the same as before, without any alteration.

To Carrol there now seemed no doubt about it. Grimes must have gone to the house and found Maud there. He must have taken her, not only away from the house, but into the balloon. Into the balloon! and if so, where were they now? Into what peril had he borne her in his wild flight. What did he mean? It seemed a thing so terrible, so hazardous, so frantic, and so unintelligible, that Carrol was bewildered.

He dismissed the cabman and took Mrs. Lovell to the hotel. But for neither of them was there any sleep. Mrs. Lovell in her drear solitude wailed for her lost sister, and thought with speechless indignation of the baseness of the man in whom she had trusted. He had deceived her, he had broken his faith and stained his honor. He now deserved only her limitless contempt.

James DeMille.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"YES! I am off to-morrow morn!
Next week I sail for Indy!
And you'll be glad when I am gone, —
Say, sha' n't you be, Lucindy?"

A summer flower herself, the maid
Stood 'mid the sweet syringas,
A June pink in her hair's smooth braid,
A rosebud in her fingers,

Plucked from the tall bush in the yard,
Whose white flowers waved above her;
And parting never seemed so hard
As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to grieve; the red
Upon her cheek grew paler.
"It seems a strange choice, Tom," she said,
"For you to be a sailor;

"And when the wild, black clouds I see,
And when the nights are windy,
I—" "Bless your soul! you'll pray for me;
I know you will, Lucindy!"

The rosebud from her hand he took.
"This flower," he said, "I'll save it,
And keep it pressed within a book,
Remembering who gave it.

"I never cared, as women do,
For garden beds and posies,
But somehow—why, I never knew,—
I always loved white roses.

"They seem just made for weddin's; when
I come again from Indy,
My bride, you'll wear white roses then;
Come, wont you?—say, Lucindy!"

A sudden flame upon her cheek,
Her eyes the quick tears filling,
The answer gave she would not speak,
Lest she might seem too willing.

For, "Tom," she asked, "how can it be?
Here, all my life, you've known me;
No word of love you've said to me,
No sign you've ever shown me."

And he said, "True, but though I hain't,
My love, I've wished you knew it,
And tried to speak, and felt too faint
At heart to dare to do it;

"But when my mind was fixed to go
A sailor, out to Indy,
I said, 'I'll have a Yes or No.'
O say it's Yes, Lucindy!"

"Yes, Tom! it's yes!" she whispered; "when
I learned that you were going,
I found you had my heart; till then
'T was yours without my knowing!"

Soft on her cheek fell, wet with dew,
A rose-leaf from above her;
A warmer touch her red lip knew,—
The first kiss of her lover!

Though stilled the song and hushed the laugh,
And hot the tears are starting,
What joy, that life can give, is half
So sweet as love's first parting?

Marian Douglas.

HISTORY OF HAWTHORNE'S LAST ROMANCE.

IN reviewing a work like "Septimius Felton,"* the latest of Hawthorne's more important productions which reached a tangible completeness before the author's death, it is necessary to assume a somewhat different attitude of mind from that into which criticism must usually throw itself. A final revision of the story would have undoubtedly fitted the different parts more perfectly to the scale of the whole, as well as pruned its pages of portions mainly experimental, — sentences, sometimes paragraphs, in which the writer seeks his thought through several modes of expression, as the sculptor approaches his outline by successive blows of the chisel, which in the result become invisible. Allowance for this will, of course, be made by readers who appreciate the peculiar value of the work, since they will recognize that it is to this very brokenness of surface we owe an insight into the author's literary processes. But there is another consideration of far greater importance in its effect upon our estimate of "Septimius," though one that, from its nature, will not occur to many without some explanation. This is the consideration of the place occupied by this work in the mind of its author. There is no evidence at hand that Hawthorne intended to publish the story as it existed in the manuscript to which we owe the present volume. On the contrary, I think we shall find that he had decisively abandoned this form of the story, and had sought for his idea a new embodiment in the "Dolliver Romance." The nature of the connection, therefore, between these two fragments — the one wrought out to a definite conclusion, but not retouched, the other finished with a fine point so far as it went — becomes

a topic which it seems desirable to discuss; since to determine the relation of the present story in the author's regard, and the extent of its maturity, measured by the history of the underlying idea, is very necessary to the attainment of truthful perceptions respecting it. Our attention, then, will be first required in an endeavor briefly to trace the origin and gradual development of the integral idea which these fragments partially and in different ways interpret.

Certain passages in the "English Note-Books" indicate that Hawthorne was in 1855, to a certainty, revolving the scheme of a new romance. Though the plan of this, so far as it had been definitely laid out, seems to have been radically different from that of "Septimius," several points of resemblance also present themselves. The first of these passages, dated April 12, 1855, and thrown in abruptly at the close of a day's narrative, refers to a project which would seem already to have become familiar to the writer's contemplation, though no previous mention of it occurs. "In my Romance," it runs, "the original emigrant to America may have carried away with him a family secret, by which it was in his power, had he so chosen, to have brought about the ruin of the family. This secret he transmitted to his American progeny, by whom it is inherited throughout all the intermediate generations. At last the hero of my Romance comes to England, and finds that, by means of this secret, he still has it in his power to procure the downfall of the family." The resemblance between this item of the proposed plot and that line of incident in "Septimius" which brings in the antique chest containing family papers, the estate in England waiting for an heir, and the subsequent rumored departure of Septimius, to claim this

* *Septimius Felton*; or, *The Elixir of Life*. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

estate, is at once evident. But in the later story all this forms a source of very subordinate interest, and the motives connected with the inheritance of the ancient property merely measure out the limits by which the action of the figures is somewhat controlled. It was on April 7, 1855, that Hawthorne set down apparently the first account which had reached him of the Smithell's Hall legend. This was only five days before he made the above-cited note for a main incident in his romance; and it is probable enough that he had already connected the two items in his mind, since, later, we find them inseparably woven together. In August of the same year he visited the Hall, and wrote a more detailed account of the strange phenomenon on its threshold, and the superstition to which it gave color. "The legend is a good one," he says. The parting request of the hostess was that he "should write a ghost-story for her house"; but the bloody footstep had already stamped itself strongly enough upon Hawthorne's mind to give the embryo romance its birth-mark. The only other allusion in the Note-Books is a paragraph under date of August 21, 1856, referring to the story of a stone cross buried in Cromwell's time, to prevent its destruction, but which was dug up two hundred years afterward by the vicar of the parish, from the church of which it had been taken. Hawthorne suggests to himself that "an American might bring the tradition over the sea, and so discover the cross, which had been altogether forgotten." This seems to indicate that the direction which his story should take had again become uncertain, though this incident is simply a varied form of the transatlantic interest which it seems from an early period to have been his intention to introduce. That he subsequently threw it entirely aside appears from the next documentary evidence which comes to us.

This consists of a manuscript book written in 1858, in journal form, and

containing what must have been the earliest sketch of the story, as he then conceived it. It begins abruptly at some point comparatively early in the progress of the tale, and proceeds uncertainly, at the rate of a few pages each day, for about a month. Detached passages of narration alternate with abstracts of the proposed plot, and analysis of the characters. The chief interest seems to lie in the project which a young American has formed, during a visit to England, of tracing out and proving his inherited right to an old manor-house formerly the property of his ancestors. This old hall possesses that feature of the bloody footstep which "Septimius Felton" has made so real to us, and with this some mystery is connected, which the writer himself does not yet seem to have discovered. He takes a characteristic pleasure in waiting for this suggestive footstep to track the lurking interest of his story to its lair, and lingers on the threshold of the hall, gazing upon it, indulging himself with that tantalizing pleasure of vague anticipation which he intends his story shall bestow upon the reader. The perusal of this singular journal, in which the transactions recorded are but day-dreams, is absorbing beyond description. But though at times we seem to be rapidly approaching the heart of the story, yet at every point the subtle darkness and coming terror of the theme seem to baffle the author, and he retires, to await a more favorable moment. At its conclusion, though he appears now to have formed a clear picture enough of what his persons are to do, there is still wanting the underlying thought, which he at moments dimly feels but cannot bring to light, and without which he is unable to fuse the materials into a liquid state ready for the mould.

Our only information as to the course of the story between April, 1858, and the time of writing "Septimius," must be gathered from a sketch found among the author's papers, the date of which it is not possible to determine with precision, though both its matter and form

indicate that it must have been written subsequently to the journal above mentioned. Herein are found curiously mingled certain features of both "Septimius" and the "Dolliver Romance." So far as is consistent with the essential privacy of the manuscript, I shall give a general outline of its contents, in order to exhibit in proper sequence the successive stages by which the primary conception advanced to its ultimate phase. It consists of two sections, in the second of which the story is taken up after a lapse, apparently of some years. In the first of these chapters, for they hardly exceed the limit of such, the most prominent figure is that of a singular, morose old man, who inhabits a house overlooking a New England graveyard. But though his situation resembles in this particular that of Grandsir Dolliver, his characteristics resemble more those of Doctor Portsoaken. He is constantly accompanied, too, by brandy-and-water, and a cloud-compelling pipe; and his study, like the doctor's chamber in "Septimius," is tapestried with spider-webs, a particularly virulent spider which dangles over his head, as he sits at his writing-desk, being made to assume the aspect of a devilish familiar. On the other hand, his is a far richer nature than that of Portsoaken, and less debased. Hawthorne appears subsequently to have divided him, straining off from the rank sediments which settle into the character of Doctor Portsoaken the clear sweetness of good Grandsir Dolliver. This "grim doctor," as he is almost invariably styled in the manuscript, seems to have originated in Hawthorne's observation of a Mr. Kirkup, painter, spiritualist, and antiquarian of Florence,* who also probably stood as a model for Grandsir Dolliver. Not that either of these personages is copied from Mr. Kirkup; but the personality and surroundings of this quaint old gentleman had some sort of affinity with the author's idea, which led him to maintain a certain likeness between

him and his own fictitious persons. Certain scenes or people which to others offer no especial attraction, an author will recognize as having some mysterious alliance with his own dreamy purposes, and he forthwith seizes upon them as a sort of pretext with himself, under cover of which he may shape forth his own proper creation. As in the case of the Florentine antiquary, a little girl dwells in the house of the doctor, her chief plaything being, like that of Mr. Kirkup's adopted daughter, a very beautiful Persian kitten. There is much about her like Pansie, of the "Dolliver" fragment, but she is still only dimly brought out. The boy is described as of superior nature, but strangely addicted to reverie. Though his traits are but slightly indicated, he suggests in general the character of Septimius, and may very easily have grown into him, at a later period. At first he is much neglected by the doctor, but afterwards, by resolute and manly behavior in questioning his mysterious guardian as to his own origin, and the connection subsisting between them, he secures greater consideration. The doctor gradually hints to him the fact of his descent from an old English family, and frequent mention is made of the old, ancestral hall, the threshold of which is stained by the imprint of a bloody footstep marking the scene of some dark tragedy which in the superstitious haze thrown over it by time assumes various and uncertain forms. At different times two strangers are introduced, who appear to have some strange knowledge of, and connection with the ghastly footstep; and finally a headstone is discovered in the neighboring cemetery, marking the spot where an old man had been buried many years since, and engraved with the likeness of a foot. The grave has been recently opened to admit a new occupant, and the children, in playing about it, discover a little silver key, which the doctor, so soon as it is shown him, pockets, with the declaration that it is of no value. After this, the boy's

* French and Italian Note-Books, Vol. II. pp. 111-117 (Am. ed.).

education is taken in hand by his being sent to school; but presently the doctor sickens of life, and characteristically resolving to abandon brandy-drinking, and die, does so accordingly. Mention has been previously made of certain papers which he had kept in a secret place, and these the youth now secures. The second part describes his advent into England. He soon makes his way to the old hall, but just as his connection with it and its inmates begins, the manuscript terminates.

I have thought it worth while to dwell on these matters in detail, merely that the reader should observe how many of the same items which at this early period were destined to lead to quite a different end were afterwards welded into the substance of the present romance. Up to 1858, it appears from the journalized sketch, the writer had not struck the key-note of his story.

It is of course impossible to determine when he first combined with the materials already in his mind that "idea of a deathless man" which, as we learn from a letter published in Mr. J. T. Fields's chapter on the writer, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," he had received from Thoreau, through a tradition related by him concerning Hawthorne's residence of the Wayside. But, this junction of ideas once formed, everything became naturally accessory to the weird interest involved in the search for immortality. This cast at once a new light over all the field, and the surroundings took on unexpected aspects. The inheritance became an inferior motive-power, on which, however, the romantic action depends; the family papers and the silver key came well to hand, for the elucidation of the plot; the bloody footstep gained a new and deep significance; and a "purple everlasting flower," presented in 1854 to Mrs. Hawthorne by the gardener of Eaton Hall, blossomed out, with supernatural splendor, as a central point in the design.

But, symmetrical as this disposition appears, it was destined to give place

to another. The proof that "Septimius Felton" had been abandoned consists in the following facts. In the prefatory note, addressed to Franklin Pierce, which Hawthorne published with "Our Old Home," in 1863, occurs this explanatory statement: "These and other sketches with which, in a somewhat rougher form than I have given them here, my journals were copiously filled, were intended for the side-scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornments of a work of fiction, of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, and into which I ambitiously proposed to convey more of various modes of truth than I could have grasped by a direct effort. Of course I should not mention this abortive project, only that it has been utterly thrown aside and will never now be accomplished." Now, this note having been written in July, and Hawthorne having begun, in November of the same year, to arrange for the publication of the "Dolliver Romance," the first chapter of which was to have appeared in the following January, had not his illness prevented, it is hardly possible that "Septimius" should not have already been completed. The "abortive project," therefore, would seem to have been the same dark tale which has now fortunately come to light; and we must conclude that its author regarded it as a still experimental form of the original English Romance, now growing to a very different expression, since the introduction of the immortality interest. But in the first page of the isolated opening scene from the "Dolliver Romance," published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for July, 1864, occurs the mention of a certain potent cordial, from which the good doctor had received great invigoration, and which we may well suppose was destined to tincture the whole story. Another point from which we may perhaps trace a connection with "Septimius Felton," if indeed other indication be necessary than the strong inferences suggested by our brief review of the growth of the romance, is

to be found in the passing mention of Grandsir Dolliver's grandson Cornelius, by whom this cordial had been compounded, and who had displayed a great efficiency with powerful drugs. Recalling that the author describes many nostrums as having been attributed to Septimius, which he had perhaps chanced upon in his unsuccessful attempts to distil the elixir of life, we shall perhaps find in this posthumous character of Cornelius, this mere memory, the remains of Septimius, who, as it would seem, was to have been buried by the author under the splendid monument of a still more highly wrought and more aspiring form of the romance. If such be truly the case, it is no wonder that the author's creations should appear as real beings. If he could create a whole ancestry, as it were, for each person in preliminary attempts after this manner, surely the veins of each should throb with actual inherited blood.

From these circumstances I infer that Hawthorne had returned to the execution of his long-cherished design. I have little doubt that the "Dolliver Romance" would have been as much a romance of immortality as "Septimius Felton," the motive in the former being somewhat differently accented, however, by the fact that it is an aged man, instead of a youth, who sets out to discover the elixir of life, or, rather, who is to profit by it. But whatever modification the design might have undergone, we possess in "Septimius" enough to justify the conclusion that the "Dolliver Romance" would have taken its place among the most robust and beautiful offspring of the author's genius. He wrote with a fountain-pen as it were, in which was locked the fluid thought of a lifetime; and during the nine years which elapsed between the first note for his romance and the completion of its initial chapter, this had deepened and sweetened still in hue and quality until it became indeed most fit to be poured out as a chrysm upon the crowned work, in token of its consecration to the loftiest ends.

But let us for a moment examine the worth and beauty of this foundation-story, upon which the finished structure was to have been based. Coming from such sources, forming itself thus slowly, and made rich with the nutritive assimilations of many years, "Septimius" is rife with profound undertones of a suggested meaning, — such undertones as must accompany all art which intertwists the heart-strings of the artist with its fibre. Evident among these is the typification in the hero's case of that struggle which must always ensue between a man possessed by inspiring ambition and the stubborn circumstances of the human state. The poet and the painter are equally with Septimius seekers after immortality, though of a more ethereal kind. Their difficulties become his, in great measure; he finds "the whole of passing life impertinent" to his magnificent and solitary enterprise. And when he seeks to bury himself in the occult pursuit he has begun, "here was the troublesome day passing over him, and pestering and bewildering, and tripping him up, as the days will all of us, the moment we try to do anything that we flatter ourselves is of a little more importance than (what) others are doing." And again, when he returns from Boston, where he had felt himself strangely adrift in the city's multitudinous life, "the mist rose up about him, the pale mist-bow of ghostly promise curved before him; and he trod back again, poor boy, out of the clime of real effort, into the land of his dreams and shadowy enterprise." Moreover, the very unhealthiness and contortion of his aspirations make him peculiarly apt to the author's purpose, for it gives him a strong personal aspect of his own, which unseals the springs of tenderness and pity on his behalf, at the same time serving to intimate a subtle error into which artists and idealists may easily fall. The artist, namely, must preserve for himself a little circle of serene air, somewhere amid the troublesome noises of earth; but if he cannot somehow wrap himself about

with his peculiar atmosphere, in whatever surroundings, — if, while he clings to his high purpose, he cannot succeed in living generously towards his fellows, making the common light of day answer for the nimbus which perhaps he hopes posterity will see shining about his head, — if he fails in these things, his truest nobility as a man is apt to lose itself in this same treacherous pit in which Septimius's soul lies smothered. But these deep hints run through the tale in a dark undercurrent, like a shadowy forest-brook, throwing up light through momentary, curving breaks of surface; and it is as impossible to reproduce their fleeting lights here as it would be to preserve the moving brilliance of the stream by drawing a little of it into a pocket-flask. Indeed, the quality of the disclosures reminds one of that attributed to Septimius's manuscript, now blurred over by a deceptive sameness of appearance, and again raying forth luminous glimpses into the heart of things. The visions they excite swim before us, mystic and beautiful as those that glimmer on the golden brim of Tieck's enchanted goblet. But at least one ultimate moral we may seize, one which gives the work its unity, and in which all minor suggestions are included. This is the same which finds in the Faust legend and similar mediæval traditions a ruder embodiment, namely, that, in order to defraud Nature of her dues, we must enter into compact with the Devil. Both Faust and Septimius enter into the study of the black art, with the hope of securing results denied to their kind by a common destiny; but Faust proves infinitely the meaner of the two, since he desires only to restore his youth, that he may engage in the mere mad joy of a lusty existence for a few years, while Septimius seeks some mode, however austere and cheerless, of prolonging his life to centuries of world-wide beneficence. Yet the satanically refined egoism which lays hold of Septimius is the same spirit incarnated in Goethe's Mephistopheles, — *der Geist der stets verneint*. To Faust

he denies the existence of good in anything, primarily the good of that universal knowledge to the acquisition of which he has devoted his life, but through this scepticism mining his faith in all besides. To Septimius he denies the worth of so brief a life as ours, and the good of living to whatever end seems for the hour most needful and noble. Septimius might perhaps be not inadequately described as Faust at an earlier stage of development than that in which Goethe represents him. Indeed, these words, applied by Mephistopheles to Faust, suit Septimius equally well: —

“ Ihm hat das Schicksal einen Geist gegeben
Der ungebündelt immer vorwärts dringt
Und dessen übereiltes Streben
Der Erde Freuden überspringt.”*

As a further point of resemblance between the two cases, it may be noticed that the false dreams of both are dispelled by the exorcising touch of a woman. Both have fallen into error through perceiving only half of the truth which has hovered and glimmered before them; and that their errors should be thus corrected seems to intimate their origin in the exclusively masculine mood, the asceticism, which has prevailed in the minds of these two dark characters. It will be observed that, in the first relation of Rose to Septimius, Hawthorne takes pains to contrast with this mood, delicately but strongly, the gentle conservatism and wisely practical tendency of the woman to be satisfied with life, which make her influence so admirable a poising force to man. The subsequent alteration of the situation, by which he makes her the half-sister of his hero, must be attributed to the fact that he had proportioned the elements too strongly, at first, to permit of the story bringing away from their ferment a proper clearness and lucidity; and that the change sprang naturally from the necessities of the ad-

* To him has destiny a spirit given
That unrestrainedly still onward sweeps,
To scale the skies long since hath striven
And all earth's pleasures overleaps.
BROOKS'S Translation.

vancing plot, seems proved by the ease with which the new relation falls into our consciousness. But though the womanliness which is to frustrate Septimius's scheme must be materially subdued from the warmth with which it is depicted in *Rose Garfield*, yet it is a most feminine woman who accomplishes this result. A phase of character rich in interest, but which I can only mention in passing, is presented in the person of Sybil Dacy, who here occupies very much the same place, in some regards, as Roger Chillingworth in "*The Scarlet Letter*." The movement of the story is made largely to depend on a subtle scheme of revenge undertaken by her, as that of "*The Scarlet Letter*" hangs upon the mode of retribution sought by the physician; but her malice is directed, characteristically, against the slayer of the young officer who had despoiled her of her honor, and, again characteristically, she is unable to consummate her plan, from the very tenderness of her feminine heart, which leads her first to half sympathize with his dreams, then pity him for the deceit she practised on him, and at last rather love than hate him. But there is a consistent difference between the working of the womanly element in *Faust* and in Hawthorne's romance. In the former instance it is through the gratification of his infernal desire that the hero is awakened from his trance of error and restored to remorse; while Septimius's failure to accomplish his intended destiny appears to be owing to the inability of his aspiring nature to accommodate itself to that code of "moral dietetics" which is to assist his strange project. "Kiss no woman if her lips be red; look not upon her if she be very fair," is the maxim taught him. "If thou love her, all is over, and thy whole past and remaining labor and pains will be in vain." How pathetic a situation this, how much more terrible than that of *Faust*, when he has reached the turning-point in his career! A nature which could accept an earthly immortality on these terms, for the sake of his fellows, must indeed

have been a lofty one. But there is still too much of the heart in this lofty nature to admit of its being satisfied with so cruel an abstraction. On the verge of success, as he supposes, with the long-sought drink standing ready for his lips, he nevertheless seeks a companion. Half unawares, he has fallen in love with Sybil, and thenceforth, though in a way he had not anticipated, "all is over." Yet, saved from death by the poison in which he had hoped to find the spring of endless life, his fate appears admirably fitting. There is no picture of Mephisto hurrying him off to an apparently irrevocable doom. The wrongs he has committed against himself, his friends, humanity, — these, indeed, remain, and are remembered. He has undoubtedly fallen from his first purity and earnestness, and must hereafter be content to live a life of mere conventional comfort, full of mere conventional goodness, conventional charities, in that substantial English home of his. Could anything be more perfectly compensatory? Yet to this fate we may perhaps leave him without too deep a sigh.

What would have been the outcome of the "*Dolliver Romance*," where the incitement to an attempt at indefinite prolongations of existence was destined, conjecturally, to come from little Pansie, thus reversing the action of the feminine element, we shall, of course, never know. But the situation was thoroughly unique; and the fragment which the author left us offers us a prelude full of most silvery and resonant promise for what was to follow.

With subdominant interests of such insinuating power, it might be supposed that the author could not easily succeed in attracting us to the story of "*Septimius*," for itself. Yet precisely in the success with which he achieves this most difficult of all points does the complete balance of his powers become visible. The scene of the romance is laid in Concord, at the time of the Revolution, the period involved being that included between the outbreak of war and the battle of Mon-

mouth, — a space of a little more than three years. But the great national interests involved in this epoch take no important place in our regard. Hawthorne can afford, apparently, to sink into the background this rich pigment, on which another artist might have felt it becoming to throw the strongest lights; and with him it forms a field of lurid storm and gloom, against which the figures of his solemn tale stand out in impressive relief. With only one slight exception, the plot is worked out within the neighborhood of three houses, standing side by side along the Lexington turnpike, and sheltered by a line of low hills, one of the summits of which becomes the stage for most of the more important actions. This is the more easily effected, since the whole series of occurrences derive their interest from the construction put upon them by the hero, rather than from their intrinsic importance. For Septimius's character is nothing more nor less than a mood which occurs to many, but is transient with most, developed into a real person. This mood is his permanent constitution; and it is thus that a natural and sufficiently ordinary and probable set of incidents becomes imbued with an aspect suiting his disposition. So that throughout the book we enter into the brain of this half-crazy youth, and dwell there, taking these incidents just as he has colored them, until, despite the impossibility of the thing, and unheeding those turnings of the fabric by which the author occasionally hints a reverse side, showing the rude stitches which back his tapestry, we come to think and feel with the hero, and look forward with trembling eagerness to the anticipated consummation of his desire. In the execution of this story Hawthorne would appear to have realized the conditions he himself prescribes for the romancer, namely, that he should be always "careering upon the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity," the skill lying in "coming as close as possible without tumbling over." At the

last, however, he lets in the daylight with a ruthless hand; and the acute sense of disappointment we feel in the event is perhaps the best proof of the success with which he has thrown us into Septimius's point of view. I need not recall those who have looked over the legend of Smithell's Hall as given in the Note-Books to a contemplation of the transforming power with which he has handled this item in the romance. But a point of equal interest in regard to it is the skill with which it is made to reflect in a wholly different scale of color the same idea which informs Aunt Keziah's legend. Had either of these minor tales — the one grotesque, sadly humorous, flavored with gentle satire; the other wild, moving, and terrible — been wrought out into a separate strain, it could have been made to echo, by itself, both widely and well. But, poised as they are in harmonious contrast, they form an illustration not otherwise obtainable of that versatility of vision by which the master could conceive with equal power two wholly different renderings of a single theme; while their implication with the superior movement of the same theme in the hero's mind gives to the whole the tumultuous richness of a fugue in music.

The characterization in this work I cannot pass, without remarking upon its connection with the author's style. In the development of the persons there is perceptible an adherence to the rough exteriors of real life, a reproduction of idiomatic and defective ways of speaking, as in Aunt Keziah, old Mrs. Hagburn, and Dr. Portsoaken, which gives them a verisimilitude, a color and rotundity, lacking in the characters introduced to our acquaintance by the earlier efforts of the author, noticeably his short tales. This would seem to be a direct consequence of that gradual mellowing, that thawing out of a nature oppressed with outward shyness, but full of tender juices at the core, which shows itself early in the "Custom-House," and the introductory chapter prefixed to the

"Mosses," later in the chapters made up of his English experience; and which would seem to have overspread his last years with the genial warmth of a rich maturity. After granting something to the untrimmed condition in which the work finds its way to us, I think there is still reason for believing that Hawthorne meant to leave about these figures more tangible vestiges of every-day wear than it had been usual with him to do; and there is enough in what is here given us to show how perfect might have been the union between his smooth refinements of style and a treatment of character heartily real in tone. Through the individuals thus brought before us, he has let fall the central radiance of his thought, until each has become a living and illuminated symbol of some one of its various phases. Observe how the life-giving mixture changes its nature in the hands of different persons. The witch-like aunt fancies she has found it in her nauseous and turbid mixture of herbs and "good West Injy." Doctor Portsoaken has merged all the aspirations of his youth in alcoholic liquor, and finds his water of life corked up in a brandy-bottle. On the other hand, Septimius appears to have refined himself away from such gross errors, and is likely to discover an elixir as pure as the current of his humanitarian aims. But the icy egoism which has stolen into heart and brain in the prosecution of his plans finds its material representative in the poisonous fungus which, resembling the flower whose bloody sap could impart life, would nevertheless have carried death into his veins, had he taken but a sip of the distillations from it.

I had designed only to give the reader a floating image of the idea the gradual expansion of which had cast its filmy beauty over Hawthorne's declining years; but the rays I have drawn together form but a thin, a tremulous and insufficient air-picture. Such, in the massive manifestation of the ripening plan which "Septimius" offers, is the accord of parts with the whole,

such the relation of incident to idea, of word to thought, and thought to thought again, that it is impossible to do reverence to its mystic unity by mere detached observations.

There is one consideration which disposes me to stifle any regret for the loss of the fairy structure which was to have rested on this so costly and substantial basement, and this is the observation of a certain gentle mood of confidences in the author, while preparing these pages, from which he might have been tempted to withdraw, in completing a new version. One fancies that he has drawn the reader's imagination into the hospitality of his own village and hill-top, in the hope of establishing a more direct and personal relation with him than he could effect, unaided by some such contrivance. Accepting the shy invitation, thus delicately offered, to share his privacy, we find ourselves fancying, in the progress of this sombre-sweet story, that an unusual and welcome temper of trustfulness is bringing us closer together. We are constantly tempted to look through the dark presence of Septimius, where he paces his hill-top, "brooding, brooding," with that deepening "chasm in his brow," to where we feel that the grave-smiling poet is standing, behind him. For we seem to behold Hawthorne looking down from the spiritual eminence of his last, lingering days upon the world, its neighbors and loved ones, — so close below him, so strangely removed, — and through the turbid medium of this imaginary enthusiast's reveries subtly infusing the essence of his concluding thoughts on art and existence. So genial and tender at times does this indirect revelation of himself become, that I feel persuaded he must intuitively have shaped his utterance to fit what proved to be his final opportunity for communion with men, before he should himself taste that elixir which could at once absolve and transfer him from all human imperfection to a lasting youthfulness, yet not deprive him of the immortality he won on earth.

G. P. Lathrop.

I D E A L.

(The artist speaks.)

I D E A L, are they? Nay, they're true
 To very life. The tints, the flower-like grace,
 The swaying form, the poise of head sublime,
 The rapt expression of the dreaming face,
 Are hers; I've seen her look so, many a time.
 You've not? so much the worse for you.

And his; throw the light on that side.
 His own bright look just when about to speak,—
 A half-smile on the lips, the young man's joy
 In life, and strength, and youth; 't were vain to seek
 To make him handsome as he was, poor boy!
 Too young? But thirty when he died.

Why, blind man, what would you advise?
 Shall we paint in the cares that come and go,
 The pain with which this sickly world is curst,
 The little ills that hover to and fro,—
 Take every face and paint it at its worst?
 It's truth, say you? Half-truths are lies.

Each face has clear identity;
 And down beneath the dust and stains of earth,
 The lines and scars with which it seems o'ergrown,
 It shines as God intended at its birth,
 As it will shine before the great white throne
 When we are in eternity.

Sometimes we see this soul-face shine
 From out the mask which mortals here must wear,
 When youth counts back but few bright years of life;
 Sometimes when aged eyes, grown dim with care,
 Count forward but few years to end the strife,
 We catch the ideal light divine.

Let us still paint, then, the ideal,—
 Our God's ideal of us at our best;
 Paint it in heavenly hues, and fix it fast
 With prayer and earnest love within our breast,
 Strive hourly to grow like it, till, at last,
 The ideal shall become the real.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

L'ORE, THE SLAVE OF A SIAMESE QUEEN.

ONE morning in the early part of May, 1863, I went at the usual hour to my temple school-room, and found that all my pupils had gone to the Maha P'hra Sâat to attend a religious ceremony, at which I also was requested to be present.

Following the directions of one of the flower-girls, I turned into a long, dark alley, through which I hurried, passing into another, and keeping, as I thought, in the right direction. These alleys brought me at last into one of those gloomy walled streets, into which no sunlight ever penetrated, and which are to be found only in Bangkok, the farther end of which seemed lost in mist and darkness.

Stone benches, black with moss and fungi, lined it at intervals, and a sort of pale night-grass covered the pathway. There was not a soul to be seen throughout its whole length, which appeared very natural, for it did not seem as if the street were made for any one to walk in, but as if it were intended to be kept secluded from public use. I walked on, however, looking for some opening out of it, and hoping every moment to find an exit. But I suddenly came to the end. It was a *cul-de-sac*, and a high brick wall barred my further progress.

In the middle of this wall was set a door of polished brass. The shadow of a tall and grotesque façade rested upon the wall and on the narrow deserted street, like an immense black pall. The solitude of the place was very strange. With that frightful din and roar of the palace life so near, the silence seemed almost supernatural. It cast a shadow of distrust over me. I almost felt as if that wall, that roof with its towering front, were built of the deaf stones spoken of in Scripture. All at once the wind rattled the dry grass on the top of the wall, making a low, soft, mournful noise. I started

from my reverie, hardly able to account for the feeling of dread that crept over me. Half ashamed of my idle fears, I pushed at the door with all my might. Slowly, noiselessly, the huge door swung back, and I stepped into a paved court-yard, with a garden on one side and a building suggestive of nocturnal mystery and gloom on the other.

The façade of this building was still more gloomy than that on the outside of the wall. All the windows were closed. On the upper story the shutters were like those used in prisons. No other house could be seen. The high wall ran all round and enclosed the garden. The walks were bordered with diminutive Chinese trees, planted in straight rows; grass covered half of them, and moss the rest.

Nothing could be imagined more wild and more deserted than this house and this garden. But the object that attracted my immediate attention was a woman, the only animate being then visible to me in the apparent solitude. She was seated beside a small pond of water, and I soon discovered that she was not alone, but was nursing a naked child about four years old.

The moment the woman became conscious of my presence, she raised her head with a quick, impetuous movement, clasped her bare arms around the nude form at her breast, and stared at me with fixed and defiant eyes. Her aspect was almost terrifying. She seemed as if hewn out of stone and set there to intimidate intruders. She was large, well made, and swarthy; her features were gaunt and fierce, but looked as if her face might once have been attractive. I relaxed my hold of the door; it swung back with a dull, ominous thud, and I stood half trembling beside the dark, defiant woman, whose eyes only gave any indication of vitality, hoping to prevail upon her to

show me my way out of that dismal solitude.

The moment I approached her, however, I was seized with inexpressible dismay; pity and astonishment, mingling with a sense of supreme indignation, held me speechless for a time. She was naked to the waist, and chained, — chained like a wild beast by one leg to a post driven into the ground, — and without the least shelter under that burning sky.

The chain was of cast-iron, and heavy, consisting of seven long double-links, attached to a ring, and fitted close to the right leg just above the ankle; it was secured to the post by a rivet. Under her lay a tattered fragment of matting, farther on a block of wood for a pillow, and on the other side were several broken Chinese umbrellas.

Growing more and more bewildered, I sat down and looked at the woman in a sort of helpless despair. The whole scene was startlingly impressive; the apathy, the deadness, and the barbarous cruelty of the palace life were never more strikingly brought before me face to face. Here there was no doubting, no denying, no questioning the fact that this unhappy creature was suffering under some cruel wrong, which no one cared to redress. Naked to the waist, her long filthy hair bound in dense masses around her brow, she sat calmly, uncomplainingly, under a burning tropical sun, such as we children of a more temperate clime can hardly imagine, fierce, lurid, and scorching, nursing at her breast a child full of health and begrimed with dirt, with a tenderness that would have graced the most high-born gentlewoman.

I remained long and indignantly silent, before I could find voice for the questions that rose to my lips. But at length I inquired her name. "Pyesia" (begone), was her fierce reply.

"Why art thou thus chained? Wilt thou not tell me?" I pleaded.

"Pye" (go), said the woman, snatching her breast impatiently from the

sucking child, and at the same time turning her back upon me.

The child set up a tremendous scream, which was re-echoed through the strange place. The woman turned and took him into her arms; and as if there were an in-dwelling persuasiveness about them, he was quieted in an instant.

Rocking him to and fro, with her face resting against his unwashed cheek, she was no longer repulsive, but glorious, clothed in the beauty and strength of a noble human love. I rose respectfully from the low wall of the pond, where I had seated myself, and took my place on the heated pavement beside the woman and her child; then as gently and as kindly as I could I asked his name and age.

"He is four years old," she replied, curtly.

"And his name?"

"His name is Thook" (Sorrow), said the woman, turning away her face.

"And why hast thou given him such a name?"

"What is that to thee, woman?" was the sharp rejoinder.

After this she relapsed into a grim silence, seeming to gaze intently into the empty air. But at length there came a sob, and she passed her bare arms slowly across her eyes. This served as a signal for the little fellow to begin to scream again, which he did most lustily; the woman, after quieting him, turned to me, and to my great surprise began to talk of her own accord, with but few questions on my part.

"Hast thou come here to seek me, lady? Has the Naikodah, my husband, sent thee? Tell me, is he well? Hast thou come to buy me? Ah! lady! wilt thou not buy me? Wilt thou not help me to get my pardon?"

"Tell me why thou art chained. What is thy crime?"

This seemed a terrible question for the poor woman. In vain she attempted to speak; her lips moved, but uttered no sound, her features quivered, and with one convulsive movement she threw up her arms and burst into an

agony of tears. She sobbed passionately for some time, then, passing into a quieter mood, turned to me and said, bitterly: "Do you want to know of what crime I am accused? It is the crime of loving my husband and seeking to be with him."

"But what induced you to become a slave?"

"I was born a slave, lady. It was the will of Allah."

"You are a Mohammedan then?"

"My parents were Mohammedans, slaves to the father of my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung. When we were yet young, my brother and I were sent as slaves to her daughter, the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry."

"If you can prove that your parents were Mohammedans, I can help you, I think; because all the Mohammedans here are under British protection, and no subject of Britain can be a slave."

"But, lady, my parents sold themselves to my mistress' grandfather."

"That was your father's debt, which your mother and father have paid over and over again by a life of faithful servitude. You can insist upon your mistress accepting your purchase-money."

"Insist," said the woman, her large, dark eyes glowing with the tears still glistening in them. "You do not know what you say. You do not know that my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung, is mother-in-law to the king, and that her daughter, Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, is his favorite half-sister and queen. My only hope lies in a special pardon from my mistress herself."

"And your friends," said I, "do they know nothing of your cruel captivity?"

"Nothing, indeed. I have no opportunity to speak even to the slave-woman whose duty it is to feed us daily. And her lot is too sad already for her to be willing to run any great risk for me. The secrecy and mystery of my sudden disappearance have been preserved so long because I am chained here. No one comes here but my mistress, and she only visits this place

occasionally, with the most tried and trusted of her slave-women."

Eleven o'clock boomed like a death-knell through the solitude. The woman laid herself down beside her sleeping boy to rest, apparently worn out with a sense of her misery. I placed my small umbrella over them; and this simple act of kindness so touched the poor thing, that she started up suddenly, and, before I could prevent her, passionately kissed my soiled and dusty shoes.

I was so sorry for the unhappy creature that tears filled my eyes. "My sister," said I, "tell me your whole story, and I will lay it before the king."

The woman started up and adjusted the umbrella over the sleeping child. Her eyes beamed with a fire as if from above, while with wonderful power, combined with sweetness and delicacy, she repeated her sad tale.

"Lady, as I told you, I and my brother were born slaves; and so faithful were we, that my brother obtained, as proof of the trust my lady reposed in him, the charge of a rice plantation at Ayudia, while I was promoted to be the chief attendant of the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry.

"One day my mistress intrusted to my care a bag of money, to purchase some Bombay silk of the Naikodah Ibrahim. We moored our boat by the bank of the river, and made our way to the shop of the Naikodah, which my companions entered, while I sat outside on the steps until the bargain should be completed. My companions and the merchant could come to no terms. I entered with the bag of money, hoping by the sight of the silver to induce him to sell the silk for the price offered; but on entering I seemed to be dazzled by something, I knew not what. The merchant's eyes flashed upon me, as it were, with a look of recollection, and by their expression reminded me of some face I had seen in my infancy, or, perhaps, in my dreams.

"After a great deal of talking and

bargaining about the silk, we came away without it, but the next day went again to the merchant and purchased it at his own price. I was surprised, however, to find that, when I paid him the money, he left five ticals in my hands. 'That is our kumrie' (perquisite), said the women, snatching the ticals out of my hand and pocketing them. Time after time we repeated our visits to the merchant, who was constantly kind and respectful in his manner towards me. He always left five ticals for us. My companions took the money, but I persistently refused to share in this pitiful kind of profit.

"The merchant began to observe me more closely, and, as I thought, to take an interest in me, and one day, after we had purchased some boxes of fragrant candles and wax-tapers, and I had paid him the full price for his goods, he left twenty ticals on the floor beside me. My companions called my attention to the money; when the merchant, observing my unwillingness to receive it, took up fifteen ticals, leaving the usual kumrie of five upon the floor, which my companions picked up and appropriated.

"We returned, as was our custom, by the river, slowly paddling our little canoe down the broad and beautiful stream, and enjoying every moment of our permitted freedom.

"One day a slave-woman came to my mistress with some new goods from the Naikodah, and on seeing me she begged for a drink of water and some cere (betel-leaf). As I handed her the water, she said to me in a low tone: 'Thou art a Moslem; free thyself from this bondage to an unbelieving race. Take from my master the price of thy freedom; come out of this Naiwang (palace) and be restored to the true people of God.'

"I listened in amazement, fearing to break the enchanting spell of her words, and hardly believing that I had heard aright. She quitted me suddenly, fearful of exciting suspicion, and left me in such a disturbed state of mind as I had never before experienced.

"When I saw the woman a second time I embraced the opportunity to say to her, 'Sister, tell me, how shall I obtain my purchase-money? Will not thy master hold me as his slave?'

"'He will give thee the money, and will never repent having freed a Moslem and the daughter of a believer from slavery.'

"'O thou angel of life!' said I, clasping her to my throbbing heart, 'I am already his slave.'

"She removed my arms from around her neck, and, taking some silver from her scarf, tied it firmly into mine without another word; and I, fearing lest I should be discovered with so much money in my possession, came here by night and hid it under this very pavement on which we are seated.

"Some weeks after we were sent again to the Naikodah to buy sandalwood tapers and flowers for the cremation of the young Princess P'hra Ong O'Dong. I never was so conscious of the shabbiness of my dress as when I entered the presence of the good merchant. We made our purchase, paid the money, and as I rose to depart, my friend D'hamni, the slave-woman who had been employed by the Naikodah to speak to me, beckoned me to come into an inner chamber. I was followed by her master, who addressed himself to me, and said, — I remember the words so well, — 'L'ore! thou art of form so beautiful, and of spirit so guileless, thou hast awakened all my love and pity. See, here is the money thou hast just paid me; double the price of thy freedom, and forget not thy deliverer.'

"'May Allah prosper thee!' said D'hamni.

"I was overwhelmed; my astonishment and my gratitude at his goodness knew no bounds. Thus I lived in bondage within and bondage without. Freedom within my grasp and slavery in my heart. 'I am more a slave than ever,' said I to myself; 'alas! the servitude of the heart, the sweet, feverish servitude of love, who will ransom me from this? Who can buy me free-

dom from these? Henceforth and forever I am the good merchant's slave.'

"One day my mistress, Chow Chom Manda Ung, was so kind and pleasant to me that I believed my opportunity had come. I seized it, threw myself at her feet, and said, 'Lady dear, be pitiful to thy child, hear but her prayer. It is the only desire of her heart, the dream of thy slave's life. As the thirsty traveller beholds afar off the everlasting springs of water, as the dying man has foretastes of immortality, even so thy slave L'ore has, through thy goodness, tasted of freedom, and would more fully drink of the cup, if thou in thy bountiful goodness wouldst but let her go free. Here is the price of my freedom, dear lady; be pitiful, and set me free.'

"'Thou wert born my slave,' said my lady, 'I will take no money for thee.'

"'Take double, lady dear, but O, let me go.'

"'If thou wishest to be married,' said my mistress, 'I will find thee a good and able husband, and thou shalt bear me children, even as thy mother did before thee; but I will not let thee go free.'

"In my despair I prayed, I entreated, with tears blinding my eyes. I promised that my children yet unborn should be her slaves, if she would only let me go.

"It was all in vain. I gathered up my silver and returned to my slave's life, hopelessly defeated. I soon recovered from my disappointment, however, because I was strengthened by the determination to escape at the first opportunity that offered itself to me. This enabled me to bear my captivity bravely. My mistress distrusted me for a long time; my companions, seeing that I had fallen into disgrace, pitied me, but I did my best to show myself willing, obedient, and cheerful, until, when nearly two whole years had passed away, my mistress gradually took me again into her confidence, and at last arranged a marriage for me with Nai Tim, one of her favorite men-

slaves. To all her plans I offered not a word of objection. I pretended that I was really pleased at the prospect of being free to spend six months of every year with my husband.

The day before my marriage I was sent to see Nai Tim's mother, with a small present from my mistress. Two strong women accompanied me. Hidden in my under-skirt was my purchase-money. As soon as we entered my future mother-in-law's house, I requested permission to speak with her alone. Supposing that I had some private communication to make to her from my mistress, she took me into the back part of the house, and I seated myself on the edge of the bamboo raft, which kept her little hut afloat on the Mèinam, rushing by so strong and swift. Without giving her time to think, I told her my whole story from beginning to end, put the money into her hands, and, before the startled woman could refuse or remonstrate, I plunged with one sudden bound into the bosom of the broad river. I heard a shriek above me as I disappeared under the waters.

"How desperately I swam through the strong currents, coming up to the surface from time to time to draw a long breath, then diving back into its protecting shelter again! Finding my strength failing me, I made for the opposite bank, climbed its steep sides, and dried my clothes in the soft delicious breezes that came upon me as if just let free from the highest heavens. Filled with the inspiration of freedom and of love, I had accomplished that which had been the beginning and the ending of all my thoughts for so long a time. For one moment it seemed to me an impossibility, but on the next my joy was so excessive that I stooped down and kissed the earth, and then laughed outright.

"From day to day my soul had been slowly withering away, now it blossomed forth afresh as if it had never known a moment of sorrow. My glad laughter came back to me, and in very truth, lady, I shall never again rejoice

and sing in the desert places of my heart, or in the solitary places of my native land, as I did on that day.

"I had been dazzled with the idea of liberty, I had thought only of getting free. But now came the questions, Where shall I go? Who will employ me? And the answer was clear to me. There was no one in all this vast city to whom I could turn but the merchant and his slave-woman D'hamni, and to them I went. It was evening when I entered the hut of the slave D'hamni, footsore, hungry, and weary. D'hamni was overjoyed to see me; she gave me food and shelter and her best robe.

"Some days after the good merchant came to visit me. I felt dimly that the hardness of my heart would be complete if I resisted his kindness. To his celestial tenderness I opposed no word of doubt, yet I could not believe that the rich merchant would marry an outcast slave like me.

"One morning I found robes of pure white in my humble shed, in which D'hamni proceeded to array me. After which she brought me into the presence of the Moolah (Mohammedan priest), the merchant, and a few trusty friends.

"The Moolah quietly laid down his pipe, stood up, and putting his hands before his face uttered a short prayer. After this he took the end of my scarf and bound it securely to the end of the merchant's coat, gave us water in which had been dipped the myrtle and jessamine flower, placed a ring of gold on my finger, blessed us, and departed. That was our marriage ceremony.

"One day, about three or four months after my marriage, as I was seated on the steps of my home, I thought I heard a voice whisper in my ear. I had hardly time to turn when I was seized, gagged, bound hand and foot, and brought back to this place. As soon as I was taken into her presence, my mistress had me chained to this post, but caused me to be released when my time of delivery approached. A month after his birth," pointing to the sleeping boy, "I was chained here

again, and my child was brought to me to nurse; this was done until he could come to me alone. But they are not unkind; when it is very wet the slave-woman takes him to sleep under the shelter of her little shed.

"I could free myself from these chains if I would promise never to quit the palace. That I will never do." She said this in a feeble and almost inarticulate voice. It was her last effort to speak. Her head drooped upon her breast as if an invisible power had overwhelmed her at a blow; she fell exhausted upon the stones, her hands clasped, her face buried in the dust.

It was a strange sight, and possible only in Siam. Certainly great misfortunes as well as great affections develop the intelligence, else how had this slave-woman reached the elevation to which she had evidently attained?

But excess of sorrow had made her almost visionary. When I tried to comfort her, she turned her haggard face with its worn-out, weary look upon me, and asked if she had been dreaming. Her brain seemed to be in such an abnormal yet frightfully calm condition, that she half believed she was in a dream, and that her life was not a frightful reality. It was out of my power to comfort her, but I left her with a hope that grew brighter as I retraced my steps out of that weird place.

After some tiresome wanderings I found my way out of the place at last. When I reached the school-room it was twelve o'clock, and my pupils were waiting.

In the afternoon of the same day I went to the house of the Naikodah Ibrahim, and told him that I had seen his wife and child. He was much affected when he heard they were still alive, and was moved to tears when I told him of their sad condition.

That night a deputation of Mohammedans, headed by the Moolah Hâdjee Bâbâ, waited upon me; we drew up a petition to the king, after which I retired, thankful that I was not a Siamese subject.

On the second day after, I received the following little note from the king, in his own English:—

LADY LEONOWENS:—I have liberty to do an inquiry for the matter complained, to hear from the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, the daughter of the Chow Chom Manda Ung, who is now absent from hence. The princess said that she knows nothing about the wife of Naidodah, but that certain children were sent her from her grandfather maternal, that they are the offspring of his maid-servant, and that these children shall be in her employment. So I ought to see the Chow Chom Manda Ung, and inquire from herself.

S. P. P. MAHA MONGKUT, RX.

His Majesty was as good as his word, and when the Chow Chom Manda Ung returned, he ordered the chief of the female judges of the palace, her ladyship Khoon Thow App, to investigate the matter.

Khoon Thow App was a tall, stout, dark woman, with soft eyes, but rather a heavy face, her only beauty being in her hands and arms, which were remarkably well formed. She was religious and scrupulously just, and had a serious and concentrated bearing. Everything she said or did was studied, not for effect, but from discretion. A certain air of preoccupation was natural to her. She knew everything that took place in the harem, and concealed everything within her own breast. By dint of attention and penetration she had attained to her high office, and she retained it by virtue of her supreme but unassuming fitness for the position. She was like a deaf person whose sight is quickened, and like one blind whose sense of hearing is intensified. That hideous symbolical Sphinx, with a sword drawn through her mouth, babbled all her secrets and sorrows in her ear. She inspired confidence, and she never decided a case in private. She lived alone, in a small house at the end of the street, with only four faithful female slaves. The rest she had freed. It was before this woman that, by

order of the king, I brought my complaint in behalf of L'ore; she raised her eyes from her book, or rather roll, and said, "Ah! it is you, mam. I wish to speak to you."

"And for my part," said I, with a boldness at which I was myself astonished, "I have something to say to your ladyship."

"O, I know that you have a communication to make, which has already been laid before his Majesty. Your petition is granted."

"How!" said I, "is L'ore really free to leave the palace?"

"O no; but his Majesty's letter is of such a character that we have the power to proceed in this matter against the Chow Chom Manda Ung. Though we are said to have the right to compel any woman in the palace to come before us, these great ladies will not appear personally, but send all manner of frivolous excuses, unless summoned by a royal mandate such as this."

After a delay of nearly two hours, Chow Chom Manda Ung and her daughter, the Princess P'hra Ong Brittry, made their appearance, accompanied by an immense retinue of female slaves, bearing a host of luxurious appendages for their royal mistresses' comfort during the trial, with the sheriff bending low, and following this grand procession at a respectful distance.

The great ladies took their places on the velvet cushions placed for them by their slaves, with an air of authority and rebellion combined, as if to say, "Who is there here to constrain us?"

The chief judge adjusted her spectacles, and as she looked fixedly at the great ladies she asked, "Where is the slave-woman L'ore?"

The old dowager cast a malicious glance at the judge; but there was still the same silence, the same air of defiance of authority.

Round the open sala, or hall, was collected a ragged rabble of slave women and children, crouching in all sorts of attitudes and all sorts of cos-

tumes, but with eyes fixed on the chief judge in startled astonishment and wonder at her calm, unmovable countenance. Superciliousness and apparent contempt prevailed among the great ladies, yet in the midst of all the consciousness of an austere and august presence was evident; and not one of those slave-women, lowly, untaught, and half clad as they were, but felt that in the heart of that dark, stern woman before them there was as great a respect for the rights of the meanest among them as for those of the queen dowager herself.

The chief judge then read aloud in a clear voice the letter she had received from the king, and, when it was finished, the dowager and her daughter saluted the letter by prostrating themselves three times before it.

Then the judge inquired if the august ladies had aught to say why the slave-woman L'ore should not have been emancipated when she offered to pay the full price of her freedom.

The attention of all was excited to the highest degree; every eye was turned upon the queen dowager.

She spoke with difficulty, and answered with some embarrassment, but from head to foot her whole person defied the judge.

"And what if every slave in my service should bring me the price of her freedom?"

All eyes turned again to the judge, seated so calmly there on her little strip of matting; every ear was strained to catch her reply.

"Then, lady, thou wouldst be bound to free ever one of them."

"And serve myself?"

"Even so, my august mistress," said the judge, bowing low.

The dowager turned very pale and trembled slightly as the judge declared that L'ore was no longer the slave of the Chow Chom Manda Ung, but the property of the Crue Yai (royal teacher).

"Let her purchase-money be paid down," said the dowager, angrily, "and she is freed forever from my service."

The judge then turned to me, and said, "You are now the mistress of L'ore. I will have the papers made out. Bring hither the money, forty ticals, and all shall be settled."

I thanked the judge, bowed to the great ladies, who simply ignored my existence, and returned perfectly happy for once in my life to my home in Bangkok. Next day, after school, I presented myself at the court-house. Only three of the female judges were present, with some of the p'ha khooms (sheriffs). Khoon Thow App handed me the dekab, or free paper, and bade one of the p'ha khooms go with me to see the money paid and L'ore liberated.

Never did my feet move so swiftly as when I threaded once more the narrow alley, and my heart beat quickly as I pushed open the ponderous brass door.

There was L'ore chained as before. In the piazza sat the Princess P'ha Ong Brittry and her mother, surrounded by their sympathizing women.

The p'ha khoom was so timid and hesitating, that I advanced and laid the money before the great ladies.

The queen dowager dashed the money away and sent it rolling hither and thither on the pavement, but gave orders at the same time to release L'ore and let her go.

This was done by a female blacksmith, a dark, heavy, ponderous-looking woman, who filed the rivet asunder.

In the mean time a crowd had collected in this solitary place, chiefly ladies of the harem, with some few slaves.

So L'ore was free at last; but what was my amazement to find that she refused to move; she persistently folded her hands and remained prostrate before her royal persecutors as if rooted to the spot. I was troubled. I turned to consult the p'ha khoom, but she did not dare to advise me, when one of the ladies—a mother, with a babe in her arms—whispered in my ear, "They have taken away the child."

Alas ! I had forgotten the child.

The faces of the crowd were marked with sympathy and sadness ; they exchanged glances, and the same woman whispered to me, "Go back, go back, and demand to buy the child." I turned away sorrowfully, hastened to Khoon Thow App, and stated my case. She opened a box, drew out a dark roll, and set out with me.

The scene was just as I had left it. There sat the august ladies, holding small jewelled hand-mirrors, and creaming their lips with the most sublime air of indifference. L'ore still lay prostrate before them, her face hidden on the pavement. The crowd of women pressed anxiously in, and all eyes were strained towards the judge. She bowed before the ladies, opened the dark roll, and read the law: "If any woman have children during her bondage, they shall be slaves also, and she is bound to pay for their freedom as well as her own. The price of an infant in arms is one tical, and for every year of his or her life shall be paid one tical." This declaration in terms so precise appeared to produce a strong impression on the crowd, and none whatever on the royal ladies. Ever so many betel-boxes were opened, and the price of the child pressed upon me.

I took four ticals and laid them down before the ladies. The judge, seeing that nothing was done to bring the child to the prostrate mother, despatched one of the p'ha khooms for

the boy. In half an hour he was in his mother's arms. She did not start with surprise or joy, but turned up to heaven a face that was joy itself. Both mother and child bowed before the great ladies. Then L'ore made strenuous efforts to stand up and walk, and, failing, began to laugh at her own awkwardness, as she limped and hobbled along, borne away by the exulting crowd, headed by the judge. Even this did not diminish her happiness. With her face pressed close to her boy's, she continued to talk to herself and to him.

The keepers of the gates handed flowers to the boy, saying, "P'hoodh thö, dee chai nak nah, dee chai nak nah" (pitiful Buddha! we are very glad at heart, very, very glad).

The news had spread, and, before we reached the river, hosts of Malays, Mohammedans, and Siamese, with some few Chinese, had loosened their cumberbunds (scarfs) and converted them into flags.

Thus, with the many-colored flags flying, the men, women, and children running and shouting along the banks of the Mèinam, and spectators crowding into the fronts of their floating houses, L'ore and her boy sailed down the river and reached their home.

The next day her husband, Naikodah Ibrahim, refunded the money paid for his wife and child, whose name was changed from Thook (Sorrow) to Urbanâ (the Free).

Mrs. Leonowens.

PENN CALVIN.

SEARCH high and low, search up and down,
By light of stars or sun,
And of all the good folks of our town
There's like Penn Calvin none.
He lightly laughs when all condemn,
He smiles when others pray;
And what is sorest truth to them
To him is idle play.

"Penn Calvin, lift, as duty bids,
The load we all must bear!"
He only lifts his languid lids,
And says: "The morn is fair!"
"Learn while you may! for Life is stern,
And Art, alas! is long."
He hums and answers: "Yes, I learn
The cadence of a song."

"The world is dark with human woe;
Man eats of bitter food."
"The world," he says, "is all aglow
With beauty, bliss, and good!"
"To crush the senses you must strive,
The beast of flesh destroy!"
"God gave this body, all alive,
And every sense is joy!"

"Nay, these be heathen words we hear;
The faith they teach is flown,—
A mist that clings to temples drear
And altars overthrown."
"I reckon not how nor whence it came,"
He answers; "I possess:
If heathens felt and owned the same,
How bright was heathenness!"

"Though you be stubborn to believe,
Yet learn to grasp and hold:
There's power and honor to achieve,
And royal rule of gold!"
Penn Calvin plucked an open rose
And carolled to the sky:
"Shine, sun of Day, until its close,—
They live, and so do I!"

His eyes are clear as they were kissed
By some unrisen dawn;
Our grave and stern philanthropist
Looks sad, and passes on.
Our pastor scowls; the pious flock
Avert their heads, and flee;
For pestilence or earthquake-shock
Less dreadful seems than he.

But all the children round him cling,
Depraved as they were born;
And vicious men his praises sing,
Whom he forgets to warn.
Penn Calvin's strange indifference gives
Our folks a grievous care:
He's simply glad because he lives,
And glad the world is fair!

Bayard Taylor.

THE HASSLER GLACIER IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

WE had dipped our dredges in various ocean depths from the West Indies to the southernmost limits of the continent; we had examined the moraines of ancient glaciers and the craters of extinct volcanoes on Patagonian shores, and hunted guanacos and ostriches on the adjoining plains; we had roused the penguins and cormorants by hundreds in their breeding-places on the cliffs of Magdalena Island, and seen the sea-lions lying on the beaches below, and so through manifold adventures by flood and field had come at last on a fine day in March to be lying off Glacier Bay in the Straits of Magellan.

Glacier Bay has been reported by all explorers of the straits in the present century, from Fitzroy, King, and Darwin, down to the last English surveying expedition under Captain Mayne. It derives its name from an immense glacier (not, however, exceptionally large in this land of glaciers), which seems, as you see it from the main channel, to plunge sheer down into the waters of the bay. There being no good anchorage for vessels in its immediate proximity, we took a boat to row to the foot of this great ice sheet. In our absence, Captain Johnson proposed to make a reconnoissance in Notch Cove, an adjoining inlet, where he hoped to find harborage for the night.

Our boat party consisted of Mr. Agassiz, M. de Pourtales, Dr. Steindachner, Mr. Blake, Mr. Kennedy, Mrs. Johnson, and myself. We rowed to the head of the bay, the Professor pointing out, as we passed along, the modelling and furrowing of its rocky walls, showing everywhere the rounded knolls and ridges, called in Switzerland *roches moutonnées*. They mark the track of the glacier in past times, when it filled the bay and ploughed its way down to the entrance. This was by no means the first time that we had ob-

served them. Passing along the main channel of the straits, enclosed as it is between high rugged walls opening out on either hand into picturesque valleys which abut at their farther end against the loftier ranges of snow mountains, we had seen the same appearances. The sides of these valleys as well as the nearer cliffs in their lower portion, and sometimes, indeed, for their whole height, are *moutonné*, as the Swiss say of their Alpine surfaces; that is, the shoulders of the mountains are rounded as are all the inequalities on their lower slopes, forming sometimes long, softly swelling mounds, sometimes bulging knolls or protuberances, while above are the jagged peaks of the higher summits. In the Alps the action of the glaciers is going on in sight of all, and their immediate effects can be compared with the appearances produced by glaciers of past times in the same region. Even the ignorant Swiss peasant knows that his *roches moutonnées* have been produced by the masses of ice moving over the lower ridges of the mountains, while the upper peaks rising above the ice have not been subjected to any such contact, and therefore remain rough and abrupt. Here in the Straits of Magellan the aspect is the same. Looking up the lateral valleys or from base to summit of the nearer heights enclosing the channel, the softly moulded ridges and hummocks, the swelling shoulders, mounds, and knolls are exactly like those of the Alps, while the jagged peaks above stand out beyond the line of glacial action in the same strongly marked contrast. Indeed, upon comparing some of the plates from Mr. Agassiz's *Études sur les Glaciers* and *Système glaciaire*, taken in the Alps expressly to display this special feature, we have all agreed that the drawings might with very little change have been made in the Straits of Magellan. Upon reaching the beach at the head of the bay,

we found that the glacier did not come down to the water, as it had appeared to do from the ship, but that we were separated from it by a transverse belt of woods spanning the valley from side to side and growing, as we afterwards found, on an accumulation of ancient moraines.* A glacial river poured through this wood and emptied into the bay, the water having the milky color so peculiar in the glacial streams of Switzerland. There was no time to lose, and we plunged at once into the forest. Mr. Agassiz, M. de Pourtalès, Dr. Steindachner, and Mr. Blake followed the stream as the shorter path. Mrs. Johnson and myself with Mr. Kennedy took our way (not path, for path there was none) to the left of the river, where Mr. Kennedy thought he might cut a trail through the trees, and save us the fatigue of wading or fording. We had not gone many yards before we almost forgot the glacier to which we were bound, in the beauty of the forest. On first reading Darwin's delightful narrative of his journey through the Straits of Magellan, I was struck with his frequent use of the words "*dusky* forests"; the phrase took hold of my imagination as at once vague and yet expressive, as if some dim mystery hung about these pathless woods. Being here, I understand its meaning. Looking upon the forests from without as one sees them clothing the face of the country or rising from the shore upon the rugged hillsides, there is something sombre in their character. They lack the tremulous, lighter, more yellow greens which checker the deeper shades of the woods with us. They are, on the whole, darker in their general aspect; and near the shore, for some reason, perhaps on account of the prevalent winds, are apt to have blighted trees along their outer edge. But once within the forest, this impression disappears in great degree. I have never been more surprised than

* A moraine is the mass of loose materials, boulders, stones, pebbles, gravel, etc., collected along the sides, at the terminus, on the upper surface, or beneath the lower surface, of a glacier or of any moving sheet of ice.

to find that this belt of wood separating us from the glacier, touching the ice on one side, the sea on the other, and situated in a region esteemed so dreary and wintry, held nevertheless as luxuriant a vegetation in its depths as any forest I had ever seen. In saying this I do not except even the forests of the Amazons, though the trees were neither so lofty nor so various. They did not perhaps exceed in height those of the temperate zone, and were chiefly the evergreen beech and the antarctic beech. But every trunk, every branch, every fallen log, every stone, was cushioned in deep, velvety moss and lichens, and these again overgrown by delicate ferns. Flowers were abundant. The lovely pink blossoms of the *Phylesia*, the closer and darker red bells of the holly-leaved *Desfontainia*, the small, white clusters of the *Arbutus*, and the rich crimson berries of the *Peunetia*, were brought out in bright relief against a background of mossy tree-trunks and rocks, often disposed with a picturesque effect which seemed intentional. It was not easy to force one's way through this overgrown wood, soggy with moisture, knee-deep in a soft verdure delicious to the eye but treacherous to the foot. Our indefatigable friend Mr. Kennedy preceded us with an axe, and cleared the way before us with untiring strength and patience. Still a single arm cannot hew an easy path through a primitive forest. The most he could do was to make the impossible possible, or rather the impassable passable. We climbed over and under great fallen trees, fell into holes and clambered out of them, and often took to the bed of the stream, wading through it where we could do no better. Where the river was too deep for us and very swift, we crossed on a fallen trunk. It would have been a perilous bridge, wet, slippery, and moss-grown as it was, had not Mr. Kennedy cut a smaller tree stem to serve as a hand-rail, he holding an end on one bank of the stream while the ship carpenter steadied it on the opposite side, and we crept cautiously across, one at a time. After

about an hour of this walking we began to catch glimpses of the ice gleaming between the trees, and following the margin of the river, which assumed more and more the character of a cascade as we approached its source, we issued from the wood in front of an extensive wall of ice spanning the valley for its whole width, and broken at its terminus into numerous deep rifts, caves, and crevasses of that dark, transparent blue so well known to travellers in the ice caves of the Rosenlaui glacier.

I leave the reader to imagine, for it would be futile to describe, the feeling with which we found ourselves in face of this wonderful spectacle. A large glacier is always an impressive sight, but there was something in the loneliness of this one, so far removed from the haunts of men, rarely, if ever, visited before, that heightened the awe and admiration with which we looked upon it. The whole extent of the terminal wall is not seen at the spot where we came out from the forest. The glacier is about a mile in width, and near the centre the front wall makes an abrupt angle, so that the complete breadth is not presented at any one point of view. We found Mr. Agassiz, who had arrived half an hour before us, busily engaged in examining this end of the terminal wall, while his companions had followed the face of the glacier to its other extremity. We wandered about for a long time, enjoying the beauty of the scene and the fantastic forms assumed by the ice. We walked for a little distance up its surface; but as the glacier is very convex, the ascent is steep, and every step had to be cut with an axe, for the ice was smooth and shining as glass. The Swiss glaciers are usually broken and soiled at the terminus, and the surface so disintegrated towards the lower end that you can walk upon it as upon loose snow; but this was pure and spotless and hard as crystal to its very farthest extremity. We examined the many grottoes and niches cut into the face of the wall, and blue within as if they had bor-

rowed color from the deepest hues of sea and sky. We went into one of these caves. It was some thirty or forty feet high, about a hundred feet deep, and two or three yards wide at the entrance, while it narrowed at the farther end to a mere gallery a foot or two across. Here there was a circular window, quite symmetrical in form, pierced in the roof, through which you could see the sky and the clouds sweeping across.

While we were thus engaged, Mr. Kennedy remained with Mr. Agassiz, adjusting signals for the measurement of the movement of the glacier. There was not time enough on this occasion to determine the rate with accuracy, but the next day, when the working party returned for a more careful investigation, it was ascertained that the ice advanced during the middle of the day at the rate of two inches and a fraction in five hours. This would, no doubt, be less than its advance on a warm day in midsummer, in January or February for instance, which are the hot months here, and more than its advance in the late fall or winter. It is probably about double the rate of advance at the lower end of the glaciers. I may as well add here, the dimensions of the glacier and some details as to its structure, obtained on the second visit, when carefully systematized observations were made; the scientific corps then dividing into parties and pursuing their work independently. M. de Pourtalès and Dr. Steindachner, accompanied by Dr. Pitkin, United States surgeon on board the *Hassler*, followed the mountain to the left of the glacier, hoping to discover its source, but they could never reach a position from which its whole length could be seen.

It is, in truth, but one of a network of glaciers running back into a large *massif* of mountains, and fed by many a *névé* on their upper slopes. M. de Pourtalès estimated its length as far as he could see from any one point to be about three miles, beyond which it was lost in the higher range. Many lakes

of considerable size lie round it in various directions; he counted three or four. The depth as well as the length of this glacier remains somewhat problematical, and indeed all the estimates in so cursory a survey must be considered as approximations, rather than positive results. The glazed surface of the ice is an impediment to any examination from the upper side. It would be impossible to spring from brink to brink of a crevasse, as is so constantly done by explorers of Alpine glaciers, where the edges of the cracks are often snowy or granular. Here the edges of the crevasses are sharp and hard, and to spring across one of any size would be almost certain death. There is no hold for an Alpine-stock, no grappling-point for hands or feet. Any investigation from the upper surface side would therefore require special apparatus and much more time than we could give. Neither is an approach from the side very easy. The glacier arches so much in the centre, and slopes away so steeply, that when you are in the lateral depression between it and the mountain, you face an almost perpendicular wall of ice, which blocks your vision completely. M. de Pourtales measured one of the crevasses, in this wall, and found that it gave a depth of some seventy feet. From the remarkable convexity of the glacier, it can hardly be less in the centre than two or three times its thickness on the edges. Probably, however, none of these glaciers of the Straits of Magellan are so thick as those of Switzerland, though they are often much broader. The mountains are not so high, the valleys not so deep, as in the Alps; the ice is therefore not packed into such confined troughs. Indeed, the glaciers in this region often lie like broad fields of ice on open slopes of the mountains, or cap their summits in evenly rounded domes descending low upon their flanks. But while the general aspect differs in many respects from the Alpine glaciers, the action of the ice is the same. It has moulded its banks into the same

rounded and polished surfaces, and has left its tide-marks in the successive moraines marking the steps of its retreat.

On the second visit Mr. Agassiz reserved for himself the study of the bay, the ancient bed of the glacier in its former extension, accompanied by Captain Johnson, who is always ready to facilitate his researches by every means in his power. He passed the day in cruising about the bay in the steam launch, landing at any point he wished to investigate. His first care was to examine minutely the valley walls over which the glacier must have moved formerly. Every characteristic feature known in the Alps as the work of the glaciers was not only easily recognizable here, but as perfectly preserved as anywhere in Switzerland. The rounded knolls to which De Saussure first gave the name of *roches moutonnées* were smoothed, polished, scratched, and grooved in the direction of the ice movement, the marks running mostly from south to north, or nearly so. The scratches and furrows show by their general trend that they are continuous from one knoll to another. The furrows are of various dimensions, sometimes shallow and several inches broad, sometimes narrow with more defined limits gradually passing to mere lines on a very smoothly polished surface. Even the curious excavations scooped out of the even surfaces technically called *coups de gouge* are not wanting. Sometimes the seams of harder rock stood out for a quarter of an inch or so above, adjoining decomposed surfaces; in such instances the dike alone retained the glacial marks which had been worn away from the softer rock. In short, the whole story is identical here with that of glacial action in the Alps or in the more northern parts of Europe. Even did these ice-worn surfaces not exist, the distribution of loose materials along the sides of the valley and the remains of old moraines would show, independently of all other signs, that the glacier had once extended far beyond its present limits.

The moraines were admirably well preserved and numerous. Mr. Agassiz examined with especial care one colossal lateral moraine, standing about two miles below the present terminus of the ice, and five hundred feet above the sea level. It consisted of the same rock as those found in the present terminal moraine, part of them being rounded and worn, while large angular boulders rest above the smaller materials. This moraine forms a dam across a trough in the valley wall, and holds back the waters of a beautiful lake about a thousand feet in length and five hundred in width, shutting it in just as the Lake of Merrill in Switzerland is shut into its basin by the glacier of Aletsch. There are erratics some two or three hundred feet above this great moraine, showing that the glacier must have been more than five hundred feet thick when it left these loose materials at such a height. It then united, however, with a large glacier more to the west. Its greatest thickness as an independent glacier is no doubt marked, not by the boulders lying higher up, but by the large moraine which shuts in the lake. The direct connection of this moraine with the glacier in its former extension is still further shown by two other moraines on lower levels and less perfect, but bearing the same relation to the present terminus of the ice. The lower of these is only one hundred and fifty feet above the actual level of the glacier. These three moraines occur on the western slope of the bay. The eastern slope is more broken, and while the rounded knolls are quite as distinct and characteristic, the erratics are more loosely scattered over the surface. In mineralogical character, however, they agree with those at the present terminus of the glacier, and with those on the western wall of the bay. Upon the summits of small islands at the entrance of the bay there are some remnants of terminal moraines formed by the glacier when it reached the main channel, that is, when it was some three miles longer than now.

While Mr. Agassiz was studying the ancient glacier, and M. de Pourtalès was measuring the present one, Dr. Hill and Dr. White were photographing certain points of the internal structure of the ice and of its action upon surrounding surfaces; and Mr. Perry, one of the officers, with the assistance of the signals, adjusted on the previous day by Mr. Kennedy, ascertained the rate of actual movement.

The general progression of the glacier and its oscillations of advance and retreat within certain limits, are plainly shown by the successive moraines heaped up in advance of the present terminal wall. The central motion here, as in all the Swiss glaciers, is greater than the lateral, the ice being pushed forward in the middle faster than on the margins. But there would seem to be more than one axis of progression in this broad mass of ice; for though the centre is in advance of the rest, the terminal wall does not present one crescent-shaped face, but forms a number of more or less protruding angles or folds. A few feet in front of this wall is a ridge of loose materials, stones, pebbles, and boulders, repeating exactly the outline of the ice where it now stands; a few feet in advance of this is again another ridge precisely like it; a few feet beyond, another; and so on for four or five concentric zigzag crescent-shaped moraines, followed by two others more or less marked, till they fade into the larger morainic mass upon which stands the belt of woods we had crossed in order to reach the glacier. There are eight distinct moraines between the glacier and the belt of woods separating it from the beach. The belt of woods again rests, as Mr. Agassiz ascertained by examination, upon four concentric moraines.

On the spot it is easy to understand the process by which these moraines have been formed. Stooping down in any of the open rifts or caves in the ice, you can look between its lower surface and the ground and see the mass of materials, of all sorts and sizes,

carried along under the glacier and pushed forward by it. Thus shoved onward they are crowded up into a ridge, which is left when the melting ice retreats after a hot summer, lying on the ground and retaining exactly the outline received from the glacier itself. Wherever the motion has been most rapid, the morainic material has been driven outward; wherever it has been retarded, the morainic material has been delayed also. It has, in short, advanced just so far, and no farther, than the ice itself. Thus the moraines, until time and the gradual growth of vegetation upon them have remodelled them, represent the outline of the glacier by which they were built. From their appearance Mr. Agassiz thought that the moraines immediately in front of the glacier marked its oscillation within a comparatively short period. They are entirely destitute of vegetation. In advance of them is one both higher and broader than the rest, which must be considerably older, since mosses, lichens, and a few other plants are scattered over it. This moraine leans against trees, which are all blighted and bent toward the valley below, the whole green forest being bordered by a row of dead trees brought out in grim relief against the verdure behind. It is plain that the glacier has ploughed into the forest, loosening and half uprooting the trees along its margin, and this at a period not very remote, for the dead trees are not yet altogether rotten and decayed. A little lower down, separated by a small pool from the barren moraines, the fresh forest covers the whole ground. That this also, so far as it fills the bed of the valley, grows upon morainic accumulation is seen, not only by the mass of loose stones and boulders forming the floor of the forest and bound together by overgrowth of moss and a verdant soil, but also from the cuts made by the river, the banks of which are wholly morainic.

In the presence of the glacier you cease to wonder at the effects produced by so powerful an agent. This sheet

of ice in its present extension is, as we have seen, about a mile in width, several miles in length, and at least some two hundred feet in depth. Moving forward as it does ceaselessly, and armed below with a gigantic file consisting of stones, pebbles, and gravel firmly set in the ice, who can wonder that it should grind, furrow, round, and polish the surfaces over which it slowly drags its huge weight, fitting itself with anaconda-like flexibility to every inequality of the soil! At once destroyer and fertilizer, it uproots and blights hundreds of trees in its progress, yet feeds a forest at its foot with countless streams; it grinds the rocks to powder in its merciless mill, and then sends them down a fructifying soil to the valleys below. After we had wandered about till we were tired, the sailors, most of whom had by this time found their way up from the beach, built a fire on the moraine, near which Mrs. Johnson and I were glad to sit down and dry our feet, while we waited for the gentlemen to finish their work. We were beginning to discover that we were hungry, for the picturesque will not, after all, feed the carnal man or woman. We were making a mutual confession on this point, when we heard a shout from the woods, and saw the Captain, with several of the ship's company, issuing from the trees, followed by two men carrying a lunch-basket. By this time the other party had returned from the eastern end of the terminal wall, bringing a report that it was even more beautiful there, the ice being cut into very striking peaks and towers and other jagged, picturesque forms, while below were arches and caves pierced by windows. Mr. Agassiz had already gone on in this direction, but we had no time to follow him, even had our strength been equal to it. The Captain brought news that the Hassler could not safely cross the bar into Notch Cove, where he had hoped to anchor, and that we must return promptly in order to reach Playa Parda Cove, the nearest harbor, before nightfall. All stragglers were there-

fore recalled, and after a short rest, while we lunched around our fire, now a comfortable crackling blaze, we bade good by to the great, beautiful ice-sheet, and betook ourselves to the woods once more. Somewhat assisted by the tracks of the various parties who had followed each other through this labyrinth in the course of the day, we reached the beach in less time than we had spent in going to the glacier. The boat was pushed up into the little glacial river, and taking a parting draught from the icy cold water, which freshens the bay for a long distance, we stepped in and were off. Returning on board we dined gayly, not forgetting to christen the glacier in a glass of champagne. At Mr. Agassiz's suggestion it was called the "Hassler"

glacier, in memory of the United States Coast Survey and of the vessel in which our trip was made. Two hours later we were quietly anchored in Playa Parda Cove. This beautiful little harbor is formed by a deep narrow slit, cut into the mountains on the northern side of the straits, and widening out at its farther end into a kind of pocket or basin, sunk so deep between rocky walls that it seems like a sheltered lake. At ten o'clock at night I went on deck; there was not a cloud in the sky, and it was brilliant moonlight. Looking toward the opening of the cove, a snow mountain lay dim and pale like a white dream in the distance; around us rose dark rugged walls of rock, and the water, still as glass, held it all as in a picture.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

THE CHAUVINISME OF THE FRENCH.

THE democratic spirit of the French people is unique in its fierceness and its indiscipline. It is so deeply implanted in the popular heart, that ages of despotism would not uproot it; and at the same time it shows itself in ways which are almost brutal in their rudeness. The brown-fisted *ouvrier* crowds against the elegance of the fop with a self-assertion that makes one shudder. In all public places he is equal to a prince; and one is often tempted to believe that he thrusts himself forward in order to teach the select few a rude lesson in humility. At Paris, in the lowest haunts of Belleville, the stranger will be treated with great politeness; the men will uncover their shaggy heads and the women will salute. But neither men nor women will leave you in doubt whether their advances are only courtesies, and whether they know their equality before the law. They are generally civil, but always just. The French 'funky acts his part so long as he is paid his salary; but the

day after his discharge he meets his old master with head erect and the independent air of a freeman.

I do not complain of the democratic brusqueness of the French working-man. It is on the whole rather an admirable quality. It is the manifestation of the spirit of 1789, of 1848, and of that firm popular resolution which was so skilfully courted by the government of Louis Napoleon. Moreover, the *ouvrier* though cruel is as brave as a lion. If he sends a queen to the guillotine, he storms the Bastille. If he tears down the monuments of Paris, he dies in the trenches before the foe. If he too often overlooks the mercy of charity, he seldom forgets the mercy of justice. He has a long memory, and seizes the hour of revenge with fierce exultation; but he loves his class better than himself, and the state better than either. He goes out to the fight as cheerfully as he goes out to his work, singing the airs of France, and glowing with hope, courage, and joy.

In many of his qualities the *ouvrier* may well be compared to the professor who lectures at the Sorbonne or the College of France. Indeed he has very many points of superiority. He is more steady in his habits of mind, he is more manly; and when difference of education is taken into view, he can reason more closely and logically. The model French scholar is a very peculiar character, often endowed with a rare erudition, and with the happy gift of clear and effective style, but he dilutes these merits with a vanity more than childish, and a peevishness absolutely absurd. The late war threw half the professors in France off their mental balance. One has only to drop in at a popular lecture in the Latin Quarter to hear men of superb abilities ruin their effectiveness by the way in which they mix politics and passion with what ought to be graver scholastic dissertations. Even men like Cousin and Guizot were never able to rise to that serene intellectual atmosphere which has given German scholarship such a just renown.

The mode of thought among the best educated Frenchmen is strictly in harmony with their nature. If there is one branch which the French conspicuously ignore, as well in their studies as in their practice, it is that of logic. They are much commended for the swiftness with which they leap to conclusions; but the swiftness is attained by contempt for intellectual processes, and often for truth itself. They reason from general propositions to specific facts. Take the case even of Montesquieu. In him the general truth usually precedes the particular examples; induction is quite ignored; and reduction is made from propositions which are false or have not been established. The division of powers is conducive to the welfare of a government; the ancient republics did not understand the division of powers; therefore they fell; this is the usual form of Montesquieu's arguments. The fallacy in this syllogism is obvious; and it would be just as obvious if the main proposi-

tion or all the propositions were true. But it is a characteristic piece of French logic. It shows fairly that peculiar mental defect which is often called acuteness, but which is really an incapacity for close consecutive thinking. It is this inherent, national illogicality which in matters of patriotic interest produces in the French people the condition of mind known as *chauvinisme*. The word itself is peculiar. It is not found in the older and smaller dictionaries; but if it wants the authority of elegance, it has the venial emphasis of slang. The chauvinisme of the French differs from the vanity of other peoples, not so much in kind as in depth and extent; but in these two points of comparison the difference is immense. The bombast of the Yankee is often extravagant, but it is good-natured and does not offend. One laughs, of course, at the itinerant Briton's failure to find anything quite equal to "that thoroughly English love of respectability." Every one knows the pugnacity with which the German will defend the fatherland. But these are masculine virtues by the side of that spiteful, puerile, and absurd vanity, which patriotism seems to exact of the French citizen, and which seems to glow most fiercely in the most ingenious minds. Victor Hugo is the worst victim of this sentiment, if his chauvinisme may be dignified by the name of a sentiment. There are two theories about the great poet's rhapsodies, the one ascribing them to a species of real insanity, the other treating them as cheap bids for notoriety. The one accuses his reason, the other his honesty, and the reader may choose between them. It is certain, however, that French chauvinisme is in general neither a trick nor a mania, except in the sense in which any marked national passion may be regarded as a willing or unwilling perversion of the mind. The French do not reason out all of their startling conceits, much less do they hold them insincerely. They thoroughly believe that France is the greatest nation in the world; that she stands

at the head of civilization ; that she has produced the greatest men in every department of life ; that she alone has a language, a literature, and an art ; that her soldiers are the best in the world, and in the late war were defeated only by treachery. I speak of the prevailing tone of thought in the French press, French literature, and French society, but without overlooking cases of rare and outspoken candor. It will be observed that here is nothing which a warm-hearted patriot might not believe, and yet retain his reason. To have a generous belief in the greatness of one's country is not chauvinisme. It is the character of the latter quality to be wildly extravagant, to be fretful and childish and silly, to resent a doubt as an insult, and to offend by its very frankness. These are some of the features of that national tendency which meet one at every point of contact with the French. Sometimes it amuses by its absurdity, sometimes it offends by its intolerance, sometimes it amazes by its extravagance, but always it is a serious evil from which the French themselves are the worst sufferers. It is superior only to that cold sceptical prudence, which degrades patriotism by robbing it of all its spontaneity. A fierce, popular egotism is not the best bulwark of a state ; but it is at least as admirable as that affectation of candor which always throws the burden of proof on one's own country, and is patriotic only on second thought.

This irrational spirit of chauvinisme is the cause of two grand defects — the one moral, the other temperamental — in French character. The first is wide-spread and is confined to no class ; but it need be here considered only as it appears in those minds which culture ought to lift above the petty tricks of national vanity. The most serious charge which can be brought against a scholar is that of dishonesty. *Noblesse oblige* is a maxim which the French themselves have given us ; and of all species of nobility there is none so high in itself, and

none which prescribes so high a standard of duty, as the nobility of scholarship. Now in what concerns the mere form of literary art, or the practical basis of culture, the wise men of France are equal to their brethren of any country. But when a higher test is applied, when there is question of that spiritual refinement, of which mental discipline ought to be at once the cause and the companion, when one looks for that intellectual integrity without which the profoundest learning is a sham and an evil, one turns away with the conviction that French scholars, with all their brilliant qualities, are lamentably wanting in a sense of their professional responsibility. Junius advises those who want sound maxims in the science of law to study Mr. Justice Blackstone's book, and those who want virtuous examples in the profession of law *not* to follow Mr. Justice Blackstone's practices. The same unfortunate distinction must be made in the case of a great many leading French writers. On topics purely scholastic and neutral, French literature adds the charms of a clear style and a fair erudition to an impartiality which has no motive to waver. Indeed the history of other countries has been treated by men like Guizot and Thierry with as much fairness as ability. But what student of the Napoleonic wars would rely on Thiers's glowing epic ? How many Frenchmen know that the English took part in the Crimean war ? Who can think without a smile of the future French historian of Bismarck, or of the late war ? The treatment of such subjects by a partisan is often, and perhaps pardonably, marked by a bias which the reader ascribes to errors of judgment or want of discipline ; but deliberate mutilation of the facts of history is an offence which may be too often brought home by irresistible proof to the first writers of France. They are good partisans but poor patriots.

It has been my fortune to spend some time amid the wrecks of French society, and to study with a sympathetic

eye the struggle for regeneration. I have seen a brave people bear without a murmur the burdens of taxation, and clamor for more that the day of deliverance might be hastened. I have seen a people demand almost with one voice a system of education which should be obligatory and universal. I have seen strong men shed tears over the faults of their country. But seldom in the history of national crises has the one class which ought to set the example of a dignified candor and a loyal energy — the scholars, the authors, the thinkers — shown itself so far below the occasion and its duties. To say that they have been active is to pay them a sorry compliment. They have studied the problem, and have filled the libraries with their solutions; but their incapacity is almost as marked as that at Sedan. They have even done but little to diffuse a more healthy public sentiment. Nothing is more evident than that the France of to-day needs the probe and lancet of the surgeon rather than the soothing potions of the nurse. She needs remedies and not excuses, the counsel of courage and not the flattery of weakness, the caustic severity of truth and not palliating doses of fiction. But this truth, obvious as it is, seems not to have entered the consciousness of the French thinker; or, if it has entered, it is guarded as a dangerous secret. Accordingly the books which have treated the misfortunes of France are full of flattery on the one side and falsehood on the other; they are shallow, superficial, and illogical. Most of them give too much credit to mere political forms, and too little to the graver social evils. They are timid in the statement of truths which reflect on the French, and bold only in the fabrication of libels upon the Germans. This manner of treatment too is not confined to those who use the pen. At the oldest and greatest French university I have heard grave professors make statements which I knew to be false, which they knew to be false, and which their auditors knew to be false. These men are honored with the high-

est social and professional positions, and as the chosen instructors of the youth of France wield a power which affects both the character of the French and the destinies of France. What admirable examples of integrity they set before the rising generation! Instead of the calm dignity which can bear misfortune, they show the fretful anger of a disappointed child; instead of severe deductions from the facts of defeat, they coin excuses which are insufficient or false; instead of courage, honesty, and logic, they bring to the treatment of the great problem nothing but egoism, shallowness, ill-temper, and mendacity.

If the spirit of French chauvinisme corrupts the integrity of the few, it takes a most pernicious direction in the many. The glory of France has been largely won by her soldiers, and from this fact the untrained logicians easily draw the inference that military glory is the only true glory. This gives a martial tone to the whole nation. At the same time the military spirit in France is feudal or mediæval rather than modern. It delights in the dashing and the brilliant, rather than those more solid achievements which are the work of patience, time, and heavy battalions. The impetuous skill which made Napoleon master of Europe is the highest quality of the French soldier, while the dull method of Moltke's legions is held to be vulgar and unchivalrous. Hence the French can bear defeat with great difficulty, while they are rather fond of the *éclat* of successful campaigns. They love to read bulletins from their victorious armies, and to study the long roll of battles on the Arc de Triomphe. Peasants who never heard of Voltaire or Bossuet, and look with mute amazement on the literary record of their country, can describe with exact fidelity the wars of the first Republic, or the campaign in Italy. An original soldierly spirit has been fostered by unwise teachers, so that it seems to predominate throughout French life. The Emperor's declaration that the Empire meant peace was popular with the French, not be-

cause it insured them against war, but because it seemed to insure them against defeat. But the Emperor soon saw that he could not support an effective army on a peace establishment. Rome, Algeria, Mexico, were so many training fields for his soldiers, but even with the principle of rotation he could not keep up their discipline. They terrified the *gamins* of Belleville, and made brilliant conquests among the servant-girls of the Faubourg St. Germain; but one rude week of service against the Prussians taught them more than years of preliminary drill. The French nature resists discipline. When a whole nation would rise against a united continent, as France rose against Europe, the history of 1789 must be studied and followed. But when science takes the place of *élan*, when mechanical training supersedes a reckless daring, a methodical people like the Germans have a vast advantage over their gallant foes, and are pretty sure to win. The French passion for military glory is a great evil; but a military spirit which despises the drill-master is false to itself.

On the other hand, this very elasticity of the French is perhaps the cause of a warm national generosity which is not possessed in the same degree by any other people in Europe, except the Irish. They who are fond of such speculations may perhaps find that generosity is a trait of the Celtic character. Be that as it may, no one can study the history and the nature of the French without seeing that they are a people of warm sympathies and chivalrous impulses, — qualities which are in harmony with the national pride, but not often with the national interests. French writers themselves lay much stress on this fact. In contrast with the apparent ingratitude of those European states which calmly saw France crushed under the heel of Germany, these writers cite the sympathy and soldiers which France gave to Italian unity, her friendship for Poland, her defence of English interests in the

Crimea, her championship of the Pope, and more particular outbursts of a warm and uncalculating generosity. These souvenirs come with bad taste from French pens, but they are drawn from truth. Individually the French count their moral resources with admirable care; and as a nation their vision is narrow and often oblique. But they are warm-hearted and impressionable, and can make the most superb demonstrations of unselfish passion.

I have suggested that the want of discipline in the French people is a cause or condition of their impulsive sentiments. The suggestion may well be pushed further. It may be doubted whether generosity is a reflective passion at all, especially the generosity of a whole people, and whether it does not spring more often from qualities which the art of government is obliged to deplore. The two most sympathetic peoples in Europe are the French and the Irish, and they are the two peoples in whose political life judgment and reason play the smallest part. The English and the Germans, with many noble qualities which the French do not possess, show in this particular the cold, prudent, Teutonic spirit of selfishness. Who ever saw the English stirred by a high impulse of popular generosity? Who can find a single relenting moment of tenderness in the fifty years that Germany gave to the patient "study of revenge"? I wish to avoid sentimentality. A wise selfishness is still one of the first of national virtues; and the plaintive parallels drawn by Frenchmen who know no weapon but the pen are almost too silly for contempt. But even in this cynical age the liberal virtues ought not to be despised. It ought to be remembered that those swelling sentiments of chivalry, which have been extinguished except among the French, were honorable and victorious in an age when war was a pastime and not a profession, and when nature rather than education made the soldier.

Herbert Tuttle.

A MODERN RELIGIOUS PAINTER.

IN the church of Saint-Germain des Prés, the oldest church in Paris, situated in the Rue Bonaparte, now a dense quarter of the most poetical part of the city, Flandrin has painted his frescos illustrative of the Old and New Testament. This church, to which artists and pietists wend their way, is the sacred jewel of the Catholic religion in France. Thanks to its ancient origin and Flandrin's art, it is more beautiful than the intense and florid Sainte-Chapelle, or the costly Saint-Denis. It shows its Roman origin; it is a work that antedates the Gothic; looking at it you behold the church architecture of France in the eleventh century. It is Norman-Roman, that is to say, a simple and grave structure, with a tower, characterized by the Roman column and early Gothic capital, full of grotesque and quaint carvings. The interior decoration, which is modern, gives lustre and beauty to it; the frescos make the Bible stories pictorially intelligible and persuasive to all but the blind. You enter, perhaps, at twelve o'clock. The gray and plain front, the dust-covered, time-eaten colonettes of the great door, scarcely attract your attention, and you have no expectation of anything rarely beautiful and uncommon. But the moment you pass the great door, you behold the most unique and celestial looking interior of any church in Paris. The color chants to the eye! As the old stained windows of cathedrals sing, these walls chant. The weight of human sadness and the soberness of sorrow is in the sense of the color as in the chant of male voices. A combination of all low, rich, and solemnly subdued tones, in the flat-tinted decoration of the walls and columns, makes this impression upon you. The gamut of color begins with low, strong, earthly red, and mounts up to the deep nocturnal blue of the ceiling, star-sprin-

kled; and on column and wall lines of pale, pure green and gold and gray are mingled with masses of red, black, and ochorous flat tints. While you look upon this novel interior, the soft, plaintive voice of the almost humanized bells strikes the fleeting hours. Amid the dying sounds chimed over your head, the processioned-step of pious nun or prayerful priest about you, by the chant of male voices in far-off chapel, struck into reverence by all revered things, — sacred vessels, the bent figures of silent old women, and memorial-stones half obliterated, — you seem to have passed out of the world and entered a probationary and preparatory temple to have your material and worldly mind attuned to all subdued and spiritual things.

Along the side of the nave just above the Roman arches, under the Gothic vault, you see the frescos of Flandrin, in flat and pale colors, in firm and pure lines, in simple and large forms, making a place like an illuminated margin to a beautiful book of religious sentiment. Here are all the episodes of Bible history, all the grand and beautiful figures such as a devout, spiritual, reverent, and reserved mind imagines them to be. Beside these designs Doré's illustrations of the Bible are the bold and brutal exaggerations of a genius sunk in low, childish, and physical things.

Flandrin's most remarkable works are the two large frescos on each side of the choir. High over the altar, almost in the centre of the church, seen against a gold-checked background, you behold Christ seated on a white ass. He is in the midst of a procession of men and women bearing palms, who express a holy and restrained joy. In front of Christ, at the gates of the city, men and women of Jerusalem, with uplifted arms, garlands of flowers, and expectant, gravely glad faces, wel-

come the august and placid Master. To me this is the one supreme picture of modern religious art. The Divine Master sits peacefully upon the ass, a benignant and serene man, lonely in the midst of friends, the companion of all, but familiar with none. The crowd, unlike a vulgar crowd, raise their hands and heads in a decorous and dignified manner. In Flandrin's work everything is separated from the domain of the common; it is separated as his arbitrary but logical faith separated the events and characters of the Bible from every-day and natural things. Flandrin's art is ideal, as his faith was ideal, and, to both alike, realism would be destructive.

The crowd, we repeat, is unlike a vulgar crowd. The folks express a holy joy not the tumult and gladness with which a conqueror was greeted at the gates of ancient cities. Everything about the work is reasoned and restrained; yet it has a lyric depth of emotion, a lyric fervor in its studied and simple composition. If you could care more for the artistic traits of such a work than for its spiritual meaning, I should call your attention to the noble shapes, the sure and firm lines, the classic symmetry of form, the thorough, yet unpedantic knowledge of the human figure, the remarkable dignity and grace of the draperies. The draperies are exceptionally fine; they have the beauty of Greek sculpture. I should ask you to observe the systematic and consistent use of color, and all that makes a perfect, but not dazzling expression of such a theme. It is a grave and beautiful work.

Flandrin's use of color is that of a man conscious of his limitations as a colorist. But he understood the intellectual sense of color. Yet like Scheffer, the clay of the soil, rather than the tint of flowers and the azure of the sky, ran through all his combinations. It is as if his spiritual sense was clouded in this direction, and he never knew the pure song, the gladness and exultation of vivid and intense colors; all *that* would have been

destructive to the renouncing and morbid spirit, the restraining piety, with which his serene but unexultant soul pleased itself. He had not the natural or artistic sense of color. You see that in his masses, in his flat tints, he was simply judicious, merely taking his work out of black and white. A great sense of color or of tone is not consistent with common theology or the meditations of the ascetic or pious mind. It belongs to joyous, strong men, who are content with this fair, natural inheritance of the world. Flandrin was not such a man, but a timid, pensive, aspiring man. Correctness and symmetry of form was the main article of his art-creed. His drawing was pure and correct, like Ingres's; his system of color logical and consistent, never once unexpected and magic in its results.

Flandrin, by dint of study and meditation, got outside of the real world with its glory and its shame, and devoted himself to express in a pictorial and studied form the precious and beautiful subjects of the Bible. He was more exclusively a religious painter than Ary Scheffer, for he was not embarrassed by anything modern and romantic. Passion had not clouded and moral suffering had not deepened his spiritual sense, as in Scheffer's case. By pure piety he attained spiritual clearness and spiritual depth. Without a great imagination, but with an inventive faculty disciplined by the study of classic and Roman art, and with a great knowledge of the expression of the human face, he was enabled to produce a series of works of great variety of design, not one showing any accidental beauty or chance felicity, but all alike the result of thoughtful consideration, all alike judiciously worked out. If ever a painter was born to express sincerely and beautifully a logical and arbitrary faith, if ever a man was penetrated with the truth of the expressive and far-reaching Hebraic fables, it was Hippolyte Flandrin.

Like a cloistered monk, but admitted

to more universal studies, he fervidly felt, as, with the hand of a master, he illustrated, the stories he believed. It is worthy of remark that, in his treatment of Adam and Eve, he keeps his hands pure from the sensual and pagan beauty which other painters would have illustrated in the painting of two nude figures; it is worthy of remark how habitual is the dignity and purity of his sentiment. Whether I look at the serene majesty of his fresco of "Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem," or at the dark and fatal "Procession to the Cross," at the "Birth of Jesus," or at "Moses," I am alike struck with the expressive and admirable form of his art, the gentle and persuasive temper of the painter, the pure and fervid piety of his sentiment. A man going from the feverish and fatal life of Paris to Flandrin's frescos in Saint-Germain des Prés, must be deeply moved and chastely admonished, as by the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, for he looks upon the artistic and pure illustration of its temper and faith. Given the stand-point of a devout Catholic, and Flandrin's pictures seem instinct with the tenderness, pathos, and solicitude of the Redeemer. The condescension and humility of a god are painted. The tenderness, the mute reproach of the suffering of a blameless man, all the ecstatic and oft-memorialized events of the life of Christ, as felt and understood by a pious soul, and are there to move you to tears.

In the fresco of the "Last Supper," the figure of Judas is presented in a very original shape. It is imagined as the simple and unworldly imagine it; it is a remarkable example of dramatic force and suggestion. Judas sits with his back to the spectator. *His face is not visible*, but the character of the man is as manifest as if the hand of Leonardo da Vinci had painted his visage turned full upon you in all its envious and malignant enormity of sin. "Ignoble and base," you say, as you look at the back of Judas. By exaggerating the backbone, articulating it through the drapery and arching it as in the dragon

form, Flandrin has made a strangely wicked-looking Judas. It is perfectly effective, and the exaggeration is done with so much artistic refinement, that you are compelled to admire it. Realism would never tolerate such portraiture, much less believe it.

Judas probably had the face of a politician. Being devoid of any spiritual sense, when he saw that Christ's kingdom was not of this world, and had no fat office, knowing the finances were low, he concluded to dispose of his "knowledge of persons" to a legitimate and powerful party! He betrayed his master and friend. The thing is often done, and by men without the dragon-back of Flandrin's Judas, which does very well as a physical deformity to express the moral monstrosity of the prudent disciple.

In the fresco of the "Birth of Christ" Flandrin has attained to something of Raphael's grace and beauty of design, Raphael's tender and womanly types, Raphael's perfect composition. The face of the Virgin mother shines luminous and sweet, over the cradle of the child, rapt, embracing, adoring, — assuredly one of the most lovely creations of modern art. In this work, as in most of Flandrin's productions, you remark that he has accepted all the traditional types and forms of which Raphael and Cimabue are the originators; by his personal force he has vitalized them and lifted them out of the domain of academic art.

Flandrin did for the Christian traditions and types what Ingres did for classic traditions and types, that is, he illustrated them with the science of a thorough artist; to Scheffer's sentiment he added Ingres's mastery of design and form. Flandrin's Christ strikes me as more justly conceived than Scheffer's. It is the Christ of the beloved disciple. In his designs illustrative of the Old Testament, Flandrin never is more than dignified, or grand after the fashion of academic grandeur. His Moses and Jehovah are fine senatorial figures. The figure of Job is the most realistic work of all. But Flan-

drin's mind and sentiment were foreign to the rude and barbaric grandeur of the Hebrew stories. Yet by pure force of study and intellect he reached a very noble pictorial expression of many of the events of the Old Testament. Moses and the children of Israel led by the column of smoke by day, and Moses on the shore of the Red Sea, are very grand, though not grand in the way that Michael Angelo's work is grand. You must respect the frescos illustrative of the Old Testament, you must be deeply moved by the beauty and piety of the designs of the New.

How intelligent is art patronage in France you may infer from the fact that the decoration of the church of Saint-Germain des Prés was given exclusively to a painter like Flandrin. By giving the whole church into the hands of one painter, and one so distinguished by his piety and ability as Flandrin was, the French Catholics have avoided the mixed and often incongruous character of ordinary church decoration. The frescos of Saint Germain des Prés make a harmonious impression: they are the emanation of one genius, not of many. The variety and completeness of the decoration, the expressive and unique arrangement of the pictures, the beautiful use of gold as in the specimens of Byzantine art, make it the most strange and attractive church in Paris. An hour spent in it would give you a most vivid appreciation of the grand and beautiful types of Judaism and Christianity. You could please your eye with a classic illustration of the sacred stories of your faith. The noble, radiant, and sad figures of prophets, priests, and kings; the august figure of Christ; the adoring and lovely Virgin, — such an array of figures evoke ideas that had no existence among the carved and painted gods and goddesses of Greece. The pale and patient Jesus seems more mighty than the calm and beautiful Olympian god. Flandrin has done more than make pictures of virgins and saints; he has illustrated the whole Christian mythology, and given

it an epic being in the painters' world. It is no longer a Madonna here, a Saviour there, an apostolic group here, a prophet there; but, brought under one roof, bound together in a harmonious *ensemble*, the whole procession of Biblical events is placed visibly before us with the science of a thorough artist and the sincerity of a truly believing mind.

Flandrin was celebrated as a portrait-painter, the peer of Ingres, but for him unrivalled in that department of art. His portrait of *Napoléon Législateur* is one of the most remarkable examples of modern portait-painting. Flandrin also decorated the church of Saint-Vincent de Paul, and made thirty-six decorative figures for the château of the Duc de Luynes, at Dampierre. He was a native of Lyons, born in 1809; at Paris, he was the favorite pupil of Ingres, whose example he closely followed; he was less vigorous but more tender, less in his sense of beauty, but a better composer, and having more invention; he made works that are individual and complete, with all the charm that art can have without opulence of color and splendor of imagination. Flandrin's letters are said to express the piety and sweetness which please us in Eugénie de Guérin's. His life was withdrawn from all vulgar and exciting things; he was devoted to the ideal, and he habitually contemplated exalted and spiritual things. He has peopled the walls of churches with grand and benign figures, and he seems to have shared the experience of the saints that he painted. He was a great religious artist; he has done for the moral and spiritual side of the life of man what the Greek sculptors and Italian masters did for the physical and sensual side of the life of man. He was an idealist and an artist, as distinguished from a realist and a naturalistic painter. In his portraits only he adopted the realistic manner and painted with an intense and thorough purpose, following the example of Leonardo da Vinci and Ingres. But in his religious subjects everything is lifted out of the domain of realistic art, and, in color, even out of natural-

istic art. Not one of his frescos represents the natural colors of natural things. It is true that he makes sky blue, and ground ochre gray, and trees green; but the pitch of color is determined by his own arbitrary will. Not once does he try to get the quality or texture or tone of nature, which all the great colorists have tried to get. A shallow critic writing for an ignorant public could plausibly depreciate Flan-drin in view of this fact; but in France,

art and its correspondence with nature is so well understood that no one has had the effrontery to exclude him from the list of great artists because he had an arbitrary and unnatural but expressive system of color. Hippolyte Flan-drin will always hold a supreme place among great religious artists, because of his mastery of expression, of composition, of form, and because of the unfailing dignity, sincerity, and elevation of his sentiment.

Eugene Benson.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

GRADUALLY, but pretty surely, the whole varied field of American life is coming into view in American fiction; not the life of this moment, but that of half a score of years ago, or a generation or two generations since; and though we should like best to have the very present reproduced, we are grateful for what is done, and recognize the value of each sincere performance. Mr. Flagg's romance is the more welcome because it deals with scenes and people hitherto little known or not known to fiction, and which have something fresh and native in them. They are studied in a sufficiently realistic spirit, and yet there is a glamour of romance over all which gives the book a character and charm of its own, and with which the realism does not discord. Briefly, it is the story of a wild country boy in Southern Ohio, who goes out with the family rifle to have a shot at Morgan's men on their raid in 1863, and who finds among the spoil of the rebel he shoots the photograph of a beautiful child. When he quits the paternal cabin on Smoky

Creek to seek his fortune, Robert Hagan discovers the original of the photograph at the farm-house where he asks for work. She calls herself a prisoner of war, and is in fact a fair and bitterly rebellious young South-Carolinian, whose family is totally dispersed, and who has been sent North by General Damarin to find a home with his father till the war is over, and she can be restored to her own. It is Robert's fate to fall in love with her, but not to marry her; though how he and she are otherwise made happy we have scarcely the right to weaken the reader's interest in the plot by saying. It is, at best, rather a wandering plot, and the chief merit of the book as a story is the effectiveness with which the successive scenes are painted. One of the best of these is that very vivid scene of Robert lying in wait for Morgan's men, with all the tragedy of his attack on them, and his escape on the horse of the man he shoots. A lively dramatic force is felt in the scene before the Damarin family, between Bella, still rebellious, and her brother ex-

* *A Good Investment.* A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WILLIAM FLAGG. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1872.

"Pennsylvania Dutch," and other Essays. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Oregon Trail. Sketches of Prairie and Rocky-Mountain Life. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Fourth Edition, revised. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1872.

Francis Parkman. Par L'ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN. Québec: C. DARVEAU, Imprimeur-Éditeur. 1872.

Life of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College. By REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Thrown Together. A Story. By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY, Author of "Misunderstood." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

The Pastor of the Desert, Jean Faroussseau. By EUGÈNE PELLETAN. Translated from the French. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872.

Goethe: his Life and Works. An Essay. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Joseph Mazzini; His Life and Political Principles. With an Introduction by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

Scrambles amongst the Alps in the Years 1860-'69. By EDWARD WHYMFER. With over one hundred Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. E. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

rebel and acquiescent ; the whole after career of her brothers, in its downward course, being traced with admirable probability and impressiveness. All goes wrong with them in their efforts to regain some property of their father at the North, and they betake themselves to the Oil Regions in Virginia, where they set up a faro-bank. They are generous, not wrong-meaning young fellows at first, but fate and the fatal defects of a slaveholder's education are against them. One of them shoots a man, and they fly from the law, reaching the Ohio after nightfall with justice at their heels. There is a fight, and then a parley. "Major Johnston," calls out the sheriff, with high Southern courtesy, "I really think you'd better give yourself up, and go back with us. The doctor told me yesterday he thought the wounded gentleman would get well. I tell you the truth, upon my honor." The Johnstons will not hear reason and renew the fight ; one of them is shot dead ; the other gets the body into a boat, and, under cover of the darkness, pushes off. The dialogue that ensues is colored with a good feeling for Southern character :—

"Unheeding the few shots they fired at random, Charles Johnston remained for some minutes in convulsive emotion ; but presently, rising to his feet, he commanded Robert to hold the boat where she was, as he had something to say. Then, in a perfectly calm and distinct voice, he called across the water, —

" 'Sheriff Brown ! it is you, I believe, who shot my brother ?'

"A voice as calm, and almost bland in its tone, replied, 'I am very sorry, Captain Johnston, for this unpleasant occurrence ; but you and every other gentleman must know an officer is bound to make his arrests without fear or favor of any gentleman ; and if gentlemen will resist, I cannot be responsible for the consequences.'

" 'I think I must hold you responsible, however,' rejoined Johnston. 'With your own life, sheriff, you shall answer for this, so help me God ! I was about to quit your State for good ; but now I shall return to it, and never leave it while you live there. Wherever you go, I shall be on your track. You have killed my only brother, and I'll have your life, or —'

" '— Or else I must take yours : excuse the interruption,' said the sheriff, still calm and bland. 'Very well, captain ; and since you are so frank, allow me to give you notice, in return, that if you and I should ever

have the pleasure of meeting again, you must expect me to defend myself *Kaintuck* fashion, the same as any other gentleman would, without fear or favor, you know.' "

Sheriff Brown is somewhat better than his word ; he shoots Johnston on sight, afterwards, just as the latter, who has now become a horse-thief, is about to fire at the owner of a horse he has stolen, — the owner being Robert Hagan.

The life at the Damarin farm is sketched with an idyllic effect which harmonizes well with the soft beauty and richness of the Southern Ohio scenery. For a pendant to this picture the reader must turn to that of the Iowa farm of the Richardsons, where the acres are by thousands and the labor is like that of a vast manufactory, mostly done by machinery, and altogether non-individual. Nothing is better in Mr. Flagg's book than the way he has brought before us such widely differing phases of Western life, and nothing is truer than his study of the semi-savage existence of Robert Hagan's whiskey-drinking father and scolding, pipe-smoking mother in their cabin on Smoky Creek ; for such people are still common enough in the Virginia Military District of Ohio, in spite of the proximity of such neighbors as the Damarins and of all the cultivation of the cities and towns. Even if Mr. Flagg's book were not the interesting fiction it is, it would be worth reading for its local truth.

For one of the reasons of our pleasure in this romance we like also an anonymous author's essays on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and some of the quaint religious sects in Pennsylvania. The principal paper was first published in this magazine, and though it has the faults common to the author's whole book, namely, incoherence and literary shapelessness, it has some compensating virtues, and tells more than had been told before of the daily life of a very curious population, — a population more wholly cut off than even the Canadian French from the mother country, but retaining as fully as they a national integrity in the midst of an alien race. This paper is followed by a pleasant sketch of "An Amish Meeting," the Amish being the sober and conscientious sectaries known also as Mennonites, among whom Miss Chesebro' found the characters of her exquisite story "The Foe in the Household" ; and then there is some account of the Swiss Anabaptists who fled from the persecutions of the Calvinists soon after the foundation of Penn's

Colony, and whose descendants still help to people Lancaster County: "A Dunker Love-Feast," is simply and interestingly described, and there is something told of the Dunker persuasion, which is common in the older West, as well as Pennsylvania, and numbers in all a hundred thousand adherents; notices of the German Seventh-Day Baptist anchorites of both sexes at Ephrata follow, and then comes an excellent study of a most characteristic Quaker life, and after that a prettily managed little sketch or story about some other Quaker folk. The author's observation is not very philosophical, but it covers all the familiar and many of the significant traits of the peculiarly varied little world of rural Pennsylvania, and her literary faculty is sufficient to place some very interesting pictures of it before us, which are all the better perhaps for their real artlessness. What a glimpse of odd, un-American, Old-World figures and faces is this, for example:—

"Our neighbors wore the usual costume of the sect, which is a branch of the Mennonite Society, or nearly allied to it, the men having laid off their round-crowned and remarkably wide-brimmed hats. Their hair is usually cut square across the forehead, and hangs long behind; their coats are plainer than those of the plainest Quaker, and are fastened, except the overcoat, with hooks and eyes in place of buttons; whence they are sometimes called Hooker or Hook-and-Eye Mennists. The pantaloons are worn without suspenders. Formerly, the Amish were often called Bearded Men, but since beards have become fashionable theirs are not so conspicuous. The women, whom I have sometimes seen with a bright purple apron, an orange neckerchief, or some other striking bit of color, were now more soberly arrayed in plain white caps without ruffle or border, and white neckerchiefs, though occasionally a cap or kerchief was black. They wear closely fitting waists, with a little basquine behind, which is probably a relic from the times of the short-gown and petticoat. Their gowns were of sober woollen stuff, frequently of flannel; and all wore aprons. But the most surprising figures among the Amish are the little children, dressed in garments like those of old persons. It has been my lot to see at the house of her parents a tender little dark-eyed Amish maiden of three years, old enough to begin to speak 'Dutch,' and as yet ignorant of English. Seated upon her father's lap,

sick and suffering, with that sweet little face encircled by the plain muslin cap, the little figure dressed in that plain gown, she was one not to be soon forgotten."

The sketch of the Dunker love-feast abounds in descriptions as simple and striking as this, and in the closing essay, "Cousin Femina," a delicate sense of character is shown. Indeed, the book is an attractive and useful one, and we heartily wish it prosperity, with all its defects.

Of a kindred effect with these two books so far as concerns our knowledge of our own country, are Mr. Parkman's sketches of Prairie and Rocky-Mountain life as it was twenty-five years ago; though of course his book is in a wholly different key, and has a wholly different value, both as history and as the prelude to the works which have given at least one passage of American story its true place in the annals of civilization. It was in the spring of 1846 that Mr. Parkman and another young Bostonian set out from St. Louis, and crossed the great plains to the Rocky Mountains, where for several months the future historian domesticated himself—though that is hardly the phrase, we suppose, for living *en sauvage*—among a tribe of Sioux, and returned finally to the settlements by descending the Arkansas. A few forts and trading-posts were then the only holds of the white men in a desolation which is now traversed by the Pacific railways, and dotted with many cities and villages. The people that Mr. Parkman observed there were the savages and the half-savage Frenchmen trading and trapping among them, with an occasional emigrant train, Mormon or Gentile, and once a detachment of Missourians on their way to take part in the Mexican war. This life and the life of nature on the plains and in the mountains yield all their fascination to his page, which is never wanting in some stirring adventure, some sketch of local character, some proof of his singularly sincere and thorough study of the race whose strange inarticulate being he has best interpreted to the race before which it is vanishing. The reader of Mr. Parkman's histories, as we have hinted, will find here the proper prologue and the key to them all. At another time we hope to develop more fully the unity of his studies in the field he has chosen; and for the present we must only praise this delightful book for its absolute good qualities, for the un-failing interest of the narrative, for the vivid

pictures of such Indian life as rarely reveals itself to white men, for all its stories of the hunt and march and camp, for the calm observation brought to all these wild scenes and primitive personalities, — as quiet as that with which one notes people in the street or in society, yet touched with the imagination that gives lift and scope to philosophy. One after another the phases of savage existence are pictured to us with graphic yet truthful distinctness, characteristic of Mr. Parkman, who knew not only its public features, but the *vie intime* of the chief's lodge, in which he had his abode, together with all the chief's family. It is not easy, without leaving something that afterwards reproachfully seems better, to transfer any of these pictures, but here at a venture is one of breaking camp which is very animated and yet evidently not in the least "composed."

"At daybreak, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's ablutions, I saw that a movement was contemplated. Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles; the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws were pulling it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and so having set their squaws at work, the example was tacitly followed by the rest of the village. One by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a moment before, nothing now remained but a ring of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread over the ground, together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn, buffalo-robcs, and cases of painted hide, filled with dried meat. Squaws bustled about in their busy preparations, the old hags screaming to one another at the stretch of their leathern lungs. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge-poles were lashed to their sides, and the baggage piled upon their backs. The dogs, with their tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting, and waiting for the time of departure. Each warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers of his fire, unmoved amid all the confusion, while he held in his hand the long trail-rope of his horse.

"As their preparations were contemplated, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river, and passing in quick succession along the profile of

the hill on the farther bank. When all were gone, I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and, as we gained the summit, the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile or more over the barren plains before us. Everywhere the iron points of lances were glittering. The sun never shone upon a more strange array. Here were the heavy-laden pack-horses, some wretched old woman leading them, and two or three children clinging to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaska looked at her. Boys with miniature bows and arrows were wandering over the plains, little naked children were running along on foot, and numberless dogs were scampering among the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy with paint and feathers were riding in groups among the crowd, and often galloping, two or three at once along the line, to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their white buffalo-robcs. These were the dignitaries of the villages, the old men and warriors, to whose age and experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent deference. With the rough prairie and the broken hills for its background, the restless scene was striking and picturesque beyond description. Days and weeks made me familiar with it, but never impaired its effect upon my fancy.

"As we moved on, the broken column grew yet more scattered and disorderly, until, as we approached the foot of a hill, I saw the old men before mentioned seating themselves in a line upon the ground, in advance of the whole. They lighted a pipe and sat smoking, laughing, and telling stories, while the people, stopping as they successively came up, were soon gathered in a crowd behind them. Then the old men rose, drew their buffalo-robcs over their shoulders, and strode on as before. Gaining the top of the hill, we found a very steep declivity before us. There was not a minute's pause. The whole descended in a mass, amid dust and confusion. The horses braced their feet as they slid down, women and children were screaming, dogs yelping as they were trodden upon, while stones and earth went rolling to the bottom. In a few moments I could see the village from the summit, spread-

ing again far and wide over the plain below."

Mr. Parkman reproduces as interestingly the unpicturesque and even squalid facts of his observation, which seems not to have been interrupted by conditions that might well have disabled him altogether. During his sojourn with the Indians he suffered continually from a disorder that might any day have ended fatally, and that left him to accomplish the historical labors of after years amidst such pains and discouragements of broken health as make his books a double triumph. It is not possible but this fact should lend its personal interest to his histories, and such of his readers as care to learn something more of his career may gratify themselves in the Abbé Casgrain's biographical and critical notice of him. It is written in a half-colloquial style which the French hit better than we, and it is addressed now to the reader and now to Mr. Parkman himself, with an expansiveness, an effusion, which none but a Frenchman could gracefully indulge. Yet, despite its exuberance, the criticism is as just as it is cordial, except in those passages where the historian is taken to task for his delinquencies concerning the Jesuits and the Catholic faith generally, but even there it is so generous, so rather sorrowful than angry, that one's heart is still with the Abbé, wherever one's convictions may be. He expresses the feeling which French Canadians cherish towards the historian who has revived with a master touch the glories of their past, and in literature has perpetuated in its heroic aspect and proportion a national existence forever interrupted by the victory of Wolfe. "Although," he says, "from the Catholic point of view there is something to be reprehended in the books of Mr. Parkman, he has won from the gratitude of the Canadians a right that they will never forget. . . . We do not hesitate to say that Canada owes him a testimony of public gratitude. And if we were consulted upon the mode of its expression, we should suggest to the Federal government to cause his portrait to be painted and placed in the parliament library at Ottawa."

Yet another book of an interest in some sort common to those already mentioned is the life of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, who was compelled to resign because of his views on Pædobaptism, — a question that we suppose would hardly affect President Eliot's tenure of his office

were he ten times as violent an Anti-Pædobaptist as poor Mr. Dunster was. It is, indeed, now so long since Pædobaptism agitated the overseers of Harvard, and the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, that perhaps some ignorant readers do not know that Mr. Dunster suffered for believing and declaring that it was unscriptural for infants to be baptized. He might have thought what he liked on this subject, said his friends then and since; but he must needs preach upon it. In this Dr. Chaplin rightfully defends him as a truly honest man; but such devotion to an idea is so foreign to the modern philosophy, that the reader may not agree with the author as to Mr. Dunster's obligation, till he reflects that it is not ten years since above a million Americans died for an idea. The book is very agreeably written, and will be found entertaining even by those who care for Anti-Pædobaptism as little as they know of it. Dunster's character as a scholar and a man takes hold of the imagination, and amidst the vague outlines of the past he appears a figure of much earnestness and devout erudition. He brought, like many others, all the learning and honors of English Cambridge into our wilderness; for fourteen years he ruled wisely and well our infant university (once expelling the Devil himself from its precincts by a very potent exorcism), he gently yielded to wrong in relinquishing his place, and his dust lies buried in the old churchyard in Cambridge, whither he desired it to be brought, — as if, suggests his biographer, in sign of his love of the place and his forgiveness of those who banished him thence.

We would defy the coldest cynic, the most experienced novel-reader, to read "Thrown Together" through with tranquillity. Many will remember "Misunderstood," by the same author, a work which was by no means a screaming farce, and this tale is quite as tearful as that one. The book simply narrates the struggles of a young girl of a sensitive disposition, who is snubbed by her cold-hearted mother and unappreciated by her careless father; she has a cousin, a boy, who is petted by a doting widowed mother; and these two children, being thrown together, work upon one another's characters and give the plot of the story as well as the name. Nina's reserve and sensitive pride are melted by Mervyn's — the boy's — frankness and simplicity; a series of domestic tragedies softens the flinty hearts of the

parents, and we see two peaceful households without any traces of flirtations which are apt to cloy upon the novel-reader, as much as they do in real life upon all except the parties concerned, and sometimes even upon them. The agonies, temptations, and bewilderments of these young people are told with really remarkable power, and when one remembers the widespread delusion of parents, that children have no characters of their own, but are to be manufactured into the resemblance of some favorite model, — which delusion is probably necessary to persuade parents to be unceasing in their care of their children, — it is easy to see that a book of this sort may be of great service. The sufferings of children are often, to our thinking, much greater than those of grown people, their reasons for grieving are so capricious, their reticence so singular, and, moreover, their woe is so total, so absolute, they have not the power of abstracting anything from their suffering which shall console them, and so their feelings are keener than at any time of their life. That parents forget this and fail to understand their children, is well enough known, and to point this truth out is the design of the story. We hope it may be kept on a high shelf away from the children, who are ready enough of themselves to take morbid views of life, and that it may not turn out to be a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be used in the nursery for the propagation of a society for the abolition of parents.

As good a story in a certain way as we have lately read, is the "Pastor of the Desert," which is the record of facts in the life of a French minister of the Protestant religion in the times before the great revolution, and while yet the Protestants were denied all rights in France, — even marriage and burial, — and were still subject to the dragonnades. These facts, which are dressed in a little fiction and drama, are very touching, and the experiences of the rustic congregation, always persecuted and sometimes martyred, are affectingly grouped about them. They are full of a picturesqueness not too lavishly employed, and there are certain characters very finely treated, especially that of the simple-hearted heroic pastor himself. He has been a famished student of divinity at Geneva; for want of other rites he has been forced to marry himself to the excellent peasant girl of his choice; his children are not lawfully his; he has lived in continual

danger and hardship, and has suffered wounds and imprisonment for his religion. At last, he resolves to go to the king and implore relief for his people, and pawning one of his wife's narrow fields, he procures money enough to get to Paris, where he sees the king and prevails with him slightly to relax the rigor of the laws against the Protestants. All this adventure is charmingly narrated, and the interview with the hapless king, and the encounters with Franklin and Malesherbes and Malesherbes's niece, the fair Countess Pisani, — one of the lovely aristocrats, who sentimentalizes the revolution forward by their patronage of democratic ideas, — are pictures that commend themselves for truthfulness by the careful soberness of their tone. Here is a sketch of the countess which will at once bring her before us, and show us the author's agreeable art.

"The breakfast hour had now arrived, and their conversation was interrupted. They proceeded to Malesherbes's apartment. Either by chance or by design, the pastor found himself seated by the side of a beautiful young woman, a stranger to him, who shone in the double splendor of aristocracy and beauty, profusely adorned with jewels and laces; her white arms, bare to the elbow, in the classic style of the Homeric times. Pearls studded her powdered hair, and feathers fell back in gentle waves on each side of her head, throwing forth at every movement a faint perfume of violets and iris. The excitement of this proximity entirely took from the pastor whatever appetite he might have retained after the morning's emotions. He gathered himself into the smallest possible compass on his chair, for fear his elbow should touch even a ribbon of this majestic Olympian goddess. His fair neighbor, to put him at his ease, held her glass towards him with a request for water, accompanying her request with the expressive smile peculiar to the eighteenth century, which has vanished since the French revolution. This smile, in its effects on the pastor, was like the end of the world, and the confusion of the apocalypse. He took the *carafe* with a trembling hand, and poured half its contents over the table-cloth.

"'I see, Monsieur Jarousseau,' she kindly said, 'that you would find it easier to die even than to serve me.'

"'Yes,' the pastor bluntly answered, evading the dread necessity of replying, by uttering the first monosyllable that came

uppermost. Eternal mystery of humanity ! He had never trembled at the prospect of martyrdom, but now trembled for the first time in his life, at thought of the woman seated by his side in the overpowering magnificence of wealth. After breakfast he took up his hat, intending to take leave of Malesherbes, and return at once to Paris. As he advanced towards the minister, the merciless stranger placed herself in front of him, crossed her arms over her chest, and said, 'Have you read the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau ?'

"Yes," replied the pastor, although his puritan soul had never been able to get beyond the second volume.

"Then you must have there seen that a certain Armide, a Genoese, aided by her friend, once stopped the young philosopher in the open country, and authoritatively led him away to gather cherries in her orchard. I intend to profit by the example and make you my prisoner on parole. So I engage you to supper this evening with Dr. Franklin and me. Do not be alarmed ; it will be a family party, for I am one of you ; I am a republican, and if you at all doubt it, I will cry aloud, "Vive la République !" I should like to try the effect of such a cry for the first time within the walls of this château."

The author of the book is the grandson of the hero, and he writes with an earnestness and tenderness that give it a singular charm.

Mr. Calvert's essay on Goethe is a little book that ought to approve itself to the large circle of readers liking to be placidly interested and instructed, and not caring to be greatly heated or surprised on any subject. That is to say, the essay deals with Goethe in an earnest way, with a devout but not a blind admiration, and with here and there the fine discrimination that should mark a poet's study of a poet. Goethe's life in Weimar and his travels in Italy, his relations to poetry and science, his friendship with Schiller and his other friendships, his loves, his Faust, his character generally, are the points of Mr. Calvert's contemplation ; and though he cannot be said to set any of them in a new light, there is something on the whole that seems new in the result, or will seem so to such of us as have been wont to consider Goethe a grand, somewhat impassive, somewhat ruthless egoist. We do not say that Mr. Calvert succeeds in making us think otherwise of him ; but it is well to know

what can be said for a different conception of him. The chapter on his "Loves" is naturally the most attractive in the book, and is most characteristic of Mr. Calvert's view. The matter is delicately, yet freshly handled, and what is to be said in Goethe's favor is said very well, though not always. We do not conceive, for example, that his breaking with Frederika, whom he loved and who loved him so tenderly, is fortunately dealt with : "How many a Frederika, before and since, has bloomed and loved in rural retirement (or in urban privacy), her love serving only to unfold the girl into the woman, its warm prophecies doomed to exhale in sighs, she living unwedded, her story unbruited and unknown, while the pangs of the pastor of Sesenheim's daughter have ever the sympathy of the most cultivated hearts in Christendom, a sympathy so close that many have to brace them with the divine precept, *Judge not*, to keep off hard thoughts about him to whose genius we solely owe our tender, purifying participation in her tears." It is just to Mr. Calvert to say that he does not often indulge in this strain of heartless sentimentality. In the more strictly literary passages of his essay he is more satisfactory. His observations on the Second Part of Faust we think particularly good and true, as opposed to Mr. Taylor's view of that wearisome intellectual juggle.

Mazzini's "Life" has, in the first place, the interest of every autobiography, which must be in great part due to the better understanding the writer has of himself than he might have of outside topics. But in this autobiography Mazzini tells us directly very little about his feelings, reasons, etc., though a great deal about what he did ; and from this we get our impression of the man ; and it is valuable, besides, for the light it gives us on the earlier steps of Italy towards liberty. It was certainly an interesting time when Mazzini determined to devote his life to the freedom of his country. He tells us the way in which he was brought to this step, the secret combinations in its behalf, the treachery which so endangered them, the outbreak of insurrections, the cruelty with which they were put down ; he draws a vivid picture of yearning, struggle, defeat, and manly endurance. He speaks thus of the defeat of the ill-fated expedition of Savoy : —

"Ours was not an enterprise of mere reaction ; nor like the movement of the sick man who strives to ease his sufferings by

changing his position. We sought liberty, not as an end, but as a means by which to achieve a higher and more positive aim. We had inscribed the words "Republican Unity" upon our banner. We sought to found a nation, to create a people. What was a defeat to men with such an aim as this in view? Was it not a part of our educational duty to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity? Could we teach this lesson better than by our own example? And would not our renunciation have been received as a new argument proving the impossibility of unity? The fundamental vice of Italy, by which she was condemned to impotence, was clearly no lack of desire of freedom: it was a want of confidence in her own strength, a tendency to discouragement, and the want of that constancy of purpose, without which even virtue is fruitless. It was a fatal want of harmony between thought and action. . . . A living apostolate was necessary; a nucleus of men strong in determination and constancy, and inaccessible to discouragement; men capable of defying persecution, and meeting defeat with the smile of faith, in the name of a great idea; of succumbing one day but to rise again the next; men ever ready to do battle, and, spite of time or adverse fortune, ever full of faith in the final victory. Ours was not a sect, but a religion of patriotism."

Of the nobleness and simplicity and steadfastness of Mazzini's character no doubt can be felt. He suffered long and much, but he endured everything with dignity. No one can help admiring him. As to his judgment, however, opinions may well vary. One can easily see that he was relentless in his views; and having made up his mind that Italy should be a republic, he could not look with patience upon the establishment of a monarchy, though whether Italy is ripe for a republic is a question about which grave doubts may still be held. We warmly recommend this book to our readers. They will find in it an eloquent record of a noble life.

We have found Mr. Whymper's book almost hopelessly defiant of well-meant endeavors to read it in any sort of course; but this may have been owing to something in us like that antipathetic influence which defeats so many experiments in spiritualism, our sphere in respect to the desirability of scrambling among Alps being, we will own, in the last degree one of suspicion. From Mr. Whymper's efforts we cannot perceive

any general result, and his style lacks that charm, that fresh life which made Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" a joy even to those who devoutly hope never to see anything from mountaintops for themselves. It is perhaps owing to a constant effort for simplicity that Mr. Whymper's rehearsal of his adventures is so dry; but it is certain that he imparts a full sense of their fatigue and little of their exhilaration, whereas Mr. King did exactly the reverse. He left the reader eager for the next climb; but at the end of one of Mr. Whymper's excursions you swear never to look at an Alp again. The book closes with the story of the dreadful accident by which a few years since three comrades of the author — Lord Douglass, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow — were, with their guide, hurled from the author's sight, down four thousand feet of precipices in the Matterhorn; but a more vivid passage, we think, is that describing a fall of Mr. Whymper himself, who slipped in trying to pass the edge of a jutting rock: —

"The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below: they caught something and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully. The bâton was dashed from my hands, and I whirled downward in a series of bounds, each longer than the last, — now over ice, now into rocks, — striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks, luckily, with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested; my head fortunately came the right side up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. . . . I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below. . . . I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow, but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was, naturally, more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking, 'Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end!' Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them

trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before ; and, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost, and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced."

The poetry, the spirit, of the book, however, is really in the pictures, which are chiefly Mr. Whympers own designs, and which for fineness and force are beyond all praise. In them the humor of the author abundantly appears, as well his feeling for the sublimities of the Alps, and both of these qualities are pretty successfully excluded from the text. Mr. Whympers as an artist is so good, that if you do not read him too much you can almost praise him as an author.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember Gustave Drozs *Autour d'une Source*, a novel which was translated into English a few years ago. It was highly praised and widely read, but, we imagine, not very much liked. Of its cleverness there could be but little doubt, but to most of us on this side of the ocean there was a certain dulness in the book, owing, in great measure, to our unfamiliarity with the persons, places, and incidents of the story. A new novel, *Babolain*, by the same author, has just appeared, and we gladly recommend it to those of our readers who care for French novels. We are sure that this objection of unfamiliarity will not be made against it. The scene is laid in Paris, but while the other novel concerns itself with mercantile intrigue and a social complication which are both foreign to us, or at least to our literature, *Babolain* simply tells a story of human suffering which may be as true in Prescott, Arizona, as in the "centre of civilization."

It might be called the story of a sensitive

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möllers, 40 Winter Street, Boston. *Babolain*. Par. GUSTAVE DROZ. Paris. 1872.

Les jeunes années de C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Par FRANÇOIS MORAND. Paris. 1872.

Lamartine. Sa Vie littéraire et politique. Par CH. DE MAZADE. Paris. 1872.

Ueber Indogermanen und Semitentum. Eine völkerpsychologische Studie. Von JOHANNES RÖNTSCH. Leipzig. 1872.

Frühlingsfuthen, Roman. Von IVAN TURGENJEW. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1872.

man, who has not force enough to hide his sensitiveness under an armor of indifference, and who, by his ignorance of the world, falls into those snares and troubles that most people think themselves peculiarly able to avoid. He marries a worthless woman, his child treats him cruelly, his few friends are cold, and his life makes a pitiable story. If this were all, if the novel were a mere morbid study of suffering, there would be a host of objections raised by those readers who are spoiled by sugary endings of most novels, or who feel a fair dislike to tormenting their hearts by wilfully invented misery ; but this story is more than this, it is the study of a complicated character, one honorable, but physically timid, courageous in the way of perseverance and endurance, humble, and sensitive. His troubles are not thrust upon him, — it is that which makes so much of the suffering in fiction distasteful, the fact that the author aims all his poisoned arrows at his victims, as if he were a wanton boy, — but they follow from his nature, which is one ill-fitted for struggling with the great world of society into which he enters of himself. Then when he is suffering in this way, the author does not take occasion to point out our superiority to such chicken-hearted people, who deserve nothing better, but he lets us see the superiority of what is noble in his hero's character to the sufferings he endures. In short, it is, if we may use the phrase, a book of lofty emotions. It is a sad story, but it is not needlessly sad ; it is redeemed by the poor man's dignity and unconscious faith from being a mere ingenious device to rack our feelings.

For readers who dread this novel, which certainly will not be read by the young, we can recommend Mme. Cravens *Fleurange*, a book that is as innocent as need be, and which wholly escapes any namby-pamby dulness. Indeed it is full of incident, and very well worth reading.

Les jeunes années de C. A. Sainte-Beuve is hardly a fitting title of the small volume of M. Morand, which contains about a hundred of Sainte-Beuves letters, most of which were written after he had grown up. But whatever fault may be found with the title, less will be found with the book ; to be fair, one can only regret that it is of so small compass. The books about this great critic which we have had occasion to notice in these pages tell us much less about him than one might have expected. A great deal more light is thrown upon

him by these letters, some written to a life-long friend the Abbé Barbe, others, apparently, to the compiler of the book. Of these, the letters to the Abbé are by far the most interesting. In many of them the writer states his feelings about religion. In 1830 he writes as follows:—

“ Literary opinions have a very small place in my life and in my thoughts. What really occupies me is life itself, its aim, the mystery of our own heart, happiness, holiness; and, sometimes, when I feel a sincere inspiration, the desire of expressing these ideas and sentiments according to the remote type of eternal beauty. If I had more ardor for things above, it would be of great service to me to be detached, as I am, from all the turmoil of the world about me; to this I am indifferent at all times and places.”

In 1865 he writes to the Abbé, who had just sent him a volume that he had written on the immortality of the soul:—

“If you remember our long talks on the ramparts or on the sea-shore, I will confess to you that, after more than forty years, I am still at the same point. I understand, I listen, *je me laisse dire*; I answer gently, rather by doubts than by strong arguments; but in a word, I have never been able to succeed in forming a faith, a belief on this solemn subject, not even a conviction which lasts without falling to pieces the next moment. Your book takes me methodically over the same ground.”

In 1844 he writes about his election to the Academy:—

“At last, as you see, I have arrived at the point at which I had aimed but very little; I ought to be very happy and content, at the same time that I ought to feel honored. I say I *ought* to be, for this only changes the outside of things, true happiness does not lie there: only to take the literary side, it lies in study, in producing such works as one has conceived. . . . Official literary positions with all their advantages bring duties, subjections, and continual losses of time; when one reaches them the happy time of free, modest, obscure study is generally over.”

We cannot forbear quoting this little anecdote of his visit to the Tuileries to announce to the Emperor the election to the Academy of M. Prévost-Paradol. The Emperor asked, “But has M. Prévost-Paradol written anything beside newspaper-articles? has he written a book?” I was

on the point of answering, “Sir, no one writes books nowadays”; but I fortunately remembered that the Emperor was writing one; so I answered, “Sir, we academicians do not write books any more.”

While this book gives us but brief glimpses of Sainte-Beuve, they will be found interesting in lack of more material; for a fuller treatment we shall probably have to wait until another like him appears.

Not so complicated a character is Lamartine, about whom M. Charles de Mazade has just published an interesting book. It is when the English-speaking person comes across a Frenchman like Lamartine, that he especially recalls Waterloo; the Pilgrim Fathers; the wonderful power of colonization that the Anglo-Saxon race possesses, so different from that of the flippant Gaul; Shakespeare; roast-beef, and all the phenomena by which Mr. Taine explains the peculiarities of our race; he is apt, too, to recall the universal French habit of eating frogs, of chattering in the market-place, of weeping in public, inferior stature, ignorance of boxing, etc. We need not go on, the feeling is familiar. Lamartine was certainly the spoiled child of the century, vain, self-conscious, weak, theatrical, like others of his fellow-countrymen,—for instance, Victor Hugo; there is scarcely a Frenchman whom we can recall who is so little likely to have justice done him by a foreigner, especially in these days of reaction from all that he most zealously upheld. Besides, his great fault, his unbounded, colossal conceit, is one that justifies contempt, in that an observer feels as if he had been deprived of what is peculiarly his, the power of awarding praise, and as if by his contempt he not only asserted his own right, but would bring to a greater equality the real position of the man. Still, this justifies no one in remaining in scornful ignorance of Lamartine's life; and M. de Mazade's book will be found exceedingly entertaining. Even conceit does not blot out every quality of merit.

Our German books this month are few in number. Those who have just finished the “Reader” and “Don Carlos,” will not be properly grateful for the recommendation of Röntsch's *Indogermanen und Semitenthum*, which is a very interesting discussion of the differences between the Semitic and our own, or, more exactly, our ancestors' theology, poetry, and philosophy. His referring the monotheism of the Semitic nations to the uniformity of the desert

will not be universally received as a satisfactory explanation, but there is much more in the book than that. We feel confident that many who will be frightened by the title will find this a very interesting volume.

Frühlingsfluthen is the title of the German translation of the last of Tourguénieff's novels. It is, it goes without saying, very well worth reading. The story we will not abridge, but we will content ourselves with simply recommending it to older readers. As for others, we fancy that opinions might be divided as to its suitability. Tourguénieff's treatment is always clean, but occasionally he takes a subject that would not be chosen by one who wrote, as most English novelists do, or are supposed to do, for innocent, inexperienced readers. No one can be harmed by it, there is a solemn note of morality in it, but it may perhaps be distasteful for general reading.

NORWEGIAN.*

It was but natural that the political and literary dependence on Denmark should, after the separation in 1814, call forth a strong reaction in Norwegian literature in the ultra national direction, and in fact the whole literary history of the nation since that year presents an uninterrupted struggle, in which the various fiercer and gentler aspects of this "national idea" have been contending for the supremacy. The question was naturally raised, whether the foreign modes of thought and speech, the foreign traditions, and foreign civilization, which during the union with Denmark had gained a certain naturalization among the so-called "better classes," but really never penetrated into the heart of the people, were at all a safe foundation whereupon to build, or even the proper material wherewith to build up a national literature. The question was soon settled in the negative; and during the following decades we find the poets of the land vainly groping for this national idea, while its existence is still clearly felt, but its character only vaguely comprehended. With Welhaven's clear-thoughted lyrics, and perhaps still more by his descriptive poems, redolent of the pine forest, the vista is opened inward to the Norse fjord and valley; and when Björnson, Landstad, and others took the next step and pointed to the Saga and the old popular ballad as the true embodiments of Norse spirit and poetry, the victory seemed

already won, and the brightest promise to be given for the future. There were some, however, who thought differently; not because they disapproved of Björnson's innovations, but because they believed that he had not gone far enough. His writings, although dealing with the life and traditions of the *people*, were still addressed to the higher classes, and spoke their language, which is not Norwegian, but, at least in writing, nearly identical with the Danish. The popular dialects, on the contrary, have to a great extent preserved the vigor and richness of form of the old Norse or Icelandic tongue; and in order to be truly national, the poet ought not only to avail himself of the poetic material, found in the national life and traditions, but also adopt the modes of speech and thought peculiar to the people, and descend to the level of their comprehension. These views were first propagated by the talented satirist, Osmund Vinje, and found their full practical realization in Kristofer Janson, the author of "Sigmund Bresteson."

The fact that Kristofer Janson writes in a language which is but very imperfectly understood by the majority of the book-reading public, will sufficiently account for the indifferent success of his later writings. As long as his books were regarded in the light of novel experiments, there was no lack of those who, from very curiosity, favored his project; but there were probably few who dreamed at the time when "Fraa Bygdom" (From the Parishes) was the literary sensation of the day in Scandinavia, that it was to be the predecessor of a long series of works, the object of which should, in a certain manner, be a protest against the existing order of society, nay, against the very mother-tongue itself.

"Sigmund Bresteson" is an heroic tale from the Saga, told in forty poems of different form and metre. It unfortunately suggests comparison with Tegnér's "Frithjof's Saga" to which it is, if not in truthfulness, then at least both in theme and treatment, greatly inferior. The author has shown very little discrimination in the selection of his material, and, without successful transfusion of the heroic spirit of the Saga, has painted the old barbarous age in all its harshness and crudity. Mr. Janson has evidently not comprehended what Tegnér never for a moment lost sight of, and what he so clearly expresses in his well-known letter to the poet Franzén.

"My object," he writes, "was to draw a

* *Sigmund Bresteson*. By KRISTOFER JANSON. Bergen. 1872.

poetic picture of the old Norse heroic life ; it was not Frithjof as an individual, but the age of which he may be regarded as a representative, I wished to paint. Therefore I retained the fundamental plan and drawing of the Saga, but deemed it my right to make my own additions and to cut away what was not suitable to my purpose. In the Saga there is found much which will appear grand and heroic to all ages, but also some rudeness, wildness, and barbarism, which would either have to be altogether left out, or, at least, considerably tempered."

If Kristofer Janson had looked upon the Sagas in the same spirit, thus with the eyes of the poet rather than the historian's, he would surely, without much loss of truthfulness, have succeeded in giving us a more attractive, or at all events a more harmonious picture of the old Saga life in the North. Tegnér produced a finished poem, which, in spite of a prevailing tone of romantic chivalry, totally foreign to Frithjof's age, will always maintain its place in literature, even when the Scandinavian peninsula shall boast a truer interpreter of its heroic past ; while a work like "Sigmund Bresteson," in which artistic regards are sacrificed to an unnecessarily rigid sense of historical fidelity, will stand a decidedly poorer chance in comparison.

The poem opens with a delightful little prelude, which very aptly introduces you to endlessly varying scenes of battle, and nightly affrays and snow-drift and ocean-spray. You breathe the fresh, bracing atmosphere of the Faroe Islands ; the seagulls scream round the naked rocks ; the dolphins play in the lucid waves, and shoot high columns of water up into the morning air. Sigmund and Tore, the sons of two chiefs of the islands, are sold as slaves by the slayers of their fathers, and are brought to Norway, where they regain their liberty. On the mountains of Dovre they are fostered by a peasant, Torkel Turr-frost, between whose daughter, Turid, and Sigmund an attachment springs up. He grows to manhood, but the thought of vengeance on his father's murderers leave him no rest night or day, and he abandons Turid, after having confessed his love for her to his foster-father. Having reached the court of Haakon Jarl, who was then the ruler of the country, he enters his service, gathers men and ships, and with Tore, his foster-brother, returns to the Faroe Island, where he finds his foes ; but, instead of

craving blood for blood, agrees to abide in the judgment of the Jarl, and finally has the matter peaceably arranged. It may be, that Sigmund here acts very judiciously, but his wrangling and trading with Trond in Gote is decidedly inartistic in its effect upon the *ensemble* of the poem.

Turid, in the mean while, spends her days wearily with the child he has left her, longing for him, loving him and hating him, as the changing moods come and go. This is very prettily expressed in the wayward, rambling melody of her lullaby, a few verses of which we translate :—

"Hush, hush, my baby dear,
Thoughts of vengeance I pour in thine ear,
Vengeance, babe, for my spotless name ;
Vengeance, too, for my blush of shame :
Vengeance for tears and vengeance for hate,
Vengeance for hunger and low estate,
Vengeance for the nights of waking
When weeping in bed I sate.

Hush, hush, my baby dear,
Thy father kisses away thy tear ;
Wait but a little, and I will tell
The deeds of thy father, I know so well ;
How he scorned both hunger and cold,
How he used to kiss thy mother of old ;
And tell thee how he was loving,
Yea, matchless and good as gold."

While Sigmund looks to his own affairs on the Faroe Island, establishing himself in the new earldom he has lately received from Haakon Jarl, Christianity is first introduced into Norway by Olaf Trygvesson, who soon after the murder of the Jarl succeeds him on the throne.

The dramatic motive in Sigmund's conversion to Christianity, as it appears to us, might have been turned to better account. Had Sigmund before been a zealous heathen, and had he through abhorrence of Haakon Jarl's faithlessness and unnatural cruelty been led to doubt the divinity of a religion which not only permitted but even required such inhumanities, or, still better, had his conversion been psychologically grounded in some soul-felt experience of his own, the reader would have had an assurance of his sincerity, and the monotonous march of the plot would have been enriched with a strong dramatic motive, around which the minor complications would have grouped themselves, like the spires and buttresses round the dome of a cathedral. Any such central idea we have been unable to discover. In "Frithjof's Saga" the love-intrigue binds the tale firmly together ; and whether we find the hero roaming among the isles of Greece, burning the temple at

Systrand, or coming in disguise to King Ring's court, we never for a moment doubt his purpose or question its propriety. Sigmund's love for Turid has no such vital element in it, and is evidently by the author himself intended as a half-accessory interlude between two natural divisions of the poem, rather than the varied theme or keynote of his composition.

Regarded, however, as a collection of unconnected lyric and descriptive poems, "Sigmund Bresteson" contains enough of local beauty and admirable situations am-

ply to repay the reader to whom the language is not an insurmountable barrier. The song "Trond and Havgrim" has in its quaint laconic refrain and a certain naïve straightforwardness caught one of the most characteristic tones of the old Norse ballad.

It may be needless to add, that Sigmund in the days of his prosperity returns to Turid, whom he brings home to the Faroe Islands as his wife, that he Christianizes his native country, and that he makes a brave and wise ruler.

A R T.

"WHEN I go to see any great house," says Charles Lamb, "I inquire for the china-closet, and then for the picture-gallery." But in the collection of objects belonging or loaned to the Museum of Fine Arts, and now on exhibition at the Athenæum, the china-closet and picture-gallery may almost be found in one. That is, the collection of pottery and porcelain is by far in advance of the pictures; and at the same time the potter's art carries with it a certain reflection of the art of design. For both in Greece and in Italy it has been the custom to produce upon fictile wares more or less freely the compositions of distinguished masters of painting. The earliest specimens interest simply as examples of plastic art; but whether adorned with designs or not, the mere variety of forms exhibited in the vases here gathered together may be made to play no mean part in the education of the eye. If we regard points of ethnological interest, it would seem a matter for regret that the collection should include no examples of the early South American pottery, the delicate ware of the Mexican Cholulans, highly praised by the historian Herrera, or of the polished jars from Ohio and the gourd-like vessels found in New York. Something relating to the early history of the art on this continent would find a peculiarly fitting place in an American museum, where it might be contrasted with similar products of Asia and Italy. In respect to these last, the museum is well provided; and some fine pieces of Majolica and of Japanese porcelain go far to complete a universality desirable

in such collections. But we miss also any adequate representation of the Sèvres porcelain, or the flower-encrusted and beautiful shapes of Dresden, — two manufactures whose historical importance alone gives them a valid claim upon the best efforts of the committee to supply so serious a gap in their gallery. A most curious and valuable acquisition, however, they have, in the shape of three small Lacustrian vases of black earth, remains of the stone age. Produced without the aid of the potter's wheel, they are rudely and irregularly formed, though directed by good taste: and despite their crudity we recognize in them a dim prophecy of the future, realized in the Græco-Etrurian vases which we must consider later on. The pottery from the tombs of Cyprus is next to these in point of time, and comprises Phœnician and early Greek work in unglazed clay. First in order, though probably not in antiquity, occur two or three of the common egg-shaped amphoræ; but a more pleasing vessel to the sight than one of these long jars, with its pointed end stuck into the ground, and the aperture capped by the conical cover with central boss, in use for the purpose, it would perhaps be difficult to imagine, were not this other Greek amphora at hand, the cannellated body of which, and its twisted handles set akimbo to a slender neck, place it beyond competition. The use of pottery in the daily life of the ancients included the widest range of application. When it is considered that terra-cotta figured not only in the building of walls, as in the glazed brick walls of Babylon, but that it

also furnished the material for large gilded statues, and for various architectural ornament, and that the records of the Assyrian monarchy, as well as the title-deeds and bills of exchange used among the people, were inscribed upon cylinders, tablets, and hexagonal prisms of the same material, it becomes possible to estimate its value to them. It would seem to have stood with them much in the relation of paper to the Japanese at the present day. The latter refine upon the uses of paper from its adaptation to a remarkable number of practical purposes, for which we consider more durable material necessary, until they apply it to the fans now common in this country, the decoration of which is often based on very excellent principles; and with the ancients, vessels of earthenware, at first unpainted, were gradually decorated with incised lines, then zigzag, vertical, or horizontal lines painted in red and black, and finally became purely ornamental, greater skill being required in the designer of the compositions depicted, than in the modeller of the vase itself. This process is well displayed in the present collection. We soon become aware of life and color creeping into the objects, as we trace them in the order of the periods to which they belong. A pair of oenochœ, or jugs, from Cyprus, show the lips of the opening compressed into a rude trefoil shape, the suggestion of a blossom being then curiously stimulated in quite another direction by the rough painting of a circle with the centre dotted, a bird's eye, in fact, on either side of the nozzle. On another jug the handle mounts into an indefinite semblance of an animal's head, with black horns, which gnaws perpetually into the edge of the opening. Here the painting on the body is probably taken from an Assyrian bas-relief. The introduction of figures marks a considerable advance, but they are still depicted with their eyes all askew, these being in profile faces just the same as if viewed from the front. The later pieces among the Cyprus pottery lead us over to the earlier ones among those loaned by Messrs. T. G. Appleton, Edward Austin, and G. W. Wales. Mr. Wales sends a small vase of black ware, with a gilded relief, which may not improbably represent the original Etruscan manufacture, in which, vases of metal being imitated in clay, relief frequently occurs. The singularity of the specimen gives it additional value. The loan collections illustrate the four epochs by which ceramic

art is marked from the period of its first decorative eminence when introduced by the Ionian Greeks, until the first century before the Christian era. Here we pass through the Asiatic epoch, where the gaunt figures with queer eyes still stalk through multitudinous lotus-flowers, or strange animals, with slender wings recurved, make procession primly around the vase, to the second period, distinguished by black figures on a red ground which are more in accord with nature. These yield to the red on black of the third and best epoch. Vase-painting is here no longer simply decorative, but has become graphic. The subjects of the designs are now wholly Greek, and both the drawings and the shapes of the vessels themselves are most pleasing and worthy of study. Next, the compositions fall into disorder and unreality, and white and yellow tints creep into the figures, marking a defection from simplicity of taste. Masks, leaves, and women's heads sprouting out of wreaths of flowers abound. Under the influence of moulds, now in general use (200-100 B. C.), the art declines rapidly. Instead of the natural shapes which once reigned, with their fruit-like curves and chaste designs, we find a pleasure-palled taste embodying its feverish longing for novelty in exaggerated shapes and greater variety of coloring in the figures. Scared by these portentous appearances, beauty and grace shrink out of sight.

After the decline of the Roman Empire, pottery in its decorative aspect nearly disappeared from Europe. In the eighth century, however, the Arabs adorned the Alhambra with tiles of terra-cotta, one of which may be seen here, and practised a very beautiful pottery in some of the Mediterranean islands. In 1115 the Pisans successfully crusaded against Majorca, and brought home specimens of this ware, a brilliant piece of which (No. 406) is displayed here, a deep blue dish with arabesque design in copper-color and covered with a dazzling glaze. This wonderful iridescence did not fully extend its illumination to the imitative Italian manufacture until in the sixteenth century. Then was produced in perfection the "Majolica" ware of which such excellent examples are to be seen in the museum. One fancies that he may find in the coloring a trace of the sea-origin of the fabric, the marine or pale blues, the lilac tints, the reddish and greenish yellows, all strongly resembling in effect those of the sea and its

adjacent reedy marshes. A good Palissy dish, and two platters and bowls of Japanese porcelain, complete the list of beauties in this collection. Japanese porcelain presents one of the richest decorative phases of the art, but has never become graphic, save in rare instances. Nor is it perhaps desirable that it should. Ancient fictile ware passed on to this, and declined; nor do we think that modern porcelain reaches its truest successes in representation, but rather in decoration. This, then, would seem to be its natural scope, as defined by the history of the art.

The name of Gilbert Stuart, usually relegated to the honorable reticence of such collections as are fortunate enough to possess some of his work, has been brought into the records of contemporaneous picture-buying, through the purchase by a gentleman of this city of five portraits by Stuart, representing the first five Presidents of the United States, which were on exhibition last month at Messrs. Williams and Everett's. It is, at first, difficult to choose among this resplendent show of heads that upon which one would bestow the premium. The sympathies of the larger portion of spectators will doubtless at once have been drawn to the portrait of Washington, for obvious reasons. But, indeed, the critic may safely give this the preference over its companions of the present series. Its completeness at once renders it more satisfactory to the eye than the original head in the Athenæum, while all the features are developed with a force and feeling quite equal to those of the former. The present portrait, too, is treated with a solidity of material and a more punctilious finish than are bestowed on the remaining pictures of the series. These are about equal in point of artistic merit; but as a character-study the portrait of John Adams ranks next to the Washington. He is depicted in an ample coat of maroon velvet, which accords happily with the large broad face, smooth, open forehead, and full eyelids, marking the generous and sanguine, but also somewhat lymphatic, temperament of the second President. On exhibition with the Presidential portraits was an unfinished picture of Daniel Webster, when comparatively a young man. The head alone is executed, being relieved from the bare canvas only by a few dashes of brown. To our mind this takes its place beside the Washington and Adams for personal inter-

est, and is very wonderfully painted as well. The grave, smooth-shaven, kindly face, with lightly and evenly colored cheeks, the lustrous and thoughtful eyes, and the pure, high forehead with deep black hair above, sink deep through the vision into our inmost consciousness.

These works are all marked by that fresh and vivid color which distinguishes the portrait of Washington and Martha Washington, in the Athenæum. The artist's method of coloring is supposed to be explained by his remark that "good flesh-coloring partakes of all colors, not mixed so as to be combined in one tint, but shining through each other, like the blood through the natural skin." This word "shining," taken apart from any suggestion it may have of glossiness or varnish, is descriptive of the quality of color in these portraits. So blooming is the hue, so penetrable to the eye, yet so firm and resisting, that it suggests the mysterious renewals of life in actual faces. It would seem that the painter had instilled into the pigments some invigorating principle, which, tingling ever freshly beneath the surface, should keep their exterior lifelike and beautiful. There are painters whose pictures achieve at their birth a ripe autumnal splendor that reminds one of the dusk and golden twilight in which Titian's portraits steal upon us, after three hundred years. But though Stuart's coloring might be made more soothing, the hale vigor which it has preserved through wellnigh a century may perhaps furnish the material best fitted to improve with age.

A writer in "The Nation" newspaper noticing our allusion to his criticism of Mr. Quincy Ward's statues, says of the Indian Hunter:—

"What we have said about the character of its flesh, to the dissatisfaction of the 'Atlantic's' critic, was principally from our remembrance of how it compared, in 1867, with a crowd of the best modern statues of Europe. We discussed in that year with an artist out of one of the foremost ateliers in Paris the peculiar adipose look of its flesh, each muscle being well enough defined, but indicating in its separate body corpulence rather than fibre, a distinction plain enough to a student of anatomy. The treatment seemed to forbid the supposition that the flesh had been studied from an Indian model at all. The skin of Indians, as we believe, very much hides the play of

the muscles, suggesting to sculpture a treatment like that of the Dying Gladiator, where the heavy cuticle covers the muscular system like canvas; the limbs, too, are surprisingly slender in every case that we have examined."

We have not now the time or space to enter into the discussion of this matter, and we have the less disposition to do so because "The Nation" in this case is the best answer to "The Nation." In its criticism of the Indian Hunter when first exhibited, that journal said:

"A finely made young man, slender, but solid and powerful, . . . rather a gymnast than a boxer. His hands and feet are small, the feet especially beautiful, delicate as a woman's, well arched up underneath. *The limbs are rather slender in proportion to the trunk; the legs, indeed, are as well strung and as well adapted to their uses as the tireless hind legs of his dog. Look at the face; if that mask were shown you, fished up out of the Nile, you would say it was certainly the mask of an American Indian.* . . . The formation of flesh [on Indians] is very slight and slow, the muscles

appear to be different in *quality* from ours of the white race, and act without showing their action through the surface, except by the corded tendons of which every motion is visible. This . . . is *singularly confirmed by the statue before us.* The extremities, of course, will show the difference most forcibly, and the right leg alone will demonstrate the whole matter to one who will take the trouble to compare it with models of established excellence of Greek or other work of a pure Caucasian type."

It might be interesting to know which of its opinions of Mr. Ward's statue "The Nation" prefers. Perhaps it is the temper of its own earlier notice that the newspaper means to describe as the "sort of good-nature which is the bane of Anglo-Saxon art-criticism in general, and keeps that criticism in the unfortunate place it occupies among other more tractable and studious nations, — turning hand-springs and exhibiting its heels at the windows of the judgment-hall, where the legislation of art is going on by a patient study of old codes and comparison of lasting truths," — a very extraordinary bit of contortionist's English, by the way.

MUSIC.*

WHEN a composer whose reputation is founded on a song like "When the Swallows homeward fly," and whose chief merit has been that he could give easy and clever expression to such musical commonplaces as the average amateur songster can appreciate at the first hear-

ing, falls into his musical dotage and composes entirely by routine; when from being a clever appropriator of other men's ideas he becomes a mere composing-machine, a wholesale purveyor of sentimental ballads for the million, — he may be safely looked upon as one whose career has already

* *Moonlight Sonnet*, words by DR. CHARLES MACKAY, music by FRANZ ABT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A Rose in Heaven, words by E. D. JACKSON, music by FRANZ ABT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Rest thee on this mossy Pillow, trio for female voices, words by BISHOP HEBER, music by HENRY SMART. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Marinella, canzone by ALBERTO RANDEGGER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Saper vorrei se n'anti, for two soprano voices, by JOSEPH HAYDN. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

O tell me, little Birdie mine, by ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 27, No. 1. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

To thee, O Country, National Hymn for male voices, words by MISS ANNA P. EICHBERG, music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Seven Preludes for Piano, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Menuetto from Schubert's first string quartette, Op. 29, transcribed for the piano-forte by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Gavotte in A-major by R. V. GLUCK, transcribed for the piano-forte by JOHANNES BRAHMS. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Menuet in G-minor by CH. GOUNOD, transcribed for the piano-forte by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Marche Célèbre, from Franz Lachner's first orchestral suite, Op. 113, transcribed for the piano-forte by CHARLES WACHTMANN. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

The Little Wanderer, Idyl for the piano-forte, by G. D. WILSON, Op. 35. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vier Character-Stücke für Piano-forte, komponirt von J. K. PAINE, Op. 11. Leipzig: Rob. Forberg. Boston: Koppitz, Prüfer, & Co.

closed, and from whom nothing more of importance, either good or bad, can be expected. Franz Abt, founding his style upon Franz Schubert, has been, since his first recognition by the public, the leading composer of sentimental ballads in Europe. In his whole career he has never given to the world a musical thought that was one jot in advance of the least cultivated of his public. His immense popularity, like the ephemeral popularity of many other men, has been in a great measure owing to this very fact. Society is always willing to be amused, — by which term we do not merely mean, be made to laugh, but to have its emotional nature pleasantly excited without the accompanying exertion of too much brain-work, — and Abt has succeeded in furnishing society with acceptable sentimental amusement. His skill in writing easily and gracefully for the human voice — a quality in which many German song-writers of infinitely greater genius and intellectual calibre have been, it must be confessed, greatly deficient — has brought his songs within the executive scope of almost every amateur, while his simple, perspicuous style and smoothly flowing, though too languid harmonies have not failed to win the heart of every lackadaisically æsthetic nature, so delicately poised as to be set pleasantly vibrating by cheap common-places and sham sentimentality, whereas original thoughts and genuine sentiment would have roughly unhinged it. We would not say that his songs have been entirely vapid and worthless, — far from it. Nothing can come of nothing, not even ephemeral popularity. The tritest commonplace must have a dash of truth in it, nay, must have once itself been a great and striking truth, or it would never have become a commonplace; and the poorest, most uninspiring sentimentality proclaims its common parentage with true sentiment. But, at the same time, we must say that, of all sentimentalities, the German is the worst and weakest. True German sentiment and enthusiasm are indeed sublime and most inspiring; but when a German descends to mere sentimentalism, he sinks below the lowest æsthetic level of either the Italian or the Frenchman.

The vivifying essence in Abt's earlier songs was a much diluted drop from that great fountain of German melody, the National Volkslied. Schubert drew much of his melodic inspiration from the same pure source, and his glowing genius and

inexhaustible, rich, poetic fancy developed the vigorous, often *naïf* and tender song of the people into those grand tone-poems whose beneficent and quickening influence is felt, wherever music holds its sway, as the truest language of the emotions. Already, before Schubert's day, polite society had admired the people's song at a distance, as it had gone into sentimental raptures over almost everything that was out of its own immediate sphere and over which distance cast a veil of romance, and would no doubt have been only too ready to receive the child of the mountains into its salons and assemblies, and to refresh its spent enthusiasm with its piquant *naïveté*, had not the direct naturalness and freedom from conventional restraint of the new-comer been at times as disconcerting as it was *naïf* and piquant. Abt was quick to see the fascinations of the Volkslied, and how it would be prized by society, could it but be shorn of its unconventional asperities and above all be made as much as possible to resemble the romantic ideal which society had so long sighed after. Schubert had by no means done this; he had presented to the world the people's song in all too vigorous reality, not abating one jot of its rough strength and healthy sentiment. He had only added to it, but taken from it nothing. But if Schubert had incorporated the Volkslied into his writings and appropriated the inspirations which he drew from among the mountains to his own private intellectual and transcendental purposes, with which polite society had evidently nothing to do, why should not Abt in like manner draw inspiration from the same springs for the romantic amusement of society? — as who should deck out a young girl in red-clothed silk stockings and satin short petticoats, put some healthy red upon her cheeks (which by candle-light looks quite as well as if it were genuine), teach her some innocent little Swabian ditties about love and dove, let her learn by heart some romantic small-talk in rustic dialect (as it is talked in novels) about butter-churning, rose-coloured mountain-tops, and Vaterland, and then present her to the polite world as the realization of its romantic dream of rustic simplicity and *naïveté*! No sooner thought than done! Society sang, listened, and applauded. The new musical dish was exactly to its taste. It was simple, not too stimulating, and, when once enjoyed, left no bitter aftertaste behind, no headache, in fact, no anything. The ques-

tion may be asked, What musicians thought and said about it? We very much doubt whether *musicians* have ever given Herr Abt's compositions much notice of any sort, probably not as much as they deserved; for with all his weakness and flimsy sentimentality, with all his catering to the sham-romantic foppery of amusement-seeking society, he built better than he knew. He has filled a place in the history of song-writing which a stronger man might not have filled so well. Although, as a man of ideas, he is inferior to Kücken, Curschmann, and some others, and is not to be mentioned in the same breath with men like Reissiger and Lindpaintner, his songs have probably done more for the advancement of all semi-musical publics than theirs have. To compare small things with great, Abt has, by that one drop of Volkslied essence which he infused into his songs, been the stepping-stone by which the general mass of uncultivated music-lovers have risen to the appreciation of Franz Schubert, and through him of Schumann and Robert Franz, somewhat as Mendelssohn in a much higher sphere stood interpreter between Sebastian Bach and the outer world.

But as Abt continued composing, often too carelessly, no doubt, to satisfy the demands of eager publishers, the Volkslied essence in his songs become more and more diluted, until at last he has become the veriest shadow of his former self. Something of his easy refinement of style remains, but his later compositions show that he has absolutely nothing left to say, and that even his stock of sentimental-romantic musical small-talk is exhausted.

We have before us two songs taken at random from among his later works. Were they the productions of a musical tyro, of some lovelorn amateur, they might be passed by with perhaps a word or two of encouraging commendation as not wholly uncreditable efforts. But Abt occupies, in a certain sense, a position of authority, and his works must be judged by the standard which his prestige as a popular favorite warrants, although their intrinsic insignificance might under other circumstances claim the critic's lenient indulgence. Concerning the two songs in question, "A Moonlight Sonnet" and "A Rose in Heaven," we can only say that the music is worthy of the words and the words of the music. As we have no musical types at our command, a quotation from the words will perhaps give a better

idea of the music than anything else we could do. One begins:—

"Shiplike, full-breasted, travels the moon,
Swift as a gondola in a lagoon."

The other:—

"I walked one day along a garden bright,
And spied a rose, steeped in the morning dews;
Fresh from the balmy slumbers of the night,
Not Solomon himself could boast such hues."

Poor Abt! That he should have come to this! He has done much good in the world, besides giving enjoyment to thousands upon thousands of people; but he is now and henceforth nothing more than a milestone in the history of the musical culture of our time.

Henry Smart's "Rest thee on this mossy Pillow" is a beautiful *terzetto* for female voices, written in the Rossini manner, but thoroughly English in character. It is extremely well written for the voice and is not difficult. We regret that the better class of English concerted music for voices is not more generally known and sung than it is at present. We are always glad to see an amateur singing-club take hold of Mendelssohn's four-part songs. Rightly understood, they are of greater educational value than almost anything else that we can think of; but the gusto with which many of our singers turn from these gems of part-writing to vastly inferior songs by Kücken, Abt, and others forces upon us the conviction that, however much Mendelssohn is enjoyed, he is rarely appreciated for what is best in him. Kücken, Curschmann, Abt *et hoc genus omne* write well for the voices; their four-part harmony is full, rich, and effective, their melody pleasing, and we know of no music fitter than theirs for serenades, evening excursions on the water, comings home from picnics, in short, for every occasion where moonlight, the open air, waving trees, and other poetical accessories, not to speak of the gracious presence of the fairer sex, combine to make almost any sentimental music welcome. But this music has an enervating, cloying character that does no one any good beyond furnishing a few minutes' languid enjoyment. Some of the glees by Bishop, Callcott, and others, would furnish much better stuff for practice, and we doubt not would be quite as keenly enjoyed as the more sentimental German part-songs, could they but become fashionable.

Randegger's *Marinella* is a sprightly *cantata* thoroughly Italian in manner and matter, more trivial and commonplace than

one would have expected from the composer, who has done far better things, but not wanting in a certain airy charm.

Haydn's *Saper vorrei se m'ami* is a fascinating duet for two soprani in the master's Italian style. The canon in the allegro, where the lovers engage in a sort of musical battledore and shuttlecock with terms of endearment, is skilfully written without being dry or studied. Why are not things of this sort more sung at miscellaneous concerts?

Schumann's "O tell me, little Birdie mine," is a good example of the master's more familiar style, easily fascinating in its unstudied simplicity. These songs cannot be too widely known, they are gems of the first water. Messrs. Russell & Co. have published several of them in a very attractive form with English and German text, and we heartily recommend them to all singers who would know the German Lied in its perfection.

Julius Eichberg's National Hymn, "To thee, O Country," is one of the best of recent compositions of the class that we have seen. The harmony is rich, full, at times positively gorgeous, albeit rather sensuous, after the modern (what some call the "future") fashion. But the composition is full of fire, and must be wonderfully effective when sung.

In piano-forte music we notice a set of seven Preludes by Mendelssohn, published by Messrs. Russell & Co. The edition is a fine specimen of music-engraving, and will bear comparison with any but the very handsomest of German and English publications. If it have a fault, it is that the notes are somewhat crowded. The compositions themselves are piano-forte classics, and are too well known to need any comment from us. Mr. Carl Prüfer (late Kopitz, Prüfer, & Co.) is publishing a second series of pieces for the piano-forte, "arranged, transcribed, and selected" by Mr. Ernst Perabo. In this set we notice particularly the Menuetto from Franz Schubert's first string quartette Op. 29, transcribed by Mr. Perabo himself, and a Gavotte by Gluck transcribed by Johannes Brahms. The menuetto is one of those delightful, moody movements, very common in Schubert's chamber music, which, if not so remarkable for well-rounded form and highly

finished style as are similar movements in Mendelssohn and some other composers, are nevertheless charming from the fresh, wholesome beauty of the themes and a certain poetic atmosphere in which Schubert seems peculiarly at home. The transcription is very well done and playable. The Gluck Gavotte is thoroughly fascinating with its quasi-mediæval quaintness of accent, and Herr Brahms has been happier in the arrangement than he has been in some other transcriptions from the old masters which he has attempted. Mr. Perabo's arrangement of a Menuet in G-minor by Charles Gounod will be gladly welcomed by all pianists. The Menuet is in Gounod's best manner, strong, healthy in melody, and masterly in form. The trio, in G-major, is full of sunshine and happiness.

Charles Wachtmann's transcription of the favorite march from Franz Lachner's first orchestral suite is rather a clumsy affair, and by no means worthy of the very brilliant original. It is badly put upon the instrument, and, as a piece of piano-forte writing, has only the doubtful merit of being easy to play.

G. D. Wilson's "Little Wanderer" is an unpretentious and rather insignificant little piece, but gains much by the manner in which it is written for the piano, and its sonorous, dispersed harmony.

We rejoice to be able to give Mr. Paine's four "Character-pieces" almost unqualified praise. We know of very few men in this country who could have written anything so good. Although they are most free in form and full of genuine, unforced, at times almost startling originality, they show how thoroughly the composer has mastered the technical details of composition and musical form. The second piece, marked "Feierlich,"—solemn,—shows also great depth of feeling and true sentiment, and the bubbling-over animal spirits and genial joyousness of the final "Welcome" cannot fail to fascinate even those who might possibly find the other movements somewhat obscure at first. The only point at which we can take exception is that they do not lie quite so easily under the fingers as might be desired, though where there is so much genuine merit, such a consideration becomes of secondary importance.

. S C I E N C E .

OUR scientific chat is usually devoted to the mention of such comparatively new suggestions and discoveries as are of especial interest, and it was not designed for the regular instruction of our readers in the rudiments of the various sciences to which we may have occasion to refer. A communication lately received has, however, determined us to vary our general plan and impart to at least one of our readers a slight modicum of instruction in elementary physiology. In a letter which came to us the other day, all the way from England, we are asked to correct the "posterous error" which we "put into circulation" in our number for August, in saying that when we drink wine, some of the alcohol passes off unchanged through the lungs, and in so doing becomes perceptible in the breath. "Your contributor," says our correspondent, "appears to believe that some of the wine drunk passes from the stomach into the blood and thence into the lungs unchanged! Permit me to tell him that wine does nothing of the kind, and that the phenomenon he notices does not proceed from the cause he imagines. Wine is . . . very odorous: its bouquet hangs about the mouth and palate a long time after the wine itself has been consumed. Exhalations from the stomach may also betray the presence of wine when it has been taken in undue quantity. Those persons who have eaten cheese may be detected some time afterwards by the smell of their breath; but surely your contributor would not argue that therefore the cheese was 'eliminated unchanged' from the lungs!"

So earnest an appeal for instruction ought not to pass unnoticed, especially as it reminds us that it may not be wholly superfluous to state explicitly, for the benefit of the general reader, the precise question at issue between those who assert and those who deny that alcohol is food. First, however, let us observe that what our correspondent says about the bouquet of wine lingering in the mouth is true, but was not included in our remarks because wholly irrelevant to our purpose, which was not to give a complete explanation of the presence of vinous odor in the breath, but to consider the assertion of sundry eminent French physicians, that *all* the alcohol

taken into the system passes out unchanged through the lungs, skin, and kidneys. Let us also observe that we did not say that *wine* passes from the stomach into the blood and thence into the lungs unchanged. And finally, let us state what actually does happen when wine is drunk.

The solid food which is eaten passes into the stomach and anon into the small intestine, where it undergoes sundry changes which result, speaking roughly, into the separation of it into two parts. The one part is eliminated through the large intestine, the other part is absorbed by the lacteals and becomes transformed into venous blood, which on entering the lungs gives forth carbonic acid and water through the nostrils. On the other hand, the water which we drink undergoes no chemical change whatever in the system, but is absorbed unchanged into the blood, of which it forms a main physical constituent: it percolates untransformed through the tissues, and leaves the system through the lungs, skin, and kidneys, all the while remaining simple water; that is to say, while it is physically *mixed* with other substances, it does not form a chemical *combination* with any of them whereby it loses any of its oxygen or hydrogen and ceases to be water. Now when wine or brandy is drunk, several things happen. Some of the ænanthic ether, to which the bouquet is due, lingers in the mouth or passes straight out through the nostrils; whatever fruity or saccharine matter is present undergoes digestive changes which it is not necessary for us now to consider; but as for the alcohol, *some* of it is, like water, absorbed unchanged into the bloodvessels, passes mixed with blood into the lungs, and is breathed out through the nose, always remaining simple alcohol. *Some* of it, in like manner, finds its way to the sweat-glands, from which it is exuded in perspiration; and yet again, *some* of it passes away unchanged through the kidneys. When a man has taken too much wine or brandy overnight, the alcoholic odor of his breath next morning may still be partially due to the presence of ænanthic ether about the mouth, and to "exhalations from the stomach"; but it is mainly due to the fact that minute particles of alcoholic vapor are constantly

rushing out from the lungs in quantity quite sufficient to produce a chemical reaction when the requisite chemical test is applied. Accordingly, when we incidentally observed that *some* alcohol passes unchanged through the lungs, we were by no means "putting into circulation a preposterous error," but were stating an elementary truth which is known to every one at all conversant with standard text-books on the physiology of digestion.

Now the great question at issue between those who assert and those who deny that alcohol can properly be called a food is just this: — does *all* the alcohol imbibed in our beer, wine, and spirits pass out of the system unchanged, or does *some* of it undergo chemical transformation? In the former case, it behaves like the water we drink; in the latter case, it behaves like the solid food we eat. For this reason it has always seemed to "our contributor" a matter of small moment as regards the practical inquiry of the usefulness or harmfulness of wine-drinking. If we are to deny that alcohol is food because it is not transformed within the system, we must also deny that water is food; so that we thus get but little way toward determining whether alcohol is good for us. Considered on its own merits, however, the problem of the elimination of alcohol is one of great interest and importance, and during the past twelve years many experiments have been directed toward the solution of it, though with indifferent success. While MM. Lallemand, Duroy, and Perrin regard their own experiments as showing conclusively that *no* alcohol is transformed within the system, it is maintained on the other hand by M. Baudot and Dr. Anstie that these experiments are not decisive. For our own part, while equally willing to see either alternative established, we hold that M. Lallemand and his *confrères* have thus far proved merely that when a *great deal* of alcohol is imbibed, the *larger portion* of it escapes without change.

We are glad to see that the unseemly troubles at Kew Gardens have at last ended in the snubbing of Mr. Ayrton and the vindication of Dr. Hooker. In 1840 the Botanic Gardens at Kew were virtually created by the late Sir William Hooker, at the sacrifice of more than half his income. During twenty-five years, under the management of this noble friend of science, the library and collections of specimens at these gardens were increased to such an extent that

in the recent memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone it was said that "in no particular does England stand more conspicuously superior to all other countries than in the possession of Kew: the establishment is not only without a rival, but there is no approach to rivalry as regards the extent, importance, or scientific results of its operations." In 1855 Dr. Joseph Hooker, who had for nearly twenty years been employed in the faithful service of science and of the government, and who had obtained for himself that rank among living botanists which Lyell holds among geologists, was appointed Assistant-Director to his father; and in 1865, he became chief Director of the establishment. It is needless to say that such a man in such a place is a possession for which any nation had reason to be grateful, the more so, where, as in Dr. Hooker's case, administrative ability is added to scientific pre-eminence. But in 1871, if our memory serves us, the office of First Commissioner of Works became occupied by one Mr. Ayrton, who appears to be some one of the numerous relations of Mr. Podsnap, or what Matthew Arnold would call a "Philistine." Thinking it high time to take the administration of such a great establishment as Kew Gardens out of the hands of an unpractical man of science, this Mr. Ayrton began by depriving Dr. Hooker of the supervision of the heating of hot-houses, whereby the lives of thousands of valuable plants were of course endangered, and continued by addressing orders on various matters to the Director's subordinate officials, replying to his just remonstrances with words of coarse and vulgar insolence. Several letters exchanged between Dr. Hooker and the government went but little way toward mending the matter, until lately the case was taken up by Darwin, Lyell, Rawlinson, Tyndall, Huxley, and others, the scientific papers gave vent to their just indignation, and so the other day Mr. Gladstone felt it necessary to tell his First Commissioner to mind his own business in the future. The whole case affords a good illustration of the dislike and distrust with which the ignorant so often regard men of learning and genius.

We have now got into a sufficiently capacious and grumbling mood to make some fit mention of the verdict of stupidity which the French Academy of Sciences has for the second time passed upon itself *in re* Darwin. We learn from *Nature* that the

choice of a foreign correspondent of the society "has resulted in the defeat of Mr. Darwin and the election of M. Loewen, of Stockholm, who received thirty-two votes, against fifteen given to the English naturalist." M. Quatrefages was again Mr. Darwin's chief advocate, while M. Blanchard was most conspicuous on the other side. An eminent academicien observes that none of Mr. Darwin's advocates espoused his theory of the origin of species (which we can easily credit, as we have thus far found but few French naturalists who clearly understand what "natural selection" means), and that none of his opponents assigned their dissent from this doctrine as the ground of their opposition. "What has closed the door of the Academy to Mr. Darwin is that the science of those of his books which have made his chief title to fame — the 'Origin of Species,' and still more the 'Descent of Man' — is not science, but a mass of assertions and absolutely gratuitous hypotheses, often evidently fallacious. This kind of publication and these theories are a bad example, which a body that respects itself cannot encourage." In view of this statement we need not observe that even if Mr. Darwin had never indulged in "this kind of publication," he would still have sent down to posterity a name quite as illustrious as that of any contemporary member of the French Academy, his explanation of coral-building having been a scientific achievement of the highest eminence. We need only call attention to a curious coincidence. On the one hand,

while the doctrine of natural selection has quite won the day in Germany and England, and very nearly won it in America, it has made but little headway in France. On the other hand, leaving out such questions as this, in original scientific thinking in the department of natural history the achievements of the French during the past twenty years have been about on a par with their recent achievements in warfare. And the remarks of the academicien just quoted show wherein their central deficiency has consisted. They have allowed the commentatorial, weighing-and-measuring, and herb-collecting tendency to get the upperhand of them. It is a common mistake of scientific specialists to suppose that sound science can be made of observations and experiments alone, without the aid of philosophizing; and among scientific specialists none have been of late years so prone to this kind of error as the French. But in its "three long sittings in secret committee," the Academy should not have failed to remember that Mr. Darwin is no less remarkable as an industrious collector of facts than as a bold theorizer. His works are immense arsenals of facts which it will take a whole generation of speculators to do justice to in the way of interpretation. And if the highest type of the scientific mind be that which unites the power of originating grand generalizations with endless patience and caution in verifying them, then it is not too much to say that since the death of Newton this type has been in no one more perfectly realized than in Mr. Darwin.

POLITICS.

SINCE the Apostle Paul accounted to the liberal Corinthians for the contrast between the magnitude of the work of converting the world, and the insignificance of the appointed instrumentalities, by saying that "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," we may not despise the agents presented to us by the allied Democrats and Liberal Republicans for elevating the character of our government; although a convention which originated in a crusade against the protective-tariff system nominated the extremest advocate of protection,

and although the acquiescing convention, which adopted for its motto "Reconciliation," accepted for its candidate the extremest promoter of all those legislative measures and administrative acts to emancipate and enfranchise and protect, which constitute the burden of the complaint of the irreconcilables.

These things seem foolish to the wise; and if none but the wise are confounded, there is political confusion enough to show a general prevalence of wisdom. Mr. Greeley as the candidate of the Democratic party makes a situation that exceeds all

rational calculations, and has a stupefying effect on the public mind; men, principles, emblems, and campaign ammunition stores are confounded. We behold Republican journals and speakers laboring to persuade the Democrats that Mr. Greeley has so hated and reviled their party, that it is morally impossible for them to vote for him. We behold on the other side journals and public speakers of the most malignant type of Democratic partisanship embracing the sudden conviction that Mr. Greeley has always been in sympathy with the Democratic party, and is the real Moses to lead it from captivity to dominion, and to smite the rock of public patronage in its behalf.

Is this conversion or stratagem? Is it that childlike simplicity which the Scripture says must attend the new birth, or is it a gigantic fraud? Is it a revolution, or a new shuffle for the spoils of power? Has a great principle just appeared above the horizon, to overwhelm all the disputes that have divided mankind, or is this but the transformation scene of the spectacle plays, a mere matter of managerial business, and a thing worked by cranks and levers and pulleys of the rudest construction?

The movement creating the Cincinnati Convention began upon a material and economical question; but it gathered round it the sentiment of lifting the civil service above party considerations, and the vague aspiration for an elevation of the administration to a purer atmosphere. Of course, human governments will be perfect about the time when humanity shall be perfected. Even in those governments where wisdom should be assured by the divine right through which they exist, enough error can be found to make a chronic need of reform and a frequent one of revolution. Perfection is not to be looked for in a government which by its conditions cannot rise higher than the average intelligence and morality of the people. But aspirations for a higher administration and a higher state of public morality are natural and desirable, and they certainly appeared in the rise of the Cincinnati Convention. There were political idealists who thought these aspirations for better government would result in the nomination of a statesman to whose substantial qualities they had added all their fancy could draw; whose transcendent merits would be recognized by the whole country. They fancied that all selfish and partizan motives were to be left behind, and that

this convention would lift itself into a purer sphere. But even before the convention came together, the desire for a combination that should promise immediate success in the election, had overcome both the moving causes of tariff reform and the sentiment of political purity, and had brought into it the same elements and motives that constitute all party nominating conventions.

For tariff reform it produced a Presidential candidate who called himself a rabid protectionist, but who nevertheless consented to suspend the office of the President in legislation, in the matter of all bills relating to the tariff. As the greater part of our revenue comes from the tariff, this embraces the foundation of our finances, the public faith, and the means of carrying on government. So the beginning of a higher administration was to compromise the constitutional functions of the President, and to tie his hands in affairs involving not only the economical question of protection, but the public faith and public solvency. The higher regard for the Constitution was to begin by an abandonment of a constitutional duty, by a desertion of convictions of public welfare, and by a taking of the oath of office with a mental reservation.

For the elevation of administration in wisdom, purity, and impartiality, the convention chose a candidate famous as an intolerant partisan, with garments smelling of the battle over the dispensation of the public offices in New York, and with a personal grievance which had turned him against President Grant, after he had taken a conspicuous occasion to declare for his renomination. And we have the testimony of some of the foremost men in that convention, — some of whom are supporting Mr. Greeley under this protest, — that his peculiar promoters in that body were of a character most unpromising for the elevation of administration.

Yet the Cincinnati Convention presented a collection of sentiments, and the Baltimore Democratic Convention has adopted the same with the Cincinnati candidate, and they invite the people to shut their eyes and memories and reason to all other things, and to judge them by these sentiments alone. The vaunted merit of their platform is that it indorses what the Republican party has done, and repeats the glittering generalities that are well worn in Republican platforms. The only important difference is in the resolution substantially declaring local government sufficient and final for

the protection of citizens; and this Mr. Greeley has virtually repudiated in his letter of acceptance, in which he says that this is "subject to our solemn constitutional obligations to maintain equal rights to all citizens,"—which is what the Republican party hold as to the matter of protecting persons by the national authority. The State governments should give adequate protection; but the national government will not abandon its right and duty to see that it is given, nor allow the State governments to deprive persons of the franchises it has conferred.

We can recognize the beauty of these sentiments. The Republican party has made them familiar and popular in the face of inveterate Democratic hostility. But is the adoption of them by the Democratic party a change of nature? And if it were, is the adoption of Republican sentiments and the indorsement of Republican acts, by the Democratic party, a reason for condemning the Republican as unfit to be trusted, and exalting the Democratic as alone worthy to administer the government?

But it is likely that the matters of platform professions and of personal inconsistencies and unfaithfulness and of party stultification will have less effect in governing men's minds than they have prominence in the literature of the campaign, and that the reflecting will think on the chances of real administrative reform through the success of this queer coalition. It is to be noted that the original objects of reform have sunk out of sight as the party strategy has gone forward. The question of tariff reform is relegated to a place where it makes no sign. Civil-service reform is treated as if incongruous in a coalition of Mr. Greeley and the Democratic party. The cause which is now put to the front is conciliation or reconciliation. Since the professions of the coalition indorse as finalities all that the Republican party has done to establish the conditions of peace, the new terms of conciliation seem to be that the Republican party shall be put out of the government, and the Democratic party, with Mr. Greeley as its President, shall be put in. Then reconciliation will be perfected. Yet how will this reconcile the Republican party? It is natural that Mr. Greeley, accepted by the Southern Democratic party as its candidate, should believe that reconciliation has come; but what kind of a reconciliation is that which

demands as its preliminary condition that the unreconciled shall bear sway? It has always been found that human nature and human prejudices are very persistent. They are peculiarly so in such a peculiar civilization as that of the late slave States. Mr. Greeley has many supporters in the South, but as yet they are reconciled after a fashion entirely their own. Their hatred of all the means of their subjugation is as fierce as ever. Service in the Confederate Army continues to be the all-prevailing qualification for office, and service in the National Army is still the cause of social ostracism and of lawless hostility. The immigrant from the North, though of eight years' residence, continues to be stigmatized as a carpet-bagger, if he is a Republican, and the native Republican is a "scallawag" in the conciliation vocabulary.

The protective-tariff question, with the affairs of revenue and finance and public faith, is to be left to the tender mercies of a Democratic majority in Congress, which the success of this coalition in the matter of the Presidency is expected to bring in. It is a party which has no definite ideas on the tariff question, but which has made a deceptive pretence of favoring the poor by throwing off the chief revenue duties,—a party with which the true revenue reformers should most dread to leave their cause. If it is a requisite to conciliation, that the party which kept the Republic from dissolution shall be politically disqualified, and the party which tried to dissolve it shall be set over us, it will seem but a moderate demand that all obligations and claims growing out of the war shall be placed on an equality. And into the control of a majority, whose Southern managers will be instigated by hostility to all revenue for paying the debt contracted in their conquest, or for paying any war-claims without embracing theirs, our revenue and entire finances must be flung to take their chances, with the constitutional power of the President for their protection abandoned. Evidently, the success of the coalition is not promising to tariff reform, but is full of danger to our finances and to the general welfare.

We now come to the sentiment of civil service reform. It arose in the Republican party. It has caused earnest efforts to throw off a degrading official system entailed by Democratic administrations. It is to the credit of the Republican party that during its own possession of power it

originated the cause of civil service reform and made the sentiment popular ; whereas, when General Grant came into the administration, a Liberal Republican and Democratic coalition under Johnson had left our civil service the most corrupt and degraded on earth. The existing system of parcelling out official appointments in the States to the Congressmen is very hard to overthrow. It may be too great for any President to cope with. But it was in the Republican party that the aspiration for a higher civil service began, and that party has given it whatever of force it has in the public mind. What prospect, on the other hand, does the election of Mr. Greeley and a Democratic Congress hold out for civil-service reform? There is an absence of any change in the character of the Democratic party on this subject, and there is the present evidence that to get possession of office was the sole reason why the Democrats submitted to the humiliation of taking Mr. Greeley for their candidate and of adopting his platform.

Mr. Greeley's life does not show any scrupulousness about using the public patronage as means of party warfare, nor any desire to lessen the means. He has freely assented to the practice which makes the public offices the spoils of victory and the means of continuing party supremacy. Mr. Greeley's public justification for leaving the Republican party and entering into a Democratic coalition to put it out of the government, was that the office-holders would control the Republican Convention, and that they had fixed the renomination of Grant. The gravest charge made by his supporters generally against the administration is that it controls the Republican party and the country by means of its official retainers. He has thus committed himself to the necessity of a general turning out of Republican officers in order to purify the government and remove his enemies and the enemies of reconciliation ; and he has promised that in his appointments to office he will not regard the previous party relations of those who now support him. Here are the conditions for a wholesale removal of office-holders, and the installing of a fresh horde, taken from the elements of this coalition in proportion to their respective numbers. Is Mr. Greeley the man who could resist the demands of the political managers that have nominated him, or who could break up the custom which has given Congressmen the ap-

pointing power? It is a task which a man of the firmest character might hesitate to undertake. The circumstances would be most unfavorable for attempting such a contest against the claims of Congressmen and the hunger of the long-excluded party. And if he should attempt the work, to him morally impossible, of rejecting the nominations or the advice of members of Congress, whose recommendations would he take? His election would make inevitable a fiercer scramble for the offices than has ever disgraced our government, with all its disorganization and demoralization of the official service. The conditions would make the reform of civil service impossible under Horace Greeley, and would make its degradation sure. But if it were possible that this man of fickle character could be made of iron will, so as to refuse the claims of Senators and Representatives, the administration would at once be without a supporting majority in Congress ; and the country has learned by several experiences that a conflict between President and Congress drops the responsibility of government between them, and is more corrupting than the sole government of any party can be.

Before plunging into such a sea of troubles it may be well to examine the ills we have, to see if they can be cured by the desperate remedy proposed. We have no intention of retracting our own censures of the President, or of assuming the defence of mistakes which we have condemned ; but in the face of far worse evils impending, it is time to acknowledge that his errors are venial compared with the excesses we have to apprehend from the ascendancy of his Democratic opponents.

He has shown bad taste in the appointment of his relations to office, and has associated himself with certain corrupt and shabby politicians, and is not a profound statesman ; but we see in these facts no reason for displacing him by a man of worse taste, worse companionship, and less statesmanship.

The New York Custom-House is and has been a great scandal, but we shall not turn it into a school of virtue by giving it to the control of the Tammany Democrats and the Fenton Republicans.

In seeking to acquire San Domingo Grant followed the traditional policy and "manifest destiny" of the Democratic party, but his action throughout that affair has been scrupulous compared with the Democratic method of annexing Mexican territory. Any

former Democratic administration would eagerly have seized such an occasion, and its party would have cowed all opposition.

If he has lacked a radical policy on currency reform, are we to look for a better from the statesman who would solve the problem of making convertible seven hundred millions of paper money with one hundred and seventy-five millions of coin by a placard over the door of the public treasury?

If he has presented the indirect claims to the Geneva Tribunal, swelled by the cost of the prolongation of the war, who was so mad in this amplification of our injuries as a certain great editor who vehemently urged that we should make them a ground for requiring the cession of Canada? Has not Grant also resisted the recklessness and criminal purposes which sought to plunge the country into a war for the annexation of Cuba, while the editor-statesman helped the filibustering agitation?

The President has been reluctant to advise the conferring or to use the extraordinary military power conferred upon him in the government of the South, while the reconciling candidate was crying out for it. The soldier was slow to use military power, while the man of peace fiercely

demanding it. In his military and presidential administration, his leniency toward the South has caused sharp jealousy and ill-concealed enmity in many of those who now assume to be the apostles of reconciliation.

With President Grant the country has at least an assurance of tranquillity. It will not be lifted to a state of perfection, but it will incur no new peril. The administration of Grant will make no rash experiments on our finances and our dangerously expanded currency. The public credit will be safe. The country will have security from foreign wars, filibustering attempts, and domestic violence. The constitutional office of the President will remain intact, to be used to protect the public credit and treasury from hostile legislation and the boundless Southern claims growing out of the war. Reconciliation will be established on the only possible terms, submission to equal laws. There will be that public confidence which is requisite to the expanded trade and credit of civilization, and which is a vital need in our financial currency and banking situation; and the country will have as much currency reform, tariff reform, and civil-service reform as Congress and popular opinion will support.